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FOR ENGLISH LITERATURE

THE

BACHELOR'S WIFE;

A SELECTION OF

CURIOUS AND INTERESTING EXTRACTS,

WITH

CURSORY OBSERVATIONS.

By JOHN GALT, Esq.

"What's in a name? the rose
By any other name would smell as sweet."

EDINBURGH;
PUBLISHED BY
OLIVER & BOYD, TWEEDDALE-COURT,
AND
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PREFACE.

THE only apology which this work perhaps requires is with regard to the title, for otherwise it belongs to a class of publications, of which the value is so obvious as to admit of no question.

As a compilation, it will be readily seen, that it has been generally formed upon the principle of affording specimens of the literature of different epochs, not indeed methodically arranged, but so chosen as to exhibit a more extensive view of the literary mind of the country, historically considered, than has been attempted in any previous selection of extracts.

The works of popular authors of the present time have not been particularly resorted to, because Mr M'Diarmid, by his tasteful and judicious selection in "The Scrap Book," has rendered this inexpedient. It was also thought, and the reader will not be backward in acknowledging the propriety of the opinion,

that there are many gems, both in prose and verse, hidden in works, which, however much esteemed in their day, have long since ceased to be generally accessible. To gather a few of these, and to bring them again to light, was one of the objects which the compiler proposed to himself in this undertaking; but it would have been inconsistent with the light and cursory nature of his design, to have brought them forward, either in any sort of chronological order, or with any particular formality of disquisition. In fact, the colloquies with which he has prefaced the extracts were suggested by an after-thought, in order to give an air of freshness to the results of a task that necessarily excluded originality.

To accomplish this, he has therefore not scrupled to assume opinions, which he would hesitate, in many instances, to acknowledge as his own, and also to maintain paradoxes, calculated rather to excite reflection than to induce persuasion; at the same time, nothing will be found either in the one or the other, to which any objection can be reasonably made. The book has indeed been prepared for the parlour table, and is likely to afford amusement, in the intervals of business, to a class of readers who would never

think of looking at many of the originals from which the selections have been made. Every thing, accordingly, doubtful in principle, or questionable in tendency, has been carefully excluded; and, although it is in appearance a production of very humble pretensions, it will perhaps be found more valuable than some other publications, to which the public has been so indulgent as to receive with favour.

FEBRUARY 20, 1824.

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THE

BACHELOR'S WIFE.

"Egeria! sweet creation of some heart
Which found no mortal resting-place so fair
As thine ideal breast; whate'er thou art
Or wert,—a young Aurora of the air,
The nympholepsy of some fond despair;
Or, it might be, a beauty of the earth,
Who found a more than common votary there
Too much adoring; whatsoe'er thy birth,
Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth."

Of the perfections of bachelors' wives it is unnecessary to speak: they are so well known that no eulogy, even from the ablest pen, could do them any degree of justice. But the manner in which those sweet intellectual creatures entertain their solitary husbands, their conjugal conversations, and the manifold poetical graces and rational blandishments with which they render their society so delightful and endearing, are not generally known. We have therefore undertaken the agreeable task of informing the world with respect to topics so interesting, and we doubt not that, before our labours are completed, we shall have persuaded all our fair and gentle readers to emulate the fascinating intelligence of the faultless, the ever-placent, ever-pleasant companion, Egeria.

CHAP. I.

ELOQUENCE.

One evening, soon after the marriage of our old chum Benedict, during the honey-moon, as his dear Egeria and he were sitting enjoying the beatitude of his lonely chambers in the Paper buildings, the conversation happened to turn on public speaking, Benedict being at the time ambitious to acquire distinction in that department, the lady, like a fond and faithful Wife, did all in her power to encourage his predilections for the art.

"It has often been urged," said she, "as an objection against the study of eloquence, that it is a delusive art; unnecessary when it is employed on the side of truth and justice, which their own intrinsic weight and evidence will always sufficiently recommend; and when found in opposition to them, as, from the variety and imperfection of human characters must frequently be the case, highly dangerous to society. In this objection, eloquence is considered as an engine for swaying the minds of men, not only independent of the moral character of the speaker, but of the truth or falsehood of the propositions he endeavours to inculcate; and which may, with equal facility, be employed to give a gloss to false opinions, and to acts of treachery and injustice, as to enforce truth, or to support virtue. According to this view of the subject, there can be little doubt but that eloquence is an evil which ought to be banished from

the writings and discourses of men; for though the advantages on both sides may seem equally balanced, as eloquence may as frequently be an auxiliary to truth as to error, yet truth and justice can much better support the absence of extrinsic ornament than falsehood and injustice, which never fail, when shewn in their true colours, to excite aversion and detestation.

"It is, however, by no means clear that eloquence, or at least that noble and commanding species of it which we at present consider, is equally adapted to all characters and to all causes and circumstances. Eloquence, it would seem, depends, in a great measure, on the strength of the moral feelings; and I am strongly inclined to imagine that, wherever it produces its highest effects, it produces them only through the medium of those natural sentiments of equity and public spirit common to all mankind, which can seldom be excited but in a good cause. No man becomes eloquent but by having his mind roused and agitated by some ennobling sentiment or passion, which he communicates by sympathy to his hearers: but self-interest, however strongly it may urge a man to the accomplishment of his designs, wants power to excite that noble enthusiasm of mind which is essential to true eloquence. Even supposing this enthusiasm excited in the speaker's own breast, by what means is it to be conveyed to the minds of his audience? It is only the generous and social affections that are communicable by sympathy, and which circulate with rapidity from breast to breast; interest, on the contrary, is a cold and solitary feeling, which shrinks from the eye of public

observation, and which every individual carefully conceals within himself."

"Your observations, my love," replied the Bachelor, "are exceedingly just as regards eloquence in general. In this country, however, where it is not used as an occasional engine, but is in fact one of the manufacturing machines of our multiform commerce, it is decidedly an art in which the power of persuasion consists in something distinct, both from the personal feelings and the personal character of the orator. Eloquence among us is the art of reasoning; we attain nothing, either at the bar or in parliament, by impassioned declamation, and scarcely more than a shout even on the hustings."

"You would imply by that, Benedict," replied the nymph, "that eloquence is not among us so eminent a faculty as it was among the ancients."

"It is so thought," said he.

"It is so said, I allow," interrupted Egeria; "but how far justly is another thing. I am however inclined to think, that as it enters so much more largely into the management of public affairs in England than in any other country, either ancient or modern, it ought to flourish here in greater perfection than it ever did elsewhere."

"But confessedly it does not," said the Bachelor. "We have had no orator to compare either with Demosthenes or with Cicero; and until we have such, we must bow the head of homage to their genius, and acknowledge our inferiority."

"I do not see the question in that light, my dear," replied the nymph. "We have had, it is true, no orators who exactly resemble them, but we have had

others, who, in their own line, were not less powerful. Besides, we have carried the art farther than ever it was carried, either among the Greeks, or the Romans, or any other people. In REPLY, the orators of England have no masters. It is from that department of oratory that the evidence of our attainments should be adduced. Can any thing be finer, or, if you like the term better, more impassioned, than that masterly reply of the Earl of Kildare to Cardinal Wolsey, as it has been preserved by Campion, the historian of Ireland?—It appeared that the Earl of Kildare had been accused of treasonous partialities during his administration as the king's deputy in Ireland, for which he was summoned before the privy-council in England. On his appearance there, Wolsey attacked him with great vehemence.

"I know well, my lord," exclaimed the cardinal, "that I am not the fittest man at this table to accuse you, because your adherents assert that I am an enemy to all nobility, and particularly to your blood. But the charges against you are so strong that we cannot overlook them, and so clear that you cannot deny them. I must therefore beg, notwithstanding the stale slander against me, to be the mouth and orator of these honourable gentlemen, and to state the treasons of which you stand accused, without respecting how you may like it. My lord, you well remember how the Earl of Desmond, your kinsman, sent emissaries with letters to Francis, the French king, offering the aid of Munster and of Connaught for the conquest of Ireland; and, receiving but a cold answer, applied to Charles, the emperor. How many letters, what precepts, what messages, what threats, have been sent to you to apprehend him, and it

is not yet done. Why? Because you could not catch him; nay, my lord, you would not, forsooth! catch him. If he be justly suspected, why are you so partial? If not, why are you so fearful to have him tried? But it will be sworn to your face, that, to avoid him you have winked wilfully, shunned his haunts, altered your course, advised his friends, and stopped both ears and eyes in the business; and that, when you did make a show of hunting him out, he was always beforehand, and gone. Surely, my lord, this juggling little became an honest man called to such honour, or a nobleman adorned with so great a trust. Had you lost but a cow or a carrion of your own, two hundred retainers would have started up at your whistle, to rescue the prey from the farthest edge of Ulster. All the Irish in Ireland must have made way for you. But, in performing your duty in this affair, merciful God! how delicate, how dilatory, how dangerous, have you been! One time he is from home; another time he is at home; sometimes fled, and sometimes in places where you dare not venture. What! the Earl of Kildare not venture! Nay, the King of Kildare; for you reign more than you govern the land. When you are offended, the lowest subjects stand as rebels; when you are pleased, rebels are very dutiful subjects. Hearts and hands, lives and lands, must all be at your beck. Who fawns not to you cannot live within your scent, and your scent is so keen that you track them out at pleasure."

While the cardinal was thus speaking, the earl frequently changed colour, and vainly endeavoured to master himself. He affected to smile; but his face was pale, his lips quivered, and his eyes lightened with rage.

"My lord chancellor!" he exclaimed fiercely; "my

lord chancellor, I beseech you, pardon me. I have but a short memory, and you know that I have to tell a long tale. If you proceed in this way I shall forget the half of my defence. I have no school-tricks, nor art of recollection. Unless you hear me while I remember, your second charge will hammer the first out of my head."

Several of the counsellors were friends of the earl; and knowing the acrimony of the cardinal's taunts, which they were themselves often obliged to endure, interfered, and entreated that the charges might be discussed one by one. Wolsey assenting to this, Kildare resumed.

"It is with good reason that your grace is the mouth of this council; but, my lord, the mouths that put this tale into yours are very wide, and have gaped long for my ruin. What my cousin Desmond has done I know not; beshrew him for holding out so long. If he be taken in the traps that I have set for him, my adversaries, by this heap of heinous charges, will only have proved their own malice. But if he be never taken, what is Kildare to blame more than Ossory, who, notwithstanding his high promises, and having now the king's power, you see, takes his own time to bring him in? Cannot the Earl of Desmond stir, but I must advise? Cannot he be hid, but I must wink? If he is befriended, am I therefore a traitor? It is truly a formidable accusation! My first denial confounds my accusers. Who made them so familiar with my sight? When was the earl in my view? Who stood by when I let him slip? But, say they, I sent him word. Who was the messenger? Where are the letters? Confute my denial.

"Only see, my lord, how loosely this idle gear of theirs hangs together! Desmond is not taken. Well!

Kildare is in fault. Why? Because he is. Who proves it? Nobody. But it is thought; it is said. By whom? His enemies. Who informed them? They will swear it. Will they swear it, my lord? Why, then they must know it. Either they have my letters to show, or can produce my messengers, or were present at a conference, or were concerned with Desmond, or somebody betrayed the secret to them, or they were themselves my vicegerents in the business: which of these points will they choose to maintain? I know them too well to reckon myself convicted by their assertions, hearsays, or any oaths which they may swear. My letters could soon be read, were any such things extant. My servants and friends are ready to be sifted. Of my cousin Desmond they may lie loudly; for no man here can contradict them. But as to myself, I never saw in them integrity enough to make me stake on their silence the life of a hound, far less my own. I doubt not, if your honours examine them apart, you will find that they are the tools of others, suborned to say, swear, and state any thing but truth; and that their tongues are chained, as it were, to some patron's trencher. I am grieved, my lord cardinal, that your grace, whom I take to be passing wise and sharp, and who, of your own blessed disposition, wishes me so well, should be so far gone in crediting these corrupt informers that abuse your ignorance of Ireland. Little know you, my lord, how necessary it is, not only for the governor, but also for every nobleman in that country, to hamper his uncivil neighbours at discretion. Were we to wait for processes of law, and had not those hearts and hands, of which you speak, we should soon lose both lives and lands. You hear of our case as in a dream, and feel not the smart of suffering that we endure. In England, there is not a subject that dare extend his arm to fillip a peer of the realm. In Ireland, unless

the lord have ability to his power, and power to protect himself, with sufficient authority to take thieves and varlets whenever they stir, he will find them swarm so fast, that it will soon be too late to call for justice. If you will have our service to effect, you must not bind us always to judicial proceedings, such as you are blessed with here in England. As to my kingdom, my lord cardinal, I know not what you mean. If your grace thinks that a kingdom consists in serving God, in obeying the king, in governing the commonwealth with love, in sheltering the subjects, in suppressing rebels, in executing justice, and in bridling factions, I would gladly be invested with so virtuous and royal a state. But if you only call me king, because you are persuaded that I repine at the government of my sovereign, wink at malefactors, and oppress well-doers, I utterly disclaim the odious epithet, surprised that your grace should appropriate so sacred a name to conduct so wicked.—But however this may be, I would you and I, my lord, exchanged kingdoms for one month. I would in that time undertake to gather more crumbs than twice the revenues of my poor earldom. You are safe and warm, my lord cardinal, and should not upbraid me. While you sleep in your bed of down, I lie in a hovel; while you are served under a canopy, I serve under the cope of heaven; while you drink wine from golden cups, I must be content with water from a shell; my charger is trained for the field, your gennet is taught to amble; and while you are be-lorded and be-graced, and crouched and knelt to, I get little reverence, but when I cut the rebels off by the knees."

"It is not in REPLY alone," resumed Egeria, "that the British orators have surpassed the Greek and Roman; among us another species of eloquence has been cultivated with equal success. It belongs to a

class which may be called descriptive oratory, but it comprehends higher qualities than those of description; its effects are similar to the impressions of argument, but it does not apparently employ any form of ratiocination; appealing to knowledge previously existing in the minds of the auditors, it works out its object and intent, by placing facts together in such a manner as to produce all the force of argument combined with the interest which lively description never fails to awaken. You will find a very splendid specimen of this species of oratory, which might, I think, be described as the statmentative (if we may coin such a term,) in Mr Burke's speech on Mr Fox's East India Bill, 1st December 1783.

"Now, sir, according to the plan I proposed, I shall take notice of the Company's internal government, as it is exercised first on the dependent provinces, and then as it affects those under the direct and immediate authority of that body. And here, sir, before I enter into the spirit of their interior government, permit me to observe to you, upon a few of the many lines of difference which are to be found between the vices of the Company's government, and those of the conquerors who preceded us in India, that we may be enabled a little the better to see our way in an attempt to the necessary reformation.

"The several irruptions of Arabs, Tartars, and Persians, into India were, for the greater part, ferocious, bloody, and wasteful in the extreme; our entrance into the dominion of that country was, as generally, with small comparative effusion of blood; being introduced by various frauds and delusions, and by taking advantage of the incurable, blind, and senseless animosity, which the

several country powers bear towards each other, rather than by open force. But the difference in favour of the first conquerors is this: the Asiatic conquerors very soon abated of their ferocity, because they made the conquered country their own. They rose or fell with the rise or fall of the territory they lived in. Fathers there deposited the hopes of their posterity; and children there beheld the monuments of their fathers. Here their lot was finally cast; and it is the natural wish of all, that their lot should not be cast in a bad land. Poverty, sterility, and desolation, are not a recreating prospect to the eye of man; and there are very few who can bear to grow old among the curses of a whole people. If their passion or their avarice drove the Tartar lords to acts of rapacity or tyranny, there was time enough, even in the short life of man, to bring round the ill effects of an abuse of power upon the power itself. If hoards were made by violence and tyranny, they were still domestic hoards, and domestic profusion, or the rapine of a more powerful and prodigal hand, restored them to the people. With many disorders, and with few political checks upon power, nature had still fair play; the sources of acquisition were not dried up; and therefore the trade, the manufactures, and the commerce of the country flourished. Even avarice and usury itself operated, both for the preservation and the employment of national wealth. The husbandman and manufacturer paid heavy interest, but then they augmented the fund from whence they were again to borrow. Their resources were dearly bought, but they were sure; and the general stock of the community grew by the general effort.

"But under the English government all this order is reversed. The Tartar invasion was mischievous; but it is our protection that destroys India. It was their enmity, but it is our friendship. Our conquest there,

after twenty years, is as crude as it was the first day. The natives scarcely know what it is to see the grey head of an Englishman. Young men (boys almost) govern there, without society, and without sympathy with the natives. They have no more social habits with the people than if they still resided in England; nor indeed any species of intercourse but that which is necessary to making a sudden fortune, with a view to a remote settlement. Animated with all the avarice of age, and all the impetuosity of youth, they roll in one after another; wave after wave; and there is nothing before the eyes of the natives but an endless, hopeless prospect of new flights of birds of prey and passage, with appetites continually renewing for a food that is continually wasting. Every rupee of profit made by an Englishman is lost for ever to India. With us are no retributory superstitions, by which a foundation of charity compensates, through ages, to the poor, for the rapine and injustice of a day. With us no pride erects stately monuments which repair the mischiefs which pride had produced, and which adorn a country out of its own spoils. England has erected no churches, no hospitals, no palaces, no schools; England has built no bridges, made no high roads, cut no navigations, dug out no reservoirs. Every other conqueror of every other description has left some monument, either of state or beneficence, behind him. Were we to be driven out of India this day, nothing would remain to tell that it had been possessed, during the inglorious period of our dominion, by any thing better than the ouran-outang or the tiger.

"There is nothing in the boys we send to India worse than in the boys whom we are whipping at school, or that we see trailing a pike, or bending over a desk at home. But as English youth in India drink the intoxicating draught of authority and dominion before their heads

are able to bear it, and as they are full-grown in fortune long before they are ripe in principle, neither nature nor reason have any opportunity to exert themselves for remedy of the excesses of their premature power. The consequences of their conduct, which in good minds (and many of theirs are probably such) might produce penitence or amendment, are unable to pursue the rapidity of their flight. Their prey is lodged in England; and the cries of India are given to seas and winds, to be blown about in every breaking up of the monsoon, over a remote and unhearing ocean.

"In India all the vices operate by which sudden fortune is acquired; in England are often displayed by the same persons the virtues which dispense hereditary wealth. Arrived in England, the destroyers of the nobility and gentry of a whole kingdom will find the best company in this nation, at a board of elegance and hospitality. Here the manufacturer and husbandman will bless the just and punctual hand that in India has torn the cloth from the loom, or wrested the scanty portion of rice and salt from the peasant of Bengal, or wrung from him the very opium in which he forgot his oppressions and his oppressor. They marry into your families; they enter into your senate; they ease your estates by loans; they raise their value by demand; they cherish and protect your relations which lie heavy on your patronage; and there is scarcely a house in the kingdom that does not feel some concern and interest that makes all reform of our eastern government appear officious and disgusting; and, on the whole, a most discouraging attempt. In such an attempt you hurt those who are able to return kindness or to resent injury. If you succeed, you save those who cannot so much as give you thanks."

"But," said Egeria, "perhaps you will say that

this kind of eloquence belongs almost exclusively to the style of Mr Burke, and I will not dispute the point with you. I acknowledge, that he seems to have been in it the greatest master, as he was of all modern orators, nay, I will assert of all orators whatsoever, the most magnificent in phraseology. His diction wants the round and rolling cadence of Cicero's, and in argument he was far inferior in clearness, closeness, and vehemence to Demosthenes, but neither the Greek nor the Roman have excelled him in his own particular style. The desolation of the Carnatic by Hyder Ali, as described in his speech of February 28th 1785, on the Nabob of Arcot's debts, is not surpassed by any description in poetry."

"Let me hear it," said the Bachelor, and his airy-handed lady took down the volume and read—

"The great fortunes made in India in the beginnings of conquest, naturally excited an emulation in all the parts, and through the whole succession of the Company's service. But in the Company it gave rise to other sentiments. They did not find the new channels of acquisition flow with equal riches to them. On the contrary, the high flood-tide of private emolument was generally in the lowest ebb of their affairs. They began also to fear, that the fortune of war might take away what the fortune of war had given. Wars were accordingly discouraged by repeated injunctions and menaces; and that the servants might not be bribed into them by the native princes, they were strictly forbidden to take any money whatsoever from their hands. But vehement passion is ingenious in resources. The Company's servants were not only stimulated, but better instructed

by the prohibition. They soon fell upon a contrivance which answered their purposes far better than the methods which were forbidden; though in this also they violated an ancient, but, they thought, an abrogated order. They reversed their proceedings. Instead of receiving presents, they made loans. Instead of carrying on wars in their own name, they contrived an authority, at once irresistible and irresponsible, in whose name they might ravage at pleasure, and being thus freed from all restraint, they indulged themselves in the most extravagant speculations of plunder. The cabal of creditors who have been the object of the late bountiful grant from his Majesty's ministers, in order to possess themselves, under the name of creditors and assignees, of every country in India, as fast as it should be conquered, inspired into the mind of the nabob of Arcot, (then a dependant on the Company of the humblest order,) a scheme of the most wild and desperate ambition that I believe ever was admitted into the thoughts of a man so situated. First, they persuaded him to consider himself as a principal member in the political system of Europe. In the next place, they held out to him, and he readily imbibed, the idea of the general empire of Indostan. As a preliminary to this undertaking, they prevailed on him to propose a tripartite division of that vast country. One part to the Company; another to the Mahrattas; and the third to himself. To himself he reserved all the southern part of the great peninsula, comprehended under the general name of the Decan.

"On this scheme of their servants, the Company was to appear in the Carnatic in no other light than as a contractor for the provision of armies and the hire of mercenaries for his use, and under his direction. This disposition was to be secured by the nabob's putting himself under the guarantee of France, and by the means of that rival nation preventing the English for ever

from assuming an equality, much less a superiority, in the Carnatic. In pursuance of this treasonable project, treasonable on the part of the English, they extinguished the Company as a sovereign power in that part of India; they withdrew the Company's garrisons out of all the forts and strong-holds of the Carnatic; they declined to receive the ambassadors from foreign courts, and remitted them to the nabob of Arcot; they fell upon and totally destroyed the oldest ally of the Company, the king of Tanjore, and plundered the country to the amount of near five millions sterling; one after another, in the nabob's name, but with English force, they brought into a miserable servitude all the princes and great independent nobility of a vast country. In proportion to these treasons and violences, which ruined the people, the fund of the nabob's debt grew and flourished.

"Among the victims to this magnificent plan of universal plunder, worthy of the heroic avarice of the projectors, you have all heard (and he has made himself to be well remembered) of an Indian chief called Hyder Ali Khan. This man possessed the western, as the Company, under the name of the nabob of Arcot, does the eastern division of the Carnatic. It was among the leading measures in the design of this cabal (according to their own emphatic language) to extirpate this Hyder Ali. They declared the nabob of Arcot to be his sovereign, and himself to be a rebel, and publicly invested their instrument with the sovereignty of the kingdom of Mysore. But their victim was not of the passive kind. They were soon obliged to conclude a treaty of peace and close alliance with this rebel at the gates of Madras. Both before and since this treaty, every principle of policy pointed out this power as a natural alliance; and on his part it was courted by every sort of amicable office. But the cabinet council of English creditors

would not suffer their nabob of Arcot to sign the treaty, nor even to give to a prince, at least his equal, the ordinary titles of respect and courtesy. From that time forward a continued plot was carried on within the divan, black and white, of the nabob of Arcot, for the destruction of Hyder Ali. As to the outward members of the double, or rather treble, government of Madras, which had signed the treaty, they were always prevented by some overruling influence (which they do not describe, but which cannot be misunderstood,) from performing what justice and interest combined so evidently to enforce.

"When at length Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty and no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he decreed to make the country possessed by these incorrigible and predestinated criminals a memorable example to mankind. He resolved, in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance, and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together was no protection. He became at length so confident of his force, so collected in his might, that he made no secret whatsoever of his dreadful resolution.

"Having terminated his disputes with every enemy and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the nabob of Arcot, he drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the arts of destruction; and compounding all the materials of fury, havock, and desolation, into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains. Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stu-

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is that wherein the proudest of us all feels himself to be nothing more than he is: but I find myself unable to manage it with decorum; these details are of a species of horror so nauseous and disgusting; they are so degrading to the sufferers and to the hearers; they are so humiliating to human nature itself, that, on better thoughts, I find it more advisable to throw a pall over this hideous object, and to leave it to your generous conceptions."

CHAP. II.

CALAMITIES.

"It is very strange," said the Recluse, when Egeria had laid down the book, "that we should enjoy so much pleasure from the description of calamities."

"It argues," said the nymph, "nothing very favourable to the benevolence of the human heart."

"Yes; it is a proof of the malice of our nature, that we should find delight in hearing of the sufferings of our fellow-creatures," replied the Recluse.

"I did not make the remark with any reference to so general a sentiment," said Egeria; "but, now that you call my attention to it so particularly, I must own that it does look as if we had a secret penchant to be pleased with evil. May not, however, our pleasure in perusing descriptions of sorrows and calamities arise from the degree of excitement which they produce on our sympathetic feelings? Be the

source of our enjoyment, however, in the good or the bad properties of our own heart, there is no disputing the fact, that we do receive great pleasure from well-drawn pictures, whether they be with words or with colours, of those scenes in which the nothingness of man, as an object of the care of Providence, is most strikingly delineated. This morning for example, in turning over the leaves of De Humboldt's Travels, I felt myself very pleasingly interested by his vigorous description of the catastrophe which befell the city of Caraccas. I shall read it to you."

AN EARTHQUAKE.

"A great drought prevailed at this period in the province of Venezuela. Not a single drop of rain had fallen at Caraccas, or in the country ninety leagues round, during the five months which preceded the destruction of the capital. The 26th of March was a remarkably hot day. The air was calm and the sky unclouded. It was Holy Thursday, and a great part of the population was assembled in the churches. Nothing seemed to presage the calamities of the day. At seven minutes after four in the afternoon the first shock was felt; it was sufficiently powerful to make the bells of the churches toll; it lasted five or six seconds, during which time the ground was in a continual undulating movement, and seemed to heave up like a boiling liquid. The danger was thought to be past, when a tremendous subterraneous noise was heard, resembling the rolling of thunder, but louder, and of longer continuance, than that heard within the tropics in time of storms. This noise preceded a perpendicular motion of three or four seconds, followed by an undulatory movement somewhat longer. The shocks were in opposite directions, from north to

south, and from east to west. Nothing could resist the movement from beneath upward, and undulations crossing each other. The town of Caraccas was entirely overthrown. Thousands of the inhabitants (between nine and ten thousand) were buried under the ruins of the houses and churches. The procession had not yet set out; but the crowd was so great in the churches, that nearly three or four thousand persons were crushed by the fall of their vaulted roofs. The explosion was stronger toward the north, in that part of the town situated nearest the mountain of Avila, and the Silla. The churches of La Trinidad, and Alta Gracia, which were more than one hundred and fifty feet high, and the naves of which were supported by pillars of twelve or fifteen feet diameter, left a mass of ruins scarcely exceeding five or six feet in elevation. The sinking of the ruins has been so considerable, that there now scarcely remain any vestiges of pillars or columns. The barracks, called *El Quartel de San Carlos,* situate farther north of the church of the Trinity, on the road from the custom-house de la Pastora, almost entirely disappeared. A regiment of troops of the line, that was assembled under arms, ready to join the procession, was, with the exception of a few men, buried under the ruins of this great edifice. Nine-tenths of the fine town of Caraccas were entirely destroyed. The walls of the houses that were not thrown down, as those of the street San Juan, near the Capuchin Hospital, were cracked in such a manner that it was impossible to run the risk of inhabiting them. The effects of the earthquake were somewhat less violent in the western and southern parts of the city, between the principal square and the ravin of Caraguata. There the cathedral, supported by enormous buttresses, remains standing.

" Estimating at nine or ten thousand the number of the dead in the city of Caraccas, we do not include those

unhappy persons, who, dangerously wounded, perished several months after for want of food and proper care. The night of Holy Thursday presented the most distressing scene of desolation and sorrow. That thick cloud of dust, which, rising above the ruins, darkened the sky like a fog, had settled on the ground. No shock was felt, and never was a night more calm or more serene. The moon, nearly full, illumined the rounded domes of the Silla, and the aspect of the sky formed a perfect contrast to that of the earth, covered with the dead and heaped with ruins. Mothers were seen bearing in their arms their children, whom they hoped to recall to life. Desolate families wandered through the city seeking a brother, a husband, a friend, of whose fate they were ignorant, and whom they believed to be lost in the crowd. The people pressed along the streets, which could no more be recognised but by long lines of ruins.

"All the calamities experienced in the great catastrophes of Lisbon, Messina, Lima, and Riobamba, were renewed on the fatal day of the 26th of March 1812. The wounded, buried under the ruins, implored by their cries the help of the passers-by, and nearly two thousand were dug out. Never was pity displayed in a more affecting manner; never had it been seen more ingeniously active, than in the efforts employed to save the miserable victims, whose groans reached the ear. Implements for digging and clearing away the ruins were entirely wanting; and the people were obliged to use their bare hands to disinter the living. The wounded, as well as the sick who had escaped from the hospitals, were laid on the banks of the small river Guayra. They found no shelter but the foliage of trees. Beds, linen to dress the wounds, instruments of surgery, medicines, and objects of the most urgent necessity, were buried under the ruins. Every thing, even food, was wanting during the first days. Water became alike scarce in the

interior of the city. The commotion had rent the pipes of the fountains; the falling in of the earth had choaked up the springs that supplied them; and it became necessary, in order to have water, to go down to the river Guayra, which was considerably swelled; and then vessels to convey the water were wanting.

"There remained a duty to be fulfilled toward the dead, enjoined at once by piety and the dread of infection. It being impossible to inter so many thousand corpses, half-buried under the ruins, commissaries were appointed to burn the bodies; and for this purpose funeral piles were erected between the heaps of ruins. This ceremony lasted several days. Amid so many public calamities, the people devoted themselves to those religious duties, which they thought were the most fitted to appease the wrath of Heaven. Some, assembling in processions, sang funeral hymns; others, in a state of distraction, confessed themselves aloud in the streets. In this town was now repeated, what had been remarked in the province of Quito after the tremendous earthquake of 1797;—a number of marriages were contracted, between persons who had neglected for many years to sanction their union by the sacerdotal benediction; children found parents, by whom they had never till then been acknowledged; restitutions were promised by persons who had never been accused of fraud; and families, who had long been enemies, were drawn together by the tie of common calamity."

"Doubtless," said the Bachelor, "in that description of De Humboldt many things give us pleasure which reasonably ought not to do so; but does it not arise from the satisfaction that we derive from the contemplation of the vast power exerted to produce such appalling effects?"

"Yes," replied Egeria, "I think you are

right. Man is naturally a power-worshipping creature, and he enjoys the very highest degree of delight from the contemplation of power in action, where neither danger nor suffering is visible. Dr Clarke's description of the eruptions of Mount Vesuvius, in the year 1793, is an instance of this. The passage is vigorously and even sublimely written. In so far, from the power displayed by the author, it necessarily affords pleasure; but the main source of enjoyment unquestionably arises from the vastness of the power of the element that causes the phenomenon described."

A VOLCANO.

"Upon proceeding up the cone of Vesuvius, the party found the crater at the summit, in a very active state, throwing out volleys of immense stones translucent with vitrification, and such heavy showers of ashes, involved in dense sulphureous clouds, as to render any approach to it extremely dangerous. The party ascended, however, as near to the summit as possible; then crossing over to the side whence the lava was issuing, they reached the bed of the torrent, and attempted to ascend by the side of it to its source. This they soon found to be impossible, owing to an unfortunate change of wind; in consequence of which, all the smoke of the lava came hot upon them, accompanied at the same time with so thick a mist of minute ashes from the crater, and such suffocating fumes of sulphur, that they knew not what course to steer. In this perplexity, the author called to mind an expedient recommended by Sir William Hamilton upon a former occasion, and proposed crossing immediately the current of the flowing lava, with a view to gain its windward side. All his companions were against this measure, owing to the very liquid appear-

ance the lava then had so near its source; but while they stood deliberating what was to be done, immense fragments of rocks that had been ejected from the crater, and huge volcanic bombs, which the smoke had prevented their observing, fell thick among them; vast masses of slag and of other matter, rolling upon their edges like enormous wheels, passed by them with a force and velocity sufficient to crush every one of the party to atoms, if directed to the spot where they all stood huddled together. There was not a moment to be lost; the author, therefore, covering his face with his hat, descended the high bank beneath which the lava ran, and rushing upon the surface of the melted matter, reached the opposite side, having only his boots burned, and his hands somewhat scorched. Here he saw clearly the whole of the danger to which his friends were exposed: the noise was such as almost prevented his being heard; but he endeavoured, by calling and by gestures, to persuade them to follow. Vast rocks of indurated lava from the crater were bounding by them, and others falling, that would have overwhelmed a citadel. Not one of the party would stir; not even the guides accustomed for hire to conduct persons over the mountain. At last he had the satisfaction to see them descend, and endeavour to cross the torrent somewhat lower down, where the lava from its redness appeared to be less liquid, and where the stream was narrower. In fact, the narrowness of the stream deceived them: the current had divided into two branches; in the midst of which was an island, if such it might be called, surrounded by liquid fire. They crossed over the first stream in safety; but being a good deal scorched upon the island, they attempted the passage of the second branch; in doing which, one of the guides, laden with torches and other things, fell down and was terribly burned.

"Being now all on the windward side, they continued their ascent; the bellowings, belchings, and explosions, as of cannon, evidently not from the crater, (which sent forth one uniform roaring and deafening noise) convinced them they were now not far from the source. The lava appeared whiter and whiter as they advanced, owing to its intense heat; and in about half an hour they reached the chasm through which the melted matter had opened itself a passage. It was a narrow fissure in the solid lava of the cone. The sides, smooth, compact, and destitute of that porous appearance which the superficies of lava exhibits when it is cooled under exposure to atmospheric air, resembled the most solid trap or basalt. To describe the rest of the spectacle here displayed is utterly beyond all human ability; the author can only appeal to those who participated the astonishment he felt upon that occasion, and to the sensations which they experienced in common with him, the remembrance of which can only be obliterated with their lives. All he had previously seen of volcanic phenomena, had not prepared him for what he then beheld. He had often witnessed the rivers of lava, after their descent into the valley between Somma and Vesuvius; they resembled moving heaps of scoriæ falling over one another with a rattling noise, which, in their further progress, carried ruin and devastation into the plains. But from the centre of this arched chasm, and along a channel cut finer than art can imitate, beamed the most intense light, radiating with such ineffable lustre, that the eye could only contemplate it for one instant, and by successive glances.—While, issuing with the velocity of a flood, and accompanied with a rushing wind, this light itself, in milder splendour, seemed to melt away into a translucent and vivid stream, exhibiting matter in the most perfect fusion, running like liquid silver down the side of the mountain. In its

progress downwards, and as soon as the air began to act upon it, the superficies lost its whiteness; becoming first red, and afterwards of a darker hue, until, lower down, black scoriæ began to form upon its surface. Above the arched chasm, there was a natural chimney, about four feet in height, throwing up occasionally stones, attended with detonations. The author approached near enough to this aperture to gather from the lips of it some incrustations of pure sulphur, the fumes of which were so suffocating, that it was with difficulty and only at intervals a sight could be obtained of what was passing below. It was evident, however, that the current of lava, with the same indescribable splendour, was flowing rapidly at the bottom of this chimney towards the mouth of the chasm; and, had it not been for this vent, it is probable the party now mentioned could never have been able to approach so nearly as they had done to the source of the lava. The eruptions from the crater increased with such violence, that it was necessary to use all possible expedition in making the remaining observations.

"The eruptions from the crater were now without intermission, and the danger of remaining any longer near this place was alarmingly conspicuous. A huge mass, cast to an immense height in the air, seemed to be falling in a direction so fatally perpendicular, that there was not one of the party present who did not expect to be crushed by it; fortunately it fell beyond the spot on which they stood, where it was shattered into a thousand pieces; and these rolling onwards, were carried with great velocity into the valley below."

"In these and other descriptions," resumed Egeria, "if the pleasure arises from the contemplation of the exercise of power, what shall we say of those narratives of which the subjects are the enormities of

man? Miot's account, for example, of the massacre of the Turks at Jaffa by Buonaparte, is neither so vigorously written in the original, nor so susceptible of vigour in any translation, as to awaken pleasurable emotions, in so far as the power of the author is concerned, and yet the vastness of the crime makes the impression almost as awful as that of many descriptions which are considered and felt to be sublime. Let me read it to you."

A MASSACRE.

"Here it is that I must make a most painful recital. The frankness, I will venture to say the candour, which may be observed in these memoirs, make it a duty that I should not pass over in silence the event which I am about to relate, and of which I was witness. If I have pledged myself in writing this work not to judge the actions of the man who will be judged by posterity, I have also pledged myself to reveal every thing which may enlighten opinion concerning him. It is just, therefore, that I should repeat the motives which were enforced at the time, to authorise a determination so cruel as that which decided the fate of the prisoners at Jaffa. Behold then the considerations which seem to have provoked it.

"The army, already weakened by its loss at the sieges of El Arish and of Jaffa, was still more so by diseases, whose ravages became from day to day more alarming. It had great difficulties in maintaining itself, and the soldier rarely received his full ration. This difficulty of subsistence would augment in consequence of the evil disposition of the inhabitants towards us. To feed the Jaffa prisoners while we kept them with us, was not only to increase our wants, but also constantly

to encumber our own movements; to confine them at Jaffa would, without removing the first inconvenience, have created another—the possibility of a revolt, considering the small force that could have been left to garrison the place; to send them into Egypt would have been obliging ourselves to dismiss a considerable detachment, which would greatly reduce the force of the expedition; to set them at liberty upon their parole, notwithstanding all the engagements into which they could have entered, would have been sending them to increase the strength of our enemies, and particularly the garrison of St John d'Acre; for Djezzar was not a man to respect promises made by his soldiers, men also little religious themselves as to a point of honour of which they knew not the force. There remained then only one course which reconciled every thing: it was a frightful one; however it appears to have been believed to be necessary.

"On the 20th Ventose (March 10), in the afternoon, the Jaffa prisoners were put in motion in the midst of a vast square battalion formed by the troops of General Bon's division. A dark rumour of the fate which was prepared for them determined me, as well as many other persons, to mount on horseback, and follow this silent column of victims, to satisfy myself whether what had been told me was well-founded. The Turks, marching pell-mell, already foresaw their fate: they shed no tears; they uttered no cries; they were resigned. Some, who were wounded, and could not march so fast as the rest, were bayonetted on the way. Some others went about the crowd, and appeared to be giving salutary advice in this imminent danger. Perhaps the boldest might have thought that it would not be impossible for them to break through the battalion which surrounded them: perhaps they hoped that, in dispersing themselves over the plains which they were crossing, a certain number

might escape death. Every means had been taken to prevent this, and the Turks made no attempt to escape. Having reached the sand-hills to the south-west of Jaffa, they were halted near a pool of stagnant water. Then the officer who commanded the troops had the mass divided into small bodies; and these being led to many different parts, were there fusilladed. This horrible operation required much time, notwithstanding the number of troops employed in this dreadful sacrifice: I owe it to these troops to declare, that they did not without extreme repugnance submit to the abominable service which was required from their victorious hands. There was a group of prisoners near the pool of water, among whom were some old chiefs of a noble and resolute courage, and one young man whose courage was dreadfully shaken. At so tender an age he must have believed himself innocent, and that feeling hurried him on to an action which appeared to shock those about him. He threw himself at the feet of the horse which the chief of the French troops rode, and embraced the knees of that officer, imploring him to spare his life, and exclaiming, 'Of what am I guilty? What evil have I done?' His tears, his affecting cries, were unavailing; they could not change the fatal sentence pronounced upon his lot. With the exception of this young man, all the other Turks made their ablutions calmly in the stagnant water of which I have spoken; then taking each other's hand, after having laid it upon the heart and the lips, according to the manner of salutation, they gave and received an eternal adieu. Their courageous spirits appeared to defy death; you saw in their tranquillity the confidence which in these last moments was inspired by their religion, and the hope of a happy hereafter. They seemed to say, I quit this world to go and enjoy with Mahommed a lasting happiness. Thus the reward after this life which the Koran promises, sup-

ported the Mussulman, conquered indeed, but still proud in his adversity.

"I saw a respectable old man, whose tone and manners announced a superior rank. I saw him coolly order a hole to be made before him in the loose sand, deep enough to bury him alive; doubtless he did not choose to die by any other hands than those of his own people: within this protecting and dolorous grave he laid himself upon his back; and his comrades addressing their supplicatory prayers to God, covered him presently with sand, and trampled afterwards upon the soil which served him for a winding-sheet, probably with the idea of accelerating the end of his sufferings. This spectacle, which makes my heart palpitate, and which I paint but too feebly, took place during the execution of the parties distributed about the sand-hills. At length there remained no more of all the prisoners than those who were placed near the pool of water. Our soldiers had exhausted their cartridges, and it was necessary to destroy them with the bayonet and the sword. I could not support this horrible sight, but hastened away, pale and almost fainting. Some officers informed me in the evening, that these unhappy men, yielding to that irresistible impulse of nature which makes us shrink from death even when we have no longer a hope of escaping it, strove to get one behind another, and received in their limbs the blows aimed at the heart, which would at once have terminated their wretched lives. Then was there formed, since it must be related, a dreadful pyramid of the dead and of the dying streaming with blood; and it was necessary to drag away the bodies of those who had already expired, in order to finish the wretches who, under cover of this frightful and shocking rampart, had not yet been reached. This picture is exact and faithful; and the recollection makes my hand tremble, though the whole horror is not described."

CHAP. III.

MANNERS.

"I THINK," said Egeria one morning, after reading some account of the Greek insurrection in a morning paper, "that there must be a great deal of exaggeration in these stories. This war has now raged a long time, and dreadful events have taken place on both sides; but nothing yet appears to indicate what it is that the Greeks propose to do for themselves when they shall have thrown off the Ottoman yoke. They are fighting for freedom; but there is no freedom without security, and the Greek insurgents are doing nothing to provide for the preservation of public or of private rights. By continuing the contest, an army will probably be formed among them, and the commander of that army, whoever he may be, will of course become their king—their tyrant I should rather say, for it is impossible to conceive that a modern Greek soldier, semi-barbarians as they all are, can be aught else. I should therefore like to know in what their condition will be improved, by the establishment of a despotism of their own at Athens, from what it has been under the sultans of Constantinople."

"I suspect," replied the Bachelor, "that we are not very accurately informed with respect to the condition of the Greeks under the Turks. Slavery

of every kind is to the free imagination of the people of this country rightly and wisely held in dread and abhorrence; but the thraldom which the Greeks suffer under their Mahommedan masters is rather of the nature of a caste-exclusion than a servitude. They live in their own houses, they pursue their own avocations, they buy, sell, and serve on their own account, and I believe they may even purchase slaves. It is not, I think, very easy to adjust our ideas of a bondman to the description which Dr Holland gives of the condition and household of the superior classes of the Greeks at Ioannina, under the notorious Ali Pashaw. I shall read to you what he says."

GREEK MANNERS.

"The habitation of our host resembled those which are common in the country. Externally to the street nothing is seen but a high stone wall, with the summit of a small part of the inner building. Large double gates conduct you into an outer area, from which you pass through other gates into an inner square, surrounded on three sides by the buildings of the house. The basement story is constructed of stone, the upper part of the structure almost entirely of wood. A broad gallery passes along two sides of the area, open in front, and shaded overhead by the roof of the building. To this gallery you ascend by a flight of stairs, the doors of which conduct to the different living-rooms of the house, all going from it. In this country it is uncommon, except with the lower classes, to live upon the ground-floor, which is therefore generally occupied as out-buildings, the first floor being that always inhabited by the family. In the house of our host there were four or five living-rooms, furnished with couches, carpets,

and looking-glasses, which, with the decorations of the ceiling and walls, may be considered as almost the only appendages to a Grecian apartment. The principal room (or what with us would be the drawing-room) was large, lofty, and decorated with much richness. Its height was sufficient for a double row of windows along three sides of the apartment; all these windows, however, being small, and so situated as merely to admit light without allowing any external view. The ceiling was profusely ornamented with painting and gilding upon carved wood, the walls divided into panels, and decorated in the same way, with the addition of several pier-glasses. A couch or divan, like those described in the seraglio, passed along three sides of the apartment, and superseded equally the use of chairs and tables, which are but rarely found in a Greek house.

"The dining-room was also large, but furnished with less decoration; and the same with the other living-apartments. The kitchen and servants' rooms were connected by a passage with the great gallery; but this gallery itself formed a privileged place to all the members of the family, and it was seldom that some of the domestics might not be seen here partaking in the sports of the children, and using a familiarity with their superiors which is sufficiently common in the south of Europe, but very unusual in England. Bedchambers are not to be sought for in Greek or Turkish habitations. The sofas of their living-apartments are the place of nightly repose with the higher classes; the floor with those of inferior rank. Upon the sofas are spread their cotton or woollen mattresses, cotton sheets, sometimes with worked muslin trimmings, and ornamented quilts. Neither men nor women take off more than a small part of their dress; and the lower classes seldom make any change whatever before throwing themselves down among the coarse woollen cloaks which form their

nightly covering. In this point the oriental customs are much more simple than those of civilized Europe.

"The separate communication of the rooms with an open gallery renders the Greek houses very cold in winter, of which I had reason to be convinced during both my residences at Ioannina. The higher class of Greeks seldom use any other means of artificial warmth than a brazier of charcoal in the middle of the apartment, trusting to their pelisses and thick clothing for the rest. Sometimes the brazier is placed under a table, covered with a thick rug cloth which falls down to the floor. The heat is thus confined, and the feet of those sitting round the table acquire an agreeable warmth, which is diffused to the rest of the body.

"The family of Metzou generally rose before eight o'clock. Their breakfast consisted simply of one or two cups of coffee, served up with a salver of sweetmeats, but without any more substantial food. In consideration to our grosser morning appetites, bread, honey, and rice-milk, were added to the repast which was set before us. Our host, who was always addressed with the epithet of Affendi by his children and domestics, passed much of the morning in smoking, in walking up and down the gallery, or in talking with his friends who called upon him. Not being engaged in commerce, and influenced perhaps by his natural timidity, he rarely quitted the house; and I do not recollect to have seen him more than five or six times beyond the gates of the area of his dwelling. His lady, meanwhile, was engaged either in directing her household affairs, in working embroidery, or in weaving silk thread. The boys were occupied during a part of the morning in learning to read and write the Romaic with a young man who officiated as tutor, the mode of instruction not differing much from that common elsewhere.

"The dinner hour of the family was usually between twelve and one, but from complaisance to us they delayed it till two o'clock. Summoned to the dining-room, a female domestic, in the usage of the east, presented to each person in succession a large basin with soap, and poured tepid water upon the hands from a brazen ewer. This finished, we seated ourselves at the table, which was simply a circular pewter tray, still called *trapeza*, placed upon a stool, and without cloth or other appendage. The dinner consisted generally of ten or twelve dishes, presented singly at the table by an Albanian servant, habited in his national costume. The dishes afforded some, though not great variety; and the enumeration of those at one dinner may suffice as a general example of the common style of this repast in a Greek family of the higher class:—First, a dish of boiled rice flavoured with lemon-juice; then a plate of mutton boiled to rags; another plate of mutton cooked with spinach or onions, and rich sauces; a Turkish dish composed of force-meat with vegetables, made into balls; another Turkish dish, which appears as a large flat cake, the outside of a rich and greasy paste, the inside composed of eggs, vegetables, with a small quantity of meat: following this, a plate of baked mutton, with raisins and almonds, boiled rice with oil, omelet balls, a dish of thin cakes made of flour, eggs, and honey; or sometimes, in lieu of these, small cakes made of flour, coffee, and eggs; and the repast finished by a dessert of grapes, raisins, and chesnuts. But for the presence of strangers, the family would have ate in common from the dishes successively brought to the table; and even with separate plates before them this was frequently done. The thin wine of the country was drunk during the repast; but neither in eating or drinking is it common for the Greeks to indulge in excess.

"The dinner tray removed, the basin and ewer were again carried round,—a practice which is seldom omitted even among the inferior classes in this country. After an interval of a few minutes, a glass of liquor and coffee were handed to us, and a Turkish pipe presented to any one who desired it. In summer a short *siesta* is generally taken at this hour, but now it was not considered necessary. After passing an hour or two on the couches of the apartment, some visitors generally arrived, and the family moved to the larger room before described. These visitors were Greeks of the city, some of them relations, others friends of the family, who did not come on formal invitation, but in an unreserved way, to pass the evening in conversation. This mode of society is common in Ioannina, and, but that the women take little part in it, might be considered extremely pleasant. When a visitor enters the apartment, he salutes and is saluted by the right hand placed on the left breast,—a method of address at once simple and dignified. Seated on the couch, sweetmeats, coffee, and a pipe, are presented to him; and these form, in fact, the only articles of entertainment."

"Truly," said Egeria, "that does not indeed look very much like a description of the habitation of a slave. I must confess that of late my ideas of slavery and barbarism have been strangely unsettled. Bowdich's mission to Ashantee has opened up a view of the state of Africa of which I had formed no previous conception. Really it would seem that the barbaric pearl and gold there are wonderfully like the pomps and pageantries among ourselves. Turn up the volume at page 84, and you will find the description to which I allude."

AFRICAN MANNERS.

"An area of nearly a mile in circumference was crowded with magnificence and novelty. The king, his tributaries and captains, were resplendent in the distance, surrounded by attendants of every description, fronted by a mass of warriors which seemed to make our approach impervious. The sun was reflected, with a glare scarcely more supportable than the heat, from the massy gold ornaments which glistened in every direction. More than a hundred bands burst at once on our arrival, with the peculiar airs of their several chiefs; the horns flourished their defiances, with the beating of innumerable drums and metal instruments, and then yielding for a while to the soft breathings of their long flutes, which were truly harmonious; and a pleasing instrument, like a bagpipe without the drone, was happily blended. At least a hundred large umbrellas, or canopies, which could shelter thirty persons, were sprung up and down by the bearers with brilliant effect, being made of scarlet, yellow, and the most showy cloths and silks, and crowned on the top with crescents, pelicans, elephants, barrels, and arms and swords of gold: they were of various shapes, but mostly dome; and the valances (in some of which small looking-glasses were inserted) fantastically scalloped and fringed: from the fronts of some the proboscis and small teeth of elephants projected, and a few were roofed with leopard skins, and crowned with various animals naturally stuffed. The state hammocks, like long cradles, were raised in the rear, the poles on the heads of the bearers; the cushions and pillows were covered with crimson taffeta, and the richest cloths hung over the sides. Innumerable small umbrellas, of various coloured stripes, were crowded in the intervals,

whilst several large trees heightened the glare by contrasting the sober colouring of nature:

'Discolor unde auri per ramos aura refulsit.'

"The king's messengers, with gold breast-plates, made way for us, and we commenced our round, preceded by the canes and the English flag. We stopped to take the hand of every caboceer; which, as their household suites occupied several spaces in advance, delayed us long enough to distinguish some of the ornaments in the general blaze of splendour and ostentation.

"The caboceers, as did their superior captains and attendants, wore Ashantee cloths of extravagant price, from the costly foreign silks which had been unravelled to weave them in all the varieties of colour as well as pattern: they were of an incredible size and weight, and thrown over the shoulder exactly like the Roman toga. A small silk fillet generally encircled their temples; and massy gold necklaces, intricately wrought, suspended Moorish charms, dearly purchased, and enclosed in small square cases of gold, silver, and curious embroidery. Some wore necklaces reaching to the navel, entirely of *aggry* beads; a band of gold and beads encircled the knee, from which several strings of the same depended; small circles of gold, like guineas, rings, and casts of animals, were strung round their ancles; their sandals were of green, red, and delicate white leather; manillas, and rude lumps of rock-gold, hung from their left wrists, which were so heavily laden as to be supported on the head of one of their handsomest boys. Gold and silver pipes and canes dazzled the eye in every direction. Wolves' and rams' heads as large as life, cast in gold, were suspended from their gold-handled swords, which were held around them in great numbers; the blades were shaped like round bills, and

rusted in blood; the sheaths were of leopard skin, or the shell of a fish like shagreen. The large drums, supported on the head of one man, and beaten by two others, were braced around with the thigh-bones of their enemies, and ornamented with their skulls. The kettle-drums, resting on the ground, were scraped with wet fingers, and covered with leopard skin. The wrists of the drummers were hung with bells and curiously-shaped pieces of iron, which gingled loudly as they were beating. The smaller drums were suspended from the neck by scarves of red cloth; the horns (the teeth of young elephants) were ornamented at the mouth-piece with gold, and the jaw-bones of human victims. The war-caps of eagles' feathers nodded in the rear, and large fans, of the wing-feathers of the ostrich, played around the dignitaries. Immediately behind their chairs (which were of black wood, almost covered by inlays of ivory and gold embossment) stood their handsomest youths, with corslets of leopard's skin covered with gold cockle-shells, and stuck full of small knives, sheathed in gold and silver, and the handles of blue agate; cartouch-boxes of elephants' hides hung below, ornamented in the same manner; a large gold-handled sword was fixed behind the left shoulder, and silk scarves and horses' tails (generally white) streamed from the arms and waist-cloth: their long Danish muskets had broad rims of gold at small distances, and the stocks were ornamented with shells. Finely-grown girls stood behind the chairs of some, with silver basins. Their stools, of the most laborious carved work, and generally with two large bells attached to them, were conspicuously placed upon the heads of favourites; and crowds of small boys were seated around, flourishing elephants' tails curiously mounted. The warriors sat on the ground close to these, and so thickly as not to admit of our passing without treading on their feet, to

which they were perfectly indifferent; their caps were of the skin of the pangolin and leopard, the tails hanging down behind; their cartouch belts (composed of small gourds which hold the charges, and covered with leopard or pig's skin) were embossed with red shells, and small brass bells thickly hung to them; on their hips and shoulders was a cluster of knives; iron chains and collars dignified the most daring, who were prouder of them than of gold; their muskets had rests affixed of leopard's skin, and the locks a covering of the same; the sides of their faces were curiously painted in long white streaks, and their arms also striped, having the appearance of armour.

"The prolonged flourishes of the horns, a deafening tumult of drums, and the fuller concert of the intervals, announced that we were approaching the king; we were already passing the principal officers of his household; the chamberlain, the gold horn-blower, the captain of the messengers, the captain for royal executions, the captain of the market, the keeper of the royal burial-ground, and the master of the bands, sat surrounded by a retinue and splendour which bespoke the dignity and importance of their offices. The cook had a number of small services covered with leopard's skin held behind him, and a large quantity of massy silver plate was displayed before him, punch-bowls, waiters, coffee-pots, tankards, and a very large vessel with heavy handles and clawed-feet, which seemed to have been made to hold incense: I observed a Portuguese inscription on one piece, and they seemed generally of that manufacture. The executioner, a man of immense size, wore a massy gold hatchet on his breast; and the execution-stool was held before him, clotted in blood, and partly covered with a cawl of fat. The king's four linguists were encircled by a splendour inferior to none, and their peculiar insignia, gold canes, were elevated in all direc-

tions, tied in bundles, like fasces. The keeper of the treasury added to his own magnificence by the ostentatious display of his service; the blow-pan, boxes, scales and weights, were of solid gold.

"A delay of some minutes, while we severally approached to receive the king's hand, afforded us a thorough view of him: his deportment first excited my attention; native dignity in princes we are pleased to call barbarous was a curious spectacle: his manners were majestic, yet courteous; and he did not allow his surprise to beguile him for a moment of the composure of the monarch: he appeared to be about thirty-eight years of age, inclined to corpulence, and of a benevolent countenance: he wore a fillet of aggry beads round his temples, a necklace of gold cockspur shells strung by their largest ends, and over his right shoulder a red silk cord, suspending three saphies cased in gold: his bracelets were the richest mixtures of beads and gold, and his fingers covered with rings: his cloth was of a dark green silk; a pointed diadem was elegantly painted in white on his forehead; also a pattern resembling an epaulette on each shoulder, and an ornament like a full-blown rose, one leaf rising above another until it covered his whole breast: his knee-bands were of aggry beads, and his ancle-strings of gold ornaments of the most delicate workmanship, small drums, sankos, stools, swords, guns, and birds, clustered together: his sandals, of a soft white leather, were embossed across the instep-band with small gold and silver cases of saphies: he was seated in a low chair, richly ornamented with gold: he wore a pair of gold castanets on his finger and thumb, which he clapped to enforce silence. The belts of the guards behind his chair were cased in gold, and covered with small jaw-bones of the same metal: the elephants' tails, waving like a small cloud before him, were spangled with gold, and large plumes of feathers were flourished

amid them. His eunuch presided over these attendants, wearing only one massy piece of gold about his neck: the royal stool, entirely cased in gold, was displayed under a splendid umbrella, with drums, sankos, horns, and various musical instruments, cased in gold, about the thickness of cartridge-paper; large circles of gold hung by scarlet cloth from the swords of state, the sheaths as well as the handles of which were also cased; hatchets of the same were intermixed with them: the breasts of the Ocrahs, and various attendants, were adorned with large stars, stools, crescents, and gossamer wings, of solid gold."

"Shall we call a people, in the enjoyment of such wealth and splendour, barbarians?" added Egeria, laying down the book,—"what then shall we say of those who are living in the midst of the wretchedness of Ireland? Look at Miss Edgeworth's description of an Irish cottage; you will find it at the 94th page of the first volume of her Fashionable Tales."

"It was a wretched-looking, low, mud-walled cabin. At one end it was propped by a buttress of loose stones, upon which stood a goat reared on his hind-legs, to browse on the grass that grew on the house-top. A dunghill was before the only window, at the other end of the house; and close to the door was a puddle of the dirtiest of dirty water, in which ducks were dabbling. At my approach, there came out of the cabin a pig, a calf, a lamb, a kid, and two geese, all with their legs tied, followed by cocks, hens, chickens, a dog, a cat, a kitten, a beggar-man, a beggar-woman with a pipe in her mouth; children innumerable, and a stout girl with a pitchfork in her hand; altogether more than I, looking down upon the roof as I sat on horseback, and measuring the superficies with my eye, could have possibly

supposed the mansion capable of containing. I asked if Ellinor O'Donoghoe was at home? but the dog barked, the geese cackled, the turkeys gobbled, and the beggars begged, with one accord so loudly, that there was no chance of my being heard. When the girl had at last succeeded in appeasing them all with her pitch-fork, she answered, that Ellinor O'Donoghoe was at home, but that she was out with the potatoes; and she ran to fetch her, after calling to the boys, who were within in the room smoking, to come out to his honour. As soon as they had crouched under the door, and were able to stand upright, they welcomed me with a very good grace, and were proud to see me in the kingdom. I asked if they were all Ellinor's sons. 'All entirely,' was the first answer. 'Not one but one,' was the second answer. The third made the other two intelligible. 'Plase your honour, we are all her sons-in-law, except myself, who am her lawful son.' 'Then you are my foster-brother?' 'No, plase your honour; it's not me, but my brother, and he's not in it.' 'Not in it?' 'No, plase your honour; because he's in the forge up above. Sure he's the blacksmith, my lard.' 'And what are you?' 'I'm Ody, plase your honour;' the short for Owen."

CHAP. IV.

DRAMATIC POETRY.

"No department of English poetry," said Egeria, one evening after tea, on taking up a volume of Ben Jonson's works, "no department of English poetry is more rich in beautiful passages than the dramatic, and none of which the riches are so little known.

"The speech of Petreius in THE CATILINE of this author, I have always thought one of the most magnificent passages in the whole compass of English literature,—listen."

"*Petreius.* The straits and needs of Catiline being such,
As he must fight with one of the two armies
That then had near enclosed him, it pleased fate
To make us th' object of his desperate choice,
Wherein the danger almost poised the honour:
And, as he rose, the day grew black with him,
And fate descended nearer to the earth,
As if she meant to hide the name of things
Under her wings, and make the world her quarry.
At this we roused, lest one small minute's stay
Had left it to be inquired what Rome was;
And (as we ought) arm'd in the confidence
Of our great cause, in form of battle stood,
Whilst Catiline came on, not with the face
Of any man, but of a public ruin:
His countenance was a civil war itself;
And all his host had, standing in their looks,
The paleness of the death that was to come;
Yet cried they out like vultures, and urged on,
As if they would precipitate our fates.
Nor stay'd we longer for 'em, but himself
Struck the first stroke, and with it fled a life,
Which out, it seem'd a narrow neck of land
Had broke between two mighty seas, and either
Flow'd into other; for so did the slaughter;
And whirl'd about, as when two violent tides
Meet and not yield. The furies stood on hills,
Circling the place, and trembling to see men
Do more than they; whilst piety left the field,
Grieved for that side, that in so bad a cause
They knew not what a crime their valour was.

The sun stood still, and was, behind a cloud
The battle made, seen sweating, to drive up
His frighted horse, whom still the noise drove backward:
And now had fierce Enyo, like a flame,
Consumed all it could reach, and then itself,
Had not the fortune of the commonwealth
Come, Pallas-like, to every Roman thought;
Which Catiline seeing, and that now his troops
Cover'd the earth they 'ad fought on with their trunks,
Ambitious of great fame to crown his ill,
Collected all his fury, and ran in
(Arm'd with a glory high as his despair)
Into our battle, like a Libyan lion
Upon his hunters, scornful of our weapons,
Careless of wounds, plucking down lives about him,
Till he had circled-in himself with death:
Then fell he too, t' embrace it where it lay.
And as in that rebellion 'gainst the gods,
Minerva holding forth Medusa's head,
One of the giant brethren felt himself
Grow marble at the killing sight; and now,
Almost made stone, began to inquire what flint,
What rock, it was that crept through all his limbs;
And, ere he could think more, was that he fear'd:
So Catiline, at the sight of Rome in us,
Became his tomb; yet did his look retain
Some of his fierceness, and his hands still moved,
As if he labour'd yet to grasp the state
With those rebellious parts.
Cato. A brave bad death!
Had this been honest now, and for his country,
As 'twas against it, who had e'er fall'n greater?"

"It is very fine," said Benedict; "but, after all, my love, I should not much like to see many of the old dramatists, even with all their merits, restored to

the use of the general reader. You will find, I suspect, that they have deservedly fallen into obscurity on account of their impure language and gross allusions. It may be said of them all as it was said of Marston by one of his contemporaries,—'He cared not for modest close-couched terms, but dealt in plain naked words, stripped from their shirts.'"

"And yet," replied the nymph, "a judicious selection from their works would be a valuable addition to the library of the boudoir. Many passages of Marston himself are of the very highest order of poetry. Look at his explanation of what it is to be a king."

"Why, man, I never was a prince till now.
'Tis not the bared pate, the bended knees,
Gilt tipstaffs, Tyrian purple, chairs of state,
Troops of pied butterflies, that flutter still
In greatness' summer, that confirm a prince:
'Tis not the unsavoury breath of multitudes,
Shouting and clapping with confused din,
That makes a prince. No, Lucio, he's a king,
A true right king, that dares do aught, save wrong;
Fears nothing mortal, but to be unjust:
Who is not blown up with the flattering puffs
Of spungy sycophants: who stands unmoved,
Despite the justling of opinion:
Who can enjoy himself, maugre the throng
That strive to press his quiet out of him:
Who sits upon Jove's footstool, as I do,
Adoring, not affecting, majesty:
Whose brow is wreathed with the silver crown
Of clear content: this, Lucio, is a king,
And of this empire, every man's possess'd,
That's worth his soul."

" The description of Antonio's visit to the vaults in which the body of his father lies, affords also a specimen of very splendid poetry."

" I purify the air with odorous fume.
Graves, vaults, and tombs, groan not to bear my weight.
Cold flesh, bleak trunks, wrapt in your half-rot shrouds,
I press you softly with a tender foot.
Most honour'd sepulchre, vouchsafe a wretch
Leave to weep o'er thee. Tomb, I'll not be long
Ere I creep in thee, and with bloodless lips
Kiss my cold father's cheek. I pr'ythee, grave,
Provide soft mould to wrap my carcass in.
Thou royal spirit of Andrugio, where'er thou hoverest,
(Airy intellect) I heave up tapers to thee (view thy son),
On celebration of due obsequies.
Once every night I'll dew thy funeral hearse
With my religious tears.
O blessed father of a cursed son!
Thou diedst most happy, since thou livedst not
To see thy son most wretched, and thy wife
Pursued by him that seeks my guiltless blood.
O, in what orb thy mighty spirit soars,
Stoop and beat down this rising fog of shame,
That strives to blur thy blood, and girt defame
About my innocent and spotless brows."

" And the death of Mellida is full of tenderness and beauty. The fool alluded to is Antonio in disguise."

" Being laid upon her bed, she grasp'd my hand,
And kissing it, spake thus: Thou very poor,
Why dost not weep? The jewel of thy brow,
The rich adornment that enchased thy breast,
Is lost; thy son, my love, is lost, is dead.

And do I live to say Antonio's dead?
And have I lived to see his virtues blurr'd
With guiltless blots? O world, thou art too subtle
For honest natures to converse withal:
Therefore I'll leave thee; farewell, mart of woe,
I fly to clip my love, Antonio.
With that her head sunk down upon her breast;
Her cheek changed earth, her senses slept in rest;
Until my fool, that crept unto the bed,
Screech'd out so loud, that he brought back her soul,
Call'd her again, that her bright eyes 'gan ope,
And stared upon him: he, audacious fool,
Dared kiss her hand, wish'd her soft rest, loved bride;
She fumbled out thanks good, and so she died."

"And, my dear Benedict, could even you yourself say any thing finer than the lewd Marston has done of conjugal love?"

"If love be holy, if that mystery
Of co-united hearts be sacrament;
If the unbounded goodness have infused
A sacred ardour of a mutual love
Into our species; if those amorous joys,
Those sweets of life, those comforts even in death,
Spring from a cause above our reason's reach;
If that clear flame deduce its heat from Heaven,
'Tis, like its cause, eternal; always one,
As is th' instiller of divinest love,
Unchanged by time, immortal, maugre death.
But, oh, 'tis grown a figment; love a jest;
A comic posey; the soul of man is rotten
Even to the core, no sound affection.
Our love is hollow, vaulted, stands on props
Of circumstance, profit, or ambitious hopes."

"And," continued the nymph, "I doubt very much if any equal number of lines of Lord Byron would furnish finer extracts, in what may be termed his lordship's own peculiar style, than the "DUKE OF BYRON" of old Chapman. The story consists of two parts, or distinct plays, THE CONSPIRACY and THE TRAGEDY. The first part opens with the arrival of the Duke of Savoy at the court of Henry IV. of France openly, but with the secret design of corrupting and drawing over Byron, the marshal of France; and he thus addresses his own minister:"

"*Sav.* I would not, for half Savoy, but have bound
France to some favour, by my personal presence
More than yourself, my Lord Ambassador,
Could have obtain'd; for all ambassadors,
You know, have chiefly these instructions:
To note the state and chief sway of the court
To which they are employ'd; to penetrate
The heart and marrow of the king's designs,
And to observe the countenance and spirits
Of such as are impatient of the rest,
And wring beneath some private discontent:
But past all these, there are a number more
Of these state-criticisms, that our personal view
May profitably make, which cannot fall
Within the powers of our instruction
To make you comprehend. I will do more
With my mere shadow than you with your persons.
All you can say against my coming here,
Is that which, I confess, may, for the time,
Breed strange affections in my brother Spain;
But when I shall have time to make my cannons
The long-tongued heralds of my hidden drifts,
Our reconcilement will be made with triumphs."

" Lafin is also another object for Savoy to gain; and the task is facilitated by Henry's rejection of Lafin's suit, as described in the following spirited scene.—The king enters with Lafin:"—

" *Hen.* I will not have my train
Made a retreat for bankrupts, nor my court
A hive for drones: proud beggars and true thieves,
That, with a forced truth they swear to me,
Rob my poor subjects, shall give up their arts,
And henceforth learn to live by their deserts.
Though I am grown, by right of birth and arms,
Into a greater kingdom, I will spread
With no more shade than may admit that kingdom
Her proper, natural, and wonted fruits:
Navarre shall be Navarre, and France still France:
If one may be the better for the other
By mutual right, so neither shall be worse.
Thou art in law, in quarrels, and in debt,
Which thou would'st quit with count'nance. Borrowing
With thee is purchase, and thou seek'st by me,
(In my supportance) now our old wars cease,
To wage worse battles with the arms of peace.
Laf. Peace must not make men cowards, nor keep calm
Her pursie regiment with men's smother'd breaths.
I must confess my fortunes are declined,
But neither my deservings nor my mind.
I seek but to sustain the right I found
When I was rich, in keeping what is left,
And making good my honour as at best,
Though it be hard: man's right to every thing
Wanes with his wealth; wealth is his surest king.
Yet justice should be still indifferent.
The overplus of kings, in all their might,
Is but to piece out the defects of right:

And this I sue for; nor shall frowns and taunts,
(The common scarecrows of all good men's suits,)
Nor misconstruction, that doth colour still
Licentiate justice, punishing good for ill,
Keep my free throat from knocking at the sky,
If thunder chid me from my equity.

Hen. Thy equity is to be ever banish'd
From court, and all society of noblesse,
Amongst whom thou throw'st balls of all dissension.
Thou art at peace with nothing but with war;
Hast no heart but to hurt, and eat'st thy heart
If it but think of doing any good:
Thou witchest with thy smiles; suck'st blood with praises;
Mock'st all humanity; society poison'st;
Cozen'st with virtue: with religion
Betray'st and massacre'st; so vile thyself,
That thou suspect'st perfection in others:
A man must think of all the villanies
He knows in all men to decipher thee,
That art the centre to impiety.
Away, and tempt me not.

Laf. But you tempt me,
To what, thou Sun be judge, and make him see.

[*Exit.*

"At the time of the Duke of Savoy's arrival, Byron is ambassador at the court of the archduke, where attempts are also made to draw him from his allegiance. The character of Byron is conceived with great strength and animation. He is represented as bold in the field, boastful, filled with a proud conceit of his own merits, and weakly addicted to flattery, which his enemies know how to manage. On his embassy, he is approached with

the must profound but artful respect, and is thus ushered in to the sound of music:"

" *Byr.* What place is this, what air, what region,
In which a man may hear the harmony
Of all things moving? Hymen marries here
Their ends and uses, and makes me his temple.
Hath any man been blessed and yet lived?
The blood turns in my veins; I stand on change,
And shall dissolve in changing; 'tis so full
Of pleasure, not to be contained in flesh;
To fear a violent good, abuseth goodness;
'Tis immortality to die aspiring,
As if a man were taken quick to heaven:
What will not hold perfection, let it burst:
What force hath any cannon, not being charged,
Or being not discharged? To have stuff and form,
And to lie idle, fearful, and unused,
Nor form, nor stuff shews. Happy Semele,
That died comprest with glory. Happiness
Denies comparison, of less, or more,
And not at most, is nothing.—Like the shaft,
Shot at the sun by angry Hercules,
And into shivers by the thunder broken,
Will I be if I burst: and in my heart
This shall be written, yet 'twas high and right.
Here too! they follow all my steps with music,
As if my feet were numerous, and trod sounds
Out of the centre, with Apollo's virtue,
That out of every thing his each part touch'd
Struck musical accents. Wheresoe'er I go
They hide the earth from me with coverings rich,
To make me think that I am here in heaven."

[*Music again.*

" The duke, however, does not immediately fall

into the designs of the enemies of his master, but replies to the incitements of one of their agents"—

" *Byr.* O 'tis a dangerous and a dreadful thing
To steal prey from a lion, or to hide
A head distrustful in his open'd jaws;
To trust our blood in others' veins, and hang
'Twixt heaven and earth in vapours of their breaths:
To leave a sure space on continuate earth,
And force a gate in jumps from tower to tower,
As they do that aspire from height to height.
The bounds of loyalty are made of glass,
Soon broke, but can in no date be repair'd;
And as the Duke D'Aumall (now here in court)
Flying his country, had his statue torn
Piecemeal with horses; all his goods confiscate;
His arms of honour kick'd about the streets;
His goodly house at Annet razed to th' earth;
And, for a strange reproach to his foul treason,
His trees about it cut off by their waists;
So, when men fly the natural clime of truth,
And turn themselves loose, out of all the bounds
Of justice, and the straightway to their ends,
Forsaking all the sure force in themselves,
To seek, without them, that which is not theirs,
The forms of all their comforts are distracted;
The riches of their freedoms forfeited;
Their human noblesse shamed; the mansions
Of their cold spirits eaten down with cares,
And all their ornaments of wit and valour,
Learning and judgment, cut from all their fruits."

" Lafin, being brought over by the Duke of Savoy, is made the means of seducing Byron. He commences his operations by throwing himself in the duke's way, in a pretended fit of furious indig-

nation. Lafin, it will be observed, hints at the skill in magic which he was supposed to possess, and the duke supposed to believe in."

" *Byr.* Here is the man. My honour'd friend, Lafin,
Alone and heavy-count'nanced! On what terms
Stood th' insultation of the king upon you?
Laf. Why do you ask?
Byr. Since I would know the truth.
Laf. And when you know it, what?
Byr. I'll judge betwixt you,
And, as I may, make even th' excess of either.
Laf. Alas, my lord, not all your loyalty,
Which is in you more than hereditary,
Nor all your valour, which is more than human,
Can do the service you may hope on me,
In sounding my displeased integrity.
Stand for the king, as much in policy
As you have stirr'd for him in deeds of arms,
And make yourself his glory, and your country's,
Till you be suck'd as dry, and wrought as lean
As my flay'd carcass: you shall never close
With me as you imagine.
Byr. You much wrong me
To think me an intelligencing lord.
Laf. I know not how your so affected zeal
To be reputed a true-hearted subject
May stretch or turn you. I am desperate;
If I offend you, I am in your power:
I care not how I tempt your conq'ring fury;
I am predestined to too base an end
To have the honour of your wrath destroy me,
And be a worthy object for your sword.
I lay my hand, and head too, at your feet,
As I have ever; here I hold it still:
End me directly, do not go about.

Byr. How strange is this! The shame of his disgrace
Hath made him lunatick.

Laf. Since the king hath wrong'd me,
He thinks I'll hurt myself: no, no, my lord;
I know that all the kings in Christendom,
If they should join in my revenge, would prove
Weak foes to him, still having you to friend.
If you were gone (I care not if you tell him)
I might be tempted then to right myself. [*Exit.*

Byr. He has a will to me, and dares not shew it:
His state decay'd, and he disgraced, distracts him.

Re-enter LAFIN.

Laf. Change not my words, my lord. I only said
I might be tempted then to right myself—
Temptation to treason is no treason;
And that word "tempted" was conditional too,
If you were gone. I pray inform the truth.

Byr. Stay, injured man, and know I am your friend.
Far from these base and mercenary reaches
I am, I swear to you.

Laf. You may be so;
And yet you'll give me leave to be Lafin,
A poor and expuate humour of the court:
But what good blood came out with me; what veins
And sinews of the triumphs now it makes,
I list not vaunt; yet will I now confess,
And dare assume it, I have power to add
To all his greatness, and make yet more fix'd
His bold security. Tell him this, my lord;
And this (if all the spirits of earth and air
Be able to enforce) I can make good.
If knowledge of the sure events of things,
Even from the rise of subjects into kings,
And falls of kings to subjects, hold a power
Of strength to work it, I can make it good.

And tell him this too: if in midst of winter
To make black groves grow green; to still the thunder;
And cast out able flashes from mine eyes,
To beat the light'ning back into the skies,
Prove power to do it, I can make it good.
And tell him this too: if to lift the sea
Up to the stars, when all the winds are still,
And keep it calm when they are most enraged;
To make earth's driest palms sweat humorous springs;
To make fix'd rocks walk, and loose shadows stand;
To make the dead speak; midnight see the sun;
Mid-day turn midnight; to dissolve all laws
Of nature and of order—argue power
Able to work all, I can make all good;
And all this tell the king.

Byr. 'Tis more than strange,
To see you stand thus at the rapier's point
With one so kind and sure a friend as I.

Laf. Who cannot friend himself, is foe to any,
And to be fear'd of all, and that is it
Makes me so scorn'd: but make me what you can,
Never so wicked and so full of fiends,
I never yet was traitor to my friends.
The laws of friendship I have ever held
As my religion; and, for other laws,
He is a fool that keeps them with more care
Than they keep him, rich, safe, and popular.
For riches and for popular respects
Take them amongst ye, minions; but for safety
You shall not find the least flaw in mine arms,
To pierce or taint me. What will great men be
To please the king, and bear authority! [*Exit.*

Byr. How fit a sort were this to hansel fortune!
And I will win it though I lose myself.
Though he prove harder than Egyptian marble,
I'll make him malleable as th' Ophir gold."

" The following speech of Henry is, I think, eminently wise, humane, and, as a poetical composition, truly beautiful. Roiseau has just described the attempts to seduce the duke."

Hen. It may be he dissembled, or, suppose
He be a little tainted: men whom virtue
Forms with the stuff of fortune, great and gracious,
Must needs partake with fortune in her humour
Of instability; and are like shafts
Grown crook'd with standing, which to rectify
Must twice as much be bow'd another way.
He that hath borne wounds for his worthy parts,
Must for his worst be borne with. We must fit
Our government to men, as men to it.
In old time, they that hunted savage beasts
Are said to clothe themselves in savage skins:
They that were fowlers, when they went on fowling,
Wore garments made with wings resembling fowls:
To bulls we must not shew ourselves in red,
Nor to the warlike elephant in white.
In all things govern'd, their infirmities
Must not be stirr'd, nor wrought on. Duke Byron
Flows with adust and melancholy choler,
And melancholy spirits are venomous,
Not to be touch'd but as they may be cured.
I therefore mean to make him change the air,
And send him further from those Spanish vapours,
That still bear fighting sulphur in their breasts,
To breathe awhile in temperate English air,
Whose lips are spiced with free and loyal counsels;
Where policies are not ruinous but saving;
Wisdom is simple, valour righteous,
Humane, and hating facts of brutish force,
And whose grave natures scorn the scoffs of France,
The empty compliments of Italy,

The any-way encroaching pride of Spain,
And love men modest, hearty, just, and plain."

"But," resumed Egeria, "it is not my intention to analyze the play; I shall therefore only read to you one or two of the similes.—The state of a man whose fortunes have shot beyond the foundation of his merits is thus magnificently compared:"

"As you may see a mighty promontory,
More digg'd and under-eaten than may warrant
A safe supportance to his hanging brows,
All passengers avoid him; shun all ground
That lies within his shadow, and bear still
A flying eye upon him; so great men,
Corrupted in their grounds, and building out
Too swelling fronts for their foundations,
When most they should be propp'd are most forsaken,
And men will rather thrust into the storms
Of better-grounded states, than take a shelter
Beneath their ruinous and fearful weight;
Yet they so oversee their faulty bases,
That they remain securer in conceit;
And that security doth worse presage
Their near destruction, than their eaten grounds."

"And I think the following description of a horse very spirited:—it is Byron's comparison of his own manner."

"To whom I came, methought, with such a spirit
As you have seen a lusty courser shew,
That hath been long time at his manger tied,
High fed, alone, and when, his head-stall broken,
He runs his prison, like a trumpet neighs,

Cuts air in high curvets, and shakes his head;
With wanton stoopings 'twixt his forelegs, mocking
The heavy centre; spreads his flying crest,
Like to an ensign; hedge and ditches leaping,
Till in the fresh meat, at his natural food
He sees free fellows, and hath met them free."

"Henry's blessing upon his infant son is also a very fine passage, and much deserves to be better known."

"*Hen.* Have thy old father's angel for thy guide;
Redoubled be his spirit in thy breast;
Who when this state ran, like a turbulent sea,
In civil hates and bloody enmity,
Their wraths and envies, like so many winds,
Settled and burst, and like the halcyon's birth,
Be thine to bring a calm upon the shore,
In which the eyes of war may ever sleep,
As overmatch'd with former massacres,
When guilty, mad noblesse fed on noblesse;
All the sweet plenty of the realm exhausted:
When the naked merchant was pursued for spoil;
When the poor peasants frighted neediest thieves
With their bare leanness, nothing left on them
But meagre carcasses sustain'd with air,
Wandering like ghosts affrighted from their graves;
When, with the often and incessant sounds,
The very beasts knew the alarum-bell,
And, hearing it, ran bellowing to their home:
From which unchristian broils and homicides
Let the religious sword of justice free
Thee and thy kingdoms govern'd after me."

CHAP. V.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

One morning as the Bachelor's Wife, having no other household care, was reading the backs of his books, she paused before a goodly range of reviews and magazines, and said to him,

"I do not think it has been half considered by the world how much has been added to our pleasures by the invention of periodical publications. It has domesticated learning, deprived it of all its formality, put the shovel-hat, the square cap, the wig, the gown, and all those antique trappings and devices, which were wont to inspire so much wonder and awe, quite out of fashion. It has made gentlemen of authors, and authors of gentlemen. For this, as well as for its other singular merits, the Edinburgh Review stands pre-eminent. You cannot open a volume without finding some topic of science, or of erudition, treated in a much more popular and engaging form than it was ever done before."

In saying this she put forth her hand, and taking down the tenth volume, opened it, and read aloud the following excellent condensed account of the religious sentiments of the Turks.

MAHOMETANISM.

"The religion of the Turks is Mahometanism in its utmost purity, and in complete preservation from the

days of its founder. They believe in one God, and in the divine mission of his prophet. They scrupulously follow, as the rule of their conduct, his precepts contained in the Koran, and his example; together with certain sayings not recorded in that book, but handed down by tradition. The leading maxims thus delivered and religiously observed, are, the maintenance of the faith, the performance of certain outward ceremonies, and hatred of other sects. Their belief is inculcated as so necessary to eternal salvation, and so sure of working this end without the aid of good works, that we need not be surprised to find scarcely one freethinker in the whole of the Turkish population. A few reasoning men may here and there be found, who hold that a life of sanctity, independent of faith, is sufficient; but the church condemns this as the worst of heresies, and those persons must keep their doctrines carefully to themselves. The inducements to hold the faith of their fathers are so strong among an indolent and sensual people, that any doubt or scruple is likely to be rejected as a present injury. 'Whatever happens during this life is well; God ordains it. If we live, we shall smoke so much tobacco, enjoy so many Circassians, saunter away so many hours in our baths. If death comes to-morrow, we have kept the faith, and shall inevitably sup in paradise,—with better tobacco, fairer women, and more voluptuous baths.' A notion of this sort, once rivetted in the mind, at an early period of society, will account for the horror with which every question relative to articles of belief must afterwards be received. It will account for the exclusive attention of those true believers to the concerns of the present moment, and their carelessness about futurity; for their implicit obedience to the easy injunctions of the Koran, and their steady rejection of all more unpleasant doctrines. Besides holding this faith, they have only to perform the

ceremonies of prayer, ablution, and fasting,—troublesome, indeed, in some respects, from their frequent recurrence, but far more easy than the restraint of a single wicked inclination, the sacrifice of an interested to a principled view, or the fulfilment of any active duty; and their lives are pure before Allah.

"As the object of the founder of this religion was power, he carefully enjoined such an implicit obedience to himself or his successors as might ensure his divine authority in the state, and such a hatred of unbelievers as might both keep alive the faith among his followers, and prepare the way for the conquest of foreign nations. The most unresisting and passive obedience to the sacred person of him who is at the head both of the church and state is inculcated as a primary religious duty. He is the *Zil-ullah*, or shadow of God; the *Padishah-islam*, or emperor of Islamism; the *Imam-ul-musliminn*,* or pontiff of Mussulmans; the *Sultandinn*, or protector of the faith. The title of *Caliph* was first acquired on the conquest of Egypt; but the prerogatives annexed to it, of sovereign pontiff and depositary of the divine will, as handed down from Mahomet, had all along been exercised by the Turkish emperor. He is further, in his temporal capacity, denominated *Hunkiar*, or the man-slayer; it is the name commonly given him, and denotes the absolute power which he has over the life of each of his subjects, in virtue of his divine commission. Whoever submits without resistance to death inflicted by his order, is looked upon as sure of that eternal felicity of the highest order which belongs to martyrdom. His edicts, always received with religious veneration, are welcomed with peculiar awe, when accompanied by a note under his hand enjoining obedience; and whatever

* "*Muslim* is the singular, *Mussulman* the dual, and *Musliminn* the plural: it signifies '*resigned to God*.'"

may be the tenor of such a command, the devout Mussulman kisses it as soon as it is presented to him, and piously wipes the dust from it with his cheek. The Pashas who rebel against his authority are careful to mention his name with holy reverence; and, during the course of their disobedience, scrupulously comply with his orders in every point, except when he requires a resignation of their independence, or some sacrifice injurious to it. When he sends his executioners to despatch a rebellious chieftain, it is not uncommon to see the mere production of the imperial mandate, unaided by any force, silence all opposition, and command obedience from the rebel and his followers. Frequently, indeed, the executioner is stopped in his attempts to gain admittance, and himself put to death. But if he once performs his office, and the insurgent leader falls, there is no instance of his troops revenging his death on the bearer of so sacred a commission, though he comes singly, and trusts himself among an armed multitude of men, the moment before in the act of rebellion. Rycaut affirms, though Mr Thornton calls it an exaggerated picture, that the emperor would be obeyed, were he 'to command whole armies to precipitate themselves from a rock, or build a bridge with piles of their bodies for him to pass rivers, or to kill one another to afford him pastime and pleasure.'

"The disciple of Mahomet is educated in a haughty belief of the superiority of his own faith, and a suitable aversion towards all infidels. 'I withdraw my foot and turn away my face,' says the prophet, 'from a society in which the faithful are mixed with the ungodly.'—'The prayers of the infidel are not prayers, but wanderings.'—'Pray not for those whose death is eternal; and defile not thy feet by passing over the graves of men the enemies of God and his prophet.' The example of the prophet himself, who is recorded to have fre-

quented the society of infidels, is of no avail in counteracting those insolent precepts; and the more other nations have distinguished themselves from the Turk by their progress in wisdom and civility, the more obdurate has been his determination to keep within the pale of his own faith, and to despise their advances. The spirit of proselytism has been shown, not in any attempts to convert by argument: the extension of dominion was the only object of the prophet in proclaiming rewards to such as propagated the faith. Whoever refused the proffered creed was either to be cut off, or reduced to the state of a vassal paying tribute; and those who die in this holy war pass immediately into paradise. 'Wash not their bodies,' says the prophet; 'every wound which they bear will smell sweeter than musk in the day of judgment.' While to Jews and Christians the alternative of conversion or tributary vassalage was held out, the idolater was doomed to death. 'Kill and exterminate all worshippers of plurality,' says the Koran; and this command has not infrequently been literally complied with. The Persians are, however, held in peculiar abhorrence; and it is deemed more praiseworthy in the sight of God to kill a single worshipper of fire than seventy infidels of any other religion.

"The Turks abhor the worship of images, yet think it decent to reverence departed saints, and to visit their tombs. They chiefly invoke the names of Mahomet and his four immediate successors. They conceive idiots to be favoured by Heaven, from their apparent insensibility to the evils of life, and their indifference to its enjoyments. They prize relics, or substances which have been in contact with persons of extraordinary piety; and ascribe to them cures and other miracles, similar to those which the Roman Catholic superstitions inculcate. They dread the effect of sorcery, and provide against it by much the same contrivances as are used in the

northern countries of Europe and Asia. They carefully observe dreams, and other accidental notions, as ominous of future events; and have a superstitious aversion to all pictures of the human body, believing that angels cannot enter the house where these are. The pilgrimage to Mecca is well known; they believe that it cures all former transgressions, and hold that a man should set about it as soon as his means are double the expense of the journey. Such, at least, is the injunction of the Koran; and only necessary impediments, as blindness, poverty, lameness, &c. are deemed to justify a Mussulman in neglecting this act of devotion. The *black stone* at Mecca is an object of peculiar reverence; it is expected to be endowed with speech at the day of judgment, for the purpose of declaring the names of those who performed the pilgrimage. The *sanjac-sherif*, or standard of Mahomet, being the curtain of the chamber-door of his favourite wife, is kept as the palladium of the empire, upon which no infidel can look with impunity. It is carried to battle with great formality before the sultan or vizier; and its return is hailed by all the Mussulmans of the capital going out to meet it."

When Egeria had read these passages, she returned the book into its place, and took down the twenty-second volume of the Quarterly Review.

"The two greatest literary journals of the present time," said she,—"perhaps of any epoch, are undoubtedly the rival publications of Edinburgh and London. In point of literary merit I am sometimes at a loss which to prefer. The northern luminary is, I believe, regarded as the most ingenious of the two, and the southern as the most learned, especially in subjects of classical interest. Perhaps they may be considered as affording, in their respective merits,

fair specimens of the difference in effect between the systems of education cultivated in England and in Scotland. But at hap-hazard I will open this volume, and I doubt not that the first article which meets my view will present an agreeable and characteristic contrast to the general observations and metaphysical reflections of the paragraphs which I have just read."

She accordingly opened the book and read—

POPULAR MYTHOLOGY.

"Tales of supernatural agency are not read to full advantage except in the authors by whom they are first recorded. When treated by moderns, much of their original character must necessarily evaporate; like tombs, which lose their venerable sanctity when removed from the aisles of a cathedral, and exposed in a museum. We reason where the writers of former days believed, and the attention of the reader is riveted by the earnestness of their credulity. Besides which, the very outward appearance of their volumes diffuses a quiet charm; the mellow tint of the paper, the full glossy black letter, the miniated capitals, the musky odour of the binding, all contribute to banish the present busy world, and to revive the recollection of the monastic library. And once within the cloistered precinct, we are reluctant to doubt the veracity of that grave friar, the venerable Henry Institor, seated at his desk in the sunny oriel, and devoutly employed in describing the terrific Sabbath of Satan, and the nocturnal flights and orgies of his worshippers.

"When the fables of popular superstition are contemplated in detail, we discover a singular degree of uniformity in that realm wherein most diversity might be expected in the ideal world. Imagination seems to possess a boundless power of creation and combination;

and yet the beings which have their existence only in fancy, when freely called into action, in every climate and every age, betray so close an affinity to one another, that it is scarcely possible to avoid admitting that imagination had little share in giving them their shape and form. Their attributes and character are impressed by tokens, proving that they resulted rather from a succession of doctrines than from invention; that they were traditive, and not arbitrary. The vague credulity of the peasant agrees with the systematic mythology of the sages of primeval times. Nations whom the ocean separates are united by their delusions. The village gossip recognises, though in ignorance, the divinities of classical antiquity, and the Hamadryads of Greece and the Elves of Scandinavia join the phantoms who swarm around us when, under the guidance of the wizard, we enter that gloomy dell,—

> ——————— "Where the sad mandrake grows,
> Whose groans are deathful, the dead-numbing nightshade,
> The stupifying hemlock, adder's tongue,
> And martagan.—The shrieks of luckless owls
> We hear, and croaking night-crows in the air;
> Green-bellied snakes, blue fire-drakes in the sky,
> And giddy flitter-mice with leather wings,
> And scaly beetles with their habergeons,
> That make a humming murmur as they fly.
> There in the stocks of trees white fays do dwell,
> And span-long elves that dance about a pool
> With each a little changeling in their arms:
> The airy spirits play with falling stars,
> And mount the sphere of fire."

"Amidst the evanescent groups, whose revels are embodied in the noble lines of the moral dramatist, the Fairies are the most poetical and the most potent; and many theories respecting their origin have been founded on their names. Morgain la Fay has been readily identified with Mergian Peri. We may, however, be

allowed to observe, that arguments drawn from similarity of sound are frequently convincing without being conclusive. The romance of Merlin describes Morgain as a brunette; in spite, however, of this venerable authority, the fairy dame is evidently *Mor-Gwynn*, the white damsel, corresponding with the white women of ghostly memory, and a true-born child of the Cymry. It is not our wish to dispute about words: we merely object to the inferences drawn from this coincidence, which, united to others of the same class, seem to have given some plausibility to the supposition that the character of the fairy has arisen from the amalgamation of Roman, Celtic, Gothic, and Oriental mythology. We are loth to dissent from an opinion which has been advocated by that mighty master, Walter Scott; but the converse of the proposition is the truth. The attributes have been dispersed and not collected. Fables have radiated from a common centre, and their universal consent does not prove their subsequent reaction upon each other, but their common derivation from a common origin.

"Mythology has not been diffused from nation to nation, but all nations have derived their belief from one primitive system. It is with fable as with language. The dialects of the Hindoo, the Gothic, and the Pelasgic tribes betray a constant affinity, but they did not interchange their nomenclatures. Neither did one tribe borrow the religious fictions of the other. Each retained a modification of the belief of the parent stock. The Dewtas of Meru, the warlike forms of Asgard, and the inhabitants of Olympus, all emanated from the thrones and powers which had been worshipped by one mighty and energetic race.—Sabaism announced itself in another mode. But all mythology has been governed by a uniform principle, pervading its creations with plastic energy, and giving an unaltering and unalterable sem-

blance of consistency to the successive developments of error. Divested of its mythic or poetic garb, it will be found that the creative power is the doctrine of fatality. Oppressed by the wretchedness of its nature, without some infallible guide, the human mind shrinks from contemplation, and cowers in its own imbecility; it reposes in the belief of predestination; which enables us to bear up against every misery, and solves those awful doubts which are scarcely less tolerable than misery.—The Gordian knot is cut, and the web is unravelled, when all things are seen subordinate to Fate, to that stern power which restrains the active intelligences of good and evil, dooming the universe of spirit and of matter to be the battle-field of endless strife between the light and the darkness.—Whether the rites of the 'false religions, full of pomp and gold,' have been solemnized in the sculptured cavern or in the resplendent temple, in the shade of the forest or on the summit of the mountain, still the same lesson has been taught. Men and gods vainly struggle to free themselves from the adamantine bonds of destiny. The oracle, or the omen which declares the impending evil, affords no method of averting it. All insight into futurity proves a curse to those on whom the power descends. We hear the warning which we cannot obey. The gleam of light which radiates athwart the abyss only increases its horror. No gift which the favouring intelligence strives to bestow upon a mortal can be received without an admixture of evil, from which the powerful spirit of beneficence cannot defend it; but neither can the malice of the eternal enemy prevail and triumph; it may scath but not consume.

"Upon fatality and the tenet of conflicting power, popular mythology is wholly founded, the basis reappears in every trivial tale of supernatural agency, and the gossip sitting in the chimney-nook is imbued with

all the wisdom of the hierophants of Greece, or the magi of Persia. As the destroying principle appears more active in this lower world, Oromanes has prevailed in popular belief. Orb is involved in orb, the multiplied reflections become fainter and fainter, the strange and fantastic forms are variously tinted and refracted, some are bright and glorious as the rainbow, others shadowy and grey, yet all turn unto the central image, the personification of the principle of Evil.

"The legendary Satan is a being wholly distinct from the theological Lucifer. He is never ennobled by the sullen dignity of the fallen angel. No traces of celestial origin are to be discerned on his brow. He is not a rebellious *Æon* who once was clothed in radiance. But he is the Fiend, the Enemy, evil from all time past in his very essence, foul and degraded, cowardly and impure; his rage is oftenest impotent, unless his cunning can assist his power. He excites fright rather than fear. Hence, wild caprice and ludicrous malice are his popular characteristics; they render him familiar, and diminish the awe inspired by his name; and these playful elements enter into all the ghost and goblin combinations of the evil principle. More, the platonist, did not perceive the psycological fitness of these attributes, and he was greatly annoyed in his lucubrations by the uncouth oddity of the pranks ascribed to goblins and elves; they discomposed the gravity of his arguments, and in order to meet the objections of such reasoners as might venture to suspect that merriment and waggery degraded a spiritual being, he sturdily maintains, that 'there are as great fools in the body as there are out of it.' He would not observe that the mythological portrait was consistent in its features. Laughter is foreign to the serenity of beneficence. Angels may weep, but they would forfeit their essence were they to laugh. Mirth, on the contrary, is the consort of

concealed spite, and if not invariably wicked or mischievous, yet always blending itself readily with wickedness and mischief. Sport, even when intended to be innocent, degrades its object; though the best and wisest of us cannot always resist the temptation of deriving pleasure from the pains which we inflict upon our fellow-creatures by amusing ourselves with their weakness. From this alliance between laughter and malice arose the burlesque malignants whom the mythologists have placed amongst the deities. Such is the Momus of the Greeks, and his counterpart Loki, the attendant of the banquets of Valhalla. And the same idea is again the substance of the Vice of the ancient allegorical drama.

"Equally dramatic and poetical is the part allotted to Satan in those ancient romances of religion, the Lives of the Saints: he is the main motive of the action of the narrative, to which his agency gives fulness and effect. But in the conception of the legendary Satan, the belief in his might melts into the ideality of his character. Amidst clouds of infernal vapour, he developes his form, half in allegory and half with spiritual reality:—and his horns, his tail, his saucer eyes, his claws, his taunts, his wiles, his malice, all bear witness to the simultaneous yet contradictory impressions to which the hagiologist is compelled to yield. This confusion is very apparent in the demons introduced by St Gregory in his Life of St Benedict. A poet would maintain that they are employed merely as machinery to carry on the holy epic. A monk must believe in them more strongly than in the gospel.

"When the saint was once saying his prayers in the oratory of St John, on Monte Casino, he saw the Devil in the shape of a horse-doctor, but with a horn in one hand and a tether in the other. Satan spoke civilly to St Benedict, and informed him that he was going to administer a drench to the beasts upon two legs, the fa-

thers of the monastery. By an interpunctuation the text has been made to import that St Benedict saw the Devil in the more questionable shape of a doctor of physic, riding, as doctors were wont to do before the introduction of carriages, upon a mule. This has been the favourite reading; and accordingly, when the old painters treated the miracle, they usually represented the Devil in the regular medical costume, with a urinal, and a budget full of doctor's stuff behind him. It is hardly necessary to observe, that the Saint did not allow the Devil to do much mischief in his medical capacity.

"Another time a complaint was made to St Benedict respecting the conduct of a monk belonging to one of the affiliated monasteries, who would not or could not pray with assiduity. After praying a little while, he used to walk away and leave the rest of the fraternity at their devotions. Benedict ordered him to be brought to Monte Casino, and when the monk, as usual, became heartily tired of prayer and prepared to go out of the oratory, the saint saw a little black Devil tugging at the skirts of his gown as hard as he could pull, and leading him to the door. 'See ye not who leadeth our brother?' quoth St Benedict to Father Maurus and Pompeianus, the prior. 'We see nought,' answered they. After two days' prayer, Maurus, who was in training to be a saint, was able to see the little black Devil at the skirts of the monk's gown as clearly as St Benedict himself; but the imp continued invisible to Pompeianus. On the third day St Benedict followed the monk out of the oratory and struck him with his staff. He was not sparing, we may suppose, of the baculine exorcism, for after it had been administered, the monk, as we are told by St Gregory, was never more infested by the little black Devil, and remained always steady at his prayers.

"Amongst the innumerable anecdotes and histories of the Devil in the lives of the saints, some are more lu-

dicrous, and, if possible, more trivial, others more picturesque. Saint Anthony saw the Devil with his head towering above the clouds, and stretching out his hands to intercept the souls of the departed in their flight to heaven. According to our modes of thinking we should be apt to consider such representations merely as apologues. But there was an honest confidence in the actual existence of the machinery of devotional romance. The hagiologist told his tale in right earnest: he was teaching matters of faith and edification; and we may be charitable enough to believe that he was persuaded of the truth of his legends. Yet the dullest piety could not peruse them without an obscure though indelible sensation of the affinity between allegorical imagery, and these supposed approaches of the evil one. Obedient devotion thus struggled against the reasoning faculty, which felt the impersonality of the personification, yet without being able to attain either vivid belief in the fiction, or a clear perception of its non-entity. Just as when we dream between watchfulness and slumber; we are conscious that the sounds which we hear, and the sights which we see, originate wholly from the brain, but our reason refuses to obey our judgment; and we cannot rouse ourselves and think, and shake off the delusion.

"Sometimes the Devil is a thorough monkey, and his malice is merely playful. Year after year did he lie in wait for the purpose of defeating the piety of Saint Gudula. Manifold were the assaults to which her virgin frailty was exposed. But all were vain. At length he summoned up all his power for one grand effort. It was the custom of this noble and pious maiden to rise at cock-crowing, and to go to church to say her prayers, her damsel walking before her with a lantern. What did the author of all malice now do? . . . . . he put out the candle! The Saint set it a-light again, not by any vulgar method, but by her prayers. And this is her

standard miracle. The relation in the legend is a wonderful and almost unparalleled specimen of bombast and bathos.

"The Devil also appears to be a very thoughtless devil. Once, whilst St Martin was saying mass, St Britius, whose name hath retained a place in the protestant calendar, officiated as deacon, and behind the altar he espied the Devil busily employed in writing down on a slip of parchment, as long as a proctor's bill, all the sins which the congregation were actually committing. Now St Martin's congregation were any thing but serious; they buzzed and giggled, and the men looked upwards, and the women did not look down, and were guilty of so many transgressions, that the Devil soon filled one whole side of his parchment with shorthand notes from top to bottom, and was forced to turn it. This side was also soon covered with writing: the Devil was now in sad perplexity; he could not stomach losing a sin, he could not trust his memory, and he had no more parchment about him. He therefore clenched one end of the scroll with his claws, and took the other between his teeth, and pulled it as hard as he could, thinking that it would stretch. The unelastic material gave way and broke: he was not prepared for this; so his head flew back, and bumped against the wall. St Britius was wonderfully amused by the Devil's disaster, he laughed heartily, and incurred the momentary displeasure of St Martin, who did not at first see what was going forward. St Britius explained, and St Martin took care to *improve* the accident for the edification of his hearers. The moral is not to our purpose; but we quote the anecdote as an exemplification of the stupidity involved in the popular allegory of Satan. In all his dealings he is sure to be baffled and cheated. When he sues, his bill is dismissed, or he is nonsuited and sent out of court 'without a day,' with his ears drooping and

his tail clapped betwixt his legs. After paying a fair market-price for the body and soul of the wizard, he is sure to lose his bargain from the equivocal wording of the covenant. And at the moment that he is agreeing for the first living thing which is to pass over the bridge which he has built over the yawning chasm, the free-mason joyfully anticipates the disappointment of the infernal workman, when compelled to accept the worthless animal by which the literal meaning of the contract is to be satisfied.

"More familiar demons are such as are enumerated in the homely rhymes of John Heywood, who tells us that

> "In John Milesius any man may read
> Of divels in Sarmatia honoured
> Call'd KOTRI or KOBALDI, such as we
> PUGS and HOBGOBLINS call; their dwellings be
> In corners of old houses least frequented,
> Or beneath stacks of wood; and these convented
> Make fearful noise in buttries and in dairies,
> ROBIN GOODFELLOWS some, some call them FAIRIES.
> In solitarie rooms these uproars keep,
> And beat at doors to wake men from their sleep,
> Seeming to force locks be they ne're so strong,
> And keeping Christmasse gambols all night long."

CHAP. VI.

STRAY ESSAYS.

"WELL, my love," said Egeria one morning to her Lord, when he returned from his customary walk, and found her engaged with a number of manuscripts before her,—"I have been looking over these Stray Essays, and really they have a great deal of merit. The style is perhaps here and there a little harsh;

but the general effect is classical, and the spirit of good sense breathes throughout the composition. The reflections on the literary character are both philosophical and highly original."

ON THE LITERARY CHARACTER.

To those who are capable of appreciating the immense improvement which the human mind derives from the study of literature, it cannot but appear surprising, that the same superiority of talents and information which qualifies a man for becoming the public instructor of his species, through the medium of the press, should yet give him little or no advantage in the ordinary intercourse of active life. Nothing in fact can be more unequal than the character of a man of letters, when considered in relation to the separate functions of the author and the private citizen. In the one view, we behold him enlarging the general stock of human knowledge, directing the opinions of whole nations, and perhaps deciding the fortunes of yet unborn millions; but in the other, we would often look in vain for the proofs of that superior acuteness and ability which he displays in his literary capacity. This inconsistency is so glaring, that it has not failed to strike those who are least in the habit of weighing with critical minuteness the characters of such as are subject to their observation. The vulgar, who are remarkably prone to admire learned men at a distance, are astonished to find, on a nearer acquaintance, that the scholar is only great when he has the pen in his hand; that on all other occasions he is a mere common mortal, often inferior in sagacity and practical wisdom to the most illiterate. Men of letters themselves look with disdain on this revolution of opinion in the vulgar, and consider their peculiar merits as too remote from common apprehension to be understood by any but those of their own class.

May they not, however, have formed to themselves a criterion of merit, which a rational and candid view of things would not justify? The vulgar are certainly excusable in regulating their opinion of those with whom they are connected in society, by the ability which they discover on such occasions as fall within the sphere of their own judgment; more especially when the transaction is of a nature so interesting to the individual in question, as that it may be reasonably supposed to have called forth the full strength of his mind. It is too much a common feature with the literary class, that they confine all the praise of intellectual merit to their own favourite pursuits, and consider nothing as pertaining to mental exertion, but what appears in the form of a poem or a philosophical treatise. Surely, however, this is a very circumscribed mode of thinking. As much of all that belongs to genius, as much originality of conception, as great powers of argument and persuasion, knowledge as profound of human nature, may be displayed by a man of the world in the management of his private concerns, as by an author in the design and execution of a literary composition; and, perhaps, to a benevolent mind, the obscure struggles of the former will not be a less interesting object of contemplation, than the more splendid labours of the latter, but less immediately connected with human happiness or misery. It by no means appears, that *mind* has so little share in the government of the world as many are willing to imagine. On a close examination, it will probably be found, that every individual naturally enjoys that degree of influence and authority in his particular circle (which is usually composed of his equals in rank), to which the rate of his understanding entitles him, and is followed, consulted, and attended to by those around him, in exact proportion to their experience of the soundness of his judgment, and the extent of his mental resources.

Who is the man, in whatever circle, on whom, in any emergency, all eyes are turned, in whose opinion all acquiesce with alacrity, or are speedily brought over by his arguments, and who, in cases of more than common difficulty and importance, is always selected to act as the common representative? Be assured that this man, however uncultivated by letters, possesses talents of no ordinary standard; and as in mere abstract capacity he may be equal to the literary character, so, with respect to the application of his powers, he need not blush at a comparison.

It is seldom that we find the man of letters acting this respectable part, however qualified he might appear by the cultivation of his powers, and the superiority of his acquired knowledge, to take the lead of the ablest of those who are merely men of the world. There are certain active qualities, to the acquisition of which the habits of a studious life are unfavourable, the want of which renders his advantages in other respects in a great measure unavailing. That confidence in our own resources, and the presence and intrepidity of mind resulting from it, which are so necessary to the conducting business with dignity and success, can only be acquired by familiarity with scenes of bustle and difficulty; from such experience of our own powers as may enable us to act without timidity, and to retain the full possession of the faculty of recollection. In vain will the man of retirement, in the view of engaging in some public scene, fortify himself with the consciousness of his own superiority, and endeavour to reason himself out of his fears. In the moment of trial his presence of mind will infallibly forsake him, and he will act and speak with an ability as much below his ordinary standard as the importance of the occasion would require him to rise above it. On all occasions, therefore, when, not the mere parade of intellect, but real strength of mind is required;

firmness in danger, energy of language and sentiments, a cool yet decisive judgment; on all such occasions he will find himself thrown into the shade, and when his own safety is involved, will be glad to follow in the train of some less accomplished, but more experienced leader.

They who are conversant in the private history of men of genius, must have observed with surprise, that not an inconsiderable proportion of those who were distinguished by their superiority in the higher qualities of mind, have yet been unusually deficient in good sense. If we endeavour, however, to analyze this useful faculty, according to Pope, "Although no science, fairly worth the seven," our wonder will in a great measure cease. That intuitive sense of propriety in which good sense chiefly consists, is the result of natural quickness of apprehension, combined with much experience crowded into a little space, by an observation perpetually on the watch to dissect little incidents apparently not worth examining. In the former of these qualifications, the man of letters is generally abundantly provided, but he is seldom willing to bestow the time and attention requisite to collect the materials of judgment. Those minute forms of business and ceremony, which the customs of society render necessary to be known and practised, either escape his notice, or, if observed, appear beneath his regard. Hence, in the ordinary intercourse of life, he is perpetually liable to small mistakes and blunders, which place him in an awkward and inferior point of view, and are sometimes attended with more serious consequences.

It may perhaps have an invidious appearance to insist farther on the peculiar imperfections to which literary men are liable, but I cannot help adding, that there is often a defect in that very department in which they might be supposed to excel, in their scientific

knowledge, that renders it comparatively of little real utility to its possessor, or to others. Their information is not sufficiently minute or particular; they are versed in the general principles of things, but they are not exercised in applying them to practical purposes; and thus they lose both the benefit that would accrue to themselves from their knowledge, and the credit it would give them with those around them. It is too much the characteristic of the general scholar, that he never has his knowledge ready to produce on sudden emergencies; satisfied with obtaining the principles of any process, he refers to the book in which it is found for the detail and manipulation, in case he should ever have occasion to apply it to practice. Books, however, are too unwieldy an apparatus for a man to carry about with him; and it will frequently happen that, before the requisite information can be obtained, the occasion is lost. The mind of such a person is merely an index to his library, and is nearly as useless by itself as the table of contents torn out of a book.

From an impression of these facts, men of the world have set it down as a maxim, that nothing is more adverse to a man's success in life than a taste for literature. Were this really the case, it would indeed be matter of regret to every ingenuous mind. That the most exquisite pleasures of which the mind of man is susceptible, should be incompatible with the proper discharge of his active duties; that studies, which enlarge his understanding, and refine his affections, should render him less capable of sustaining his part in the social intercourse of his species, would argue a degree of depravity in society, or an inconsistency in the constitution of human nature, more than our experience of either will authorise us to allow If we examine, however, the grounds of this opinion, as stated by those who entertain it, we will uniformly find it to be the result of

narrow and confined experience, not the dictate of those liberal views which fix upon general principles, and have the human constitution for their basis. To those who observe the close analogy that exists betwixt all the different occupations in which the mind of man can be engaged, it will appear that the study of literature, when it produces its proper effect, is not only no barrier, but, on the contrary, a powerful assistant to the attainment of what every man desires,—authority and influence, and an honourable station in society. It must be admitted, that nothing improves the human mind so much as exercise. Even when its habitual exertions are confined to one direction, the beneficial influence of labour extends to all its powers, and its general capacity is found to be increased. But, in fact, the operations of the mind in the pursuit of scientific truth, and in the conduct of actual affairs, are pretty nearly the same. The same powers of memory, judgment, and imagination, are employed in the one case as in the other; and the methodical arrangement of ideas, the habits of analyzing complex objects, and of tracing various effects to their respective causes, which the man of cultivated mind is accustomed to exert in his literary studies, would be equally useful and properly applied to the pursuits of active life. In affirming, however, that literature might be rendered conducive to the usefulness and respectability of its votaries in society, it is understood that they consider it as of subordinate value, and not as the most important business of life, and that, with superior faculties, they bestow on their affairs the same degree of industry and attention as other men. Till they can bring themselves to this resolution, men of letters will never attain their due weight and influence in society. In fact, ill success in the world is not confined to literary men, but is common to them with all who, from the love of pleasure, or any other species of dissi-

pation, neglect solid happiness for transient amusement. The objection which would probably have the greatest weight with many against reducing these ideas into practice, is the abridgment which a more active life would necessarily occasion of those intellectual enjoyments, which all who know them prefer to every other kind of pleasure. In this respect, however, as well as in point of literary progress, the difference, on trial, would be found much less considerable than might at first be imagined. We never take up a book with so keen an appetite, or taste its beauties with such an exquisite relish, as after a day passed in useful and moderate industry. It is well known also, to all who are accustomed to mental labour, that the faculties of the mind are at no time so vigorous and alert as when the attention is concentrated by our being somewhat straitened in point of time. Unlimited leisure, especially in men of letters, is apt to induce a listless indolence, and a spirit of procrastination, which not only destroy enjoyment, but dissolve the elastic vigour of the mind, and incapacitate it for any thing honourable and useful, by rendering it incapable of labour and perseverance. But though the peculiar enjoyments of literary men would be to a certain extent diminished, those sources of satisfaction, which they have in common with the rest of mankind, would be increased in a much higher proportion. After all the eloquent encomiums that have been written on the pleasures of philosophical retirement, and the exquisite sensations of a refined taste, it must be confessed that the great materials of happiness are the same to all human beings, and are equally within the reach of all who know how to estimate their value, and build the superstructure. Successful industry, domestic neatness and comfort, the affection of a few, the esteem and respect of the many; from these sources is derived the mass of human enjoyments.

To these sources literature forms a most valuable supplement; but I am convinced, that the experience of the majority of its votaries will declare, that when it is pursued as the chief business of life, the sum of its enjoyments is below the ordinary standard of human happiness.

ON DEFORMITY.

Of moral disquisitions, the most useful probably are those which, leaving out of view the considerations common to the species, exclusively address themselves to particular classes of readers. In this way of writing, what is lost by the limitation of the subject is abundantly compensated by the additional interest excited in those whom it concerns; for, in proportion as we recede from abstraction and approach to individuality, we touch the feelings of self more nearly, and hence awaken a more animated attention. The circumstances which afford a basis for the classifications of the moralist are infinitely diversified, and admit of all gradations of descent, from the broadest generality to the most subtle minuteness. Among such as hold an important rank may be reckoned those defects of conformation which destroy the symmetry of the person, and render it an object of surprise and disgust to the beholder. Deformity, as a circumstance of considerable importance in the state of the individual, must exert a specific influence over his mind, and will, therefore, in the majority of instances, produce a certain distinctive character, which is very perceptible to an accurate observer. It was evidently the opinion of Lord Verulam, though he has expressed himself with reserve and tenderness, that this character is by no means that of benevolence; and certainly, on a general view, the charge seems not entirely destitute of foundation. By making the case our own for a moment, we may form a tolerably correct idea of the

feelings which must pass through the mind of a deformed person, on comparing himself with those of the same age and rank around him. He will necessarily feel indignant at being thus disgraced by the hand of nature; and, for want of a direct object on which to vent his resentment, he will be apt to transfer a part of it to mankind in general, who, he thinks, can never look upon him but with aversion. If he be of an aspiring disposition, his ambition will prompt him rather to make himself feared than beloved, as the chief pleasure which he proposes to himself in the exercise of power, is to punish mankind for their imagined contempt, by enjoying their homage and mortifying their pride.—Obscure feelings of this kind will occasionally enter even the best-regulated minds, however carefully they may be repressed and discouraged; but in tempers of a bold and unprincipled cast, they will be explicitly stated and avowedly acted upon. Shakspeare has admirably exemplified this effect of deformity in his character of Richard the Third; and, contrary to his usual manner of leaving the character to develop itself by degrees, has expressly stated it in the soliloquy with which the play opens:—

> "I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
> Cheated of feature by dissembling Nature,
> Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
> Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
> And that so lamely and unfashionable,
> That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;—
> Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
> Have no delight to pass away the time,
> Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
> And descant on my own deformity;
> And therefore,—since I cannot prove a lover,
> To entertain these fair well-spoken days,—
> I am determined to prove a villain,
> And hate the idle pleasures of these days."

With the sentiments here expressed, every man of a form like Richard's cannot help feeling a momentary sympathy; nor is it possible for him to possess the same complete detestation of the tyrant as an indifferent spectator of the drama.

This tendency to malignity, every reflecting person will consider as by much the most serious evil attending deformity; and he will exert himself to overcome it, with an energy of resolution proportioned to the comprehension of his views and the strength of his moral feelings. Besides the common motives, he has an interest peculiar to himself in avoiding the displeasure of mankind, because on him it would fall with an accumulated weight. It may be remarked, that, owing to the salutary restraints imposed by civilized manners, the natural sentiments of mankind, with respect to deformity, are seldom displayed in their full extent. We sometimes observe them very strongly expressed by the vulgar, who are less accustomed than their superiors to disguise their emotions, or to repress them by considerations of propriety. Sensible of the injustice of treating an involuntary misfortune as a crime, mankind endeavour as much as possible to rectify their sentiments. But when malice and deformity are united in the same individual, they think themselves at liberty to indulge their feelings to the utmost. Fear and hatred then combine with disgust to produce a fervour of abhorrence, in many cases to be compared only to that sensation with which the sight of a venomous reptile inspires us.

A regard to safety, therefore, as well as to tranquillity of mind, should prompt the deformed by every honest method to cultivate the good graces of mankind; and this is only to be done effectually by cherishing real benevolence, which alone has the power of exciting

reciprocal sentiments in the breasts of others. To this purpose nothing would contribute more essentially than a sober and philosophical view of his case, considered merely as an abstract subject of investigation. Such a view, however, like all the children of misfortune, he is very little disposed to take. On the contrary, he wilfully shuts his eyes to the alleviating circumstances of his lot, and dwells on those which accord with the gloomy state of his feelings. He laments that the tenderest affection he conceives for others can only be returned with a fixed aversion or a cold pity; that, by the sentence of nature written on his forehead, he is cut off from the common privilege of the human face divine, endearing smiles and sympathetic expression; and, amid the gayety of the festive circle, even while his heart overflows with kindness, is compelled to look on with the countenance of a demon repining at human happiness. Such exaggerated complaints are not unfrequently poured into the ear of friendship; but they imply an evident inattention to the power of custom, in familiarizing and rendering indifferent whatever is originally most shocking to imagination. There are few who have not remarked how completely the greatest deformity of countenance is overlooked and forgotten after some acquaintance, especially when there are agreeable qualities of mind to counterbalance its impression.—Custom, in this respect, exerts an equalizing property, and diminishes the power both of beauty and deformity. On this principle, by which the female is prompted to half conceal her charms, the deformed person ought boldly to bring his defects into view, that those with whom he associates may the sooner arrive at the state of indifference. The less he seems to think of his misfortune, the more quickly will they forget it. By this magnanimous policy, he will at the same time avoid the many awkward tricks contracted by those who are con-

stantly endeavouring to hide defects impossible to be concealed, which endeavours only serve to draw the attention of the spectator more particularly.

Besides custom, there is another principle, which has probably a considerable influence in reconciling us to deformity. In proportion as we become familiar with the countenance, we acquire a knowledge of its peculiar modes of expression; and hence are often enabled to discern benevolence, where we formerly thought we saw only malignity. It is the happiness of beauty that the external signs of kindness are natural to it, and, whenever they appear, are intelligible at first sight to all mankind. In deformity, on the contrary, these signs are perhaps various and accidental; or, at least, they are so strongly obscured by the unfavourable cast of the features, that they require to be studied in order to be understood. When this has been done, however, we learn to make such ample allowances, that a homely countenance will come in time to communicate its emotions not less distinctly than the most finished beauty. To this consideration may be added, the progressive effect of habitual good-nature in moulding the looks to a conformable expression, which is universally admitted to be considerable, and is perhaps still greater than is commonly apprehended. The sunshine of the mind will at last break through the cloudiest features. The elegant, but mystical genius of Lavater, has both illustrated and obscured this subject, which, stript of the dress of imagination, may be comprehended in this plain and rational position, that a homely face, though it can never produce the appropriate sensation of beauty, may yet serve as the index of so many agreeable moral qualities in the mind, as to be on the whole a pleasing object.

An important mistake, into which deformed people and old men are very apt to fall, is to suppose them-

selves incapable of being beloved. The observations already made may have tended to remove this prejudice; but, in order more distinctly to perceive its fallacy, it will be of use to take a view of the manner in which the passion of love is generated in the mind. According to the system of Hartley, which affords by far the most satisfactory explication of the mental phenomena that has yet been given, the various pleasurable perceptions received from the beloved object, being associated together, coalesce into one idea, which, though in reality very complex, is apparently simple. Although, therefore, some disagreeable sensations, arising from moral or personal defects, should blend themselves with this idea, yet, being strongly counteracted by those of an opposite kind, they will be overpowered and rendered imperceptible, and the result will be a balance of pure pleasure, which is the efficient cause of attachment. The consequence is, that these defects no longer excite the disagreeable feelings which they would originally raise, but will be viewed with that complacency which constitutes the predominant impression in the mind.—Common observation confirms the truth of this theory. The lover is blind to the faults of his mistress; or, if he at all perceives them, he loves them as a part of her; he thinks they become her better than the opposite virtues do others; and he would hardly wish to remove them, even though it were in his power. This system likewise shews clearly, what indeed must be known to every one, that beauty is only one of the causes which excite affection; that elegant accomplishments, good-humour, wit, the arts of pleasing conversation; whatsover, in short, serves to connect agreeable feelings with the presence or recollection of the individual, also tend to produce it. It were absurd to suppose, that the single disadvantage of person or of age must necessarily overcome a combination of these

causes; and, in fact, instances to the contrary so frequently occur in common life, as to draw upon the fair sex an imputation of whimsicalness from superficial observers. The affection of Desdemona for the Moor Othello is strictly according to nature, and is perhaps much less improbable than the villany of Iago.—At any rate, it is a sufficient consolation to the deformed, to know that they are capable of inspiring that calm and rational attachment, which is the true foundation of domestic happiness, and which, being fixed on moral qualities, is not liable to decay with years, or to pall by satiety.

It will probably, however, be thought by many, that consolation of this kind is very little wanted by the description of persons under consideration, and that observations like the foregoing will be rather detrimental than useful, by increasing that absurd personal vanity for which they are already so remarkable. This opinion, that deformed people are peculiarly subject to vanity, is very generally entertained, and seems to lie at the bottom of that persuasion of their mental inferiority which may be observed among the vulgar. It is, however, evidently a mistake, occasioned by not adverting to the fact, that states of mind in many respects similar often arise from contrary causes. Thus, the handsome and the deformed are both much occupied about their persons, but from motives precisely opposite; the one because he is conscious of being an agreeable object in the sight of mankind; the other because he feels that he is the reverse. Both are fond of dress, and equally ready to adopt every new ornament; but in the former, this arises from a desire to increase his attractions; in the latter, from a wish to palliate or conceal his defects. Their actions are therefore similar, and hence are ascribed to the same motive; though in the one, vanity or conceit is the moving principle; in the other, perhaps

too deep a sense of inferiority. It must be acknowledged, however, that this principle in the minds of the deformed, by keeping the attention constantly fixed on the personal appearance, produces many of the effects of vanity. In its excess, it is the great source of their unhappiness; as its usual effect is either a total want of firmness, in so much that, like bashful children, they are hardly able to look up to meet the eye of a stranger; or an irritable jealousy of temper, which is constantly watching the looks of others for symptoms of contempt or ridicule, and finds matter of resentment and complaint in the most indifferent circumstances. The only effectual remedy against it, is a just and manly confidence in the superiority of the mind over the body, together with an assiduous cultivation of those intellectual and moral graces which form the best counterpoise to corporeal imperfections.

CHAP. VII.

A SINGULAR SPEECH.

"WHY do you smile, Egeria?" said the Bachelor one day, as the nymph of his affections was looking over an old Magazine, from which she was in the practice of occasionally tearing a leaf to curl her hair with.

"The smartest hit at the bachelors which I have ever met with. It professes to be the speech of Miss Polly Baker before a court of judicature in Connecticut, where she was prosecuted the fifth time for having a bastard child. It is said that this address

not only influenced the court to dispense with her punishment, but so captivated one of the judges, that he married her next day, and to whom she had afterwards fifteen children. Listen."

"May it please the honourable bench to indulge me in a few words. I am a poor unhappy woman, who have no money to fee lawyers to plead for me, being hard put to it to get a tolerable living. I shall not trouble your honours with long speeches; for I have not the presumption to expect that you may, by any means, be prevailed on to deviate in your sentence from the law in my favour. All I humbly hope is, that your honours would charitably move the governor's goodness on my behalf, that my fine may be remitted. This is the fifth time, gentlemen, that I have been dragged before your court on the same account; twice I have paid heavy fines, and twice have been brought to public punishment for want of money to pay those fines. This may have been agreeable to the laws, and I don't dispute it; but since laws are sometimes unreasonable in themselves, and therefore repealed, and others bear too hard on the subject in particular circumstances, and therefore there is left a power somewhat to dispense with the execution of them, I take the liberty to say, that I think this law, by which I am punished, is both unreasonable in itself, and particularly severe with regard to me, who have always lived an inoffensive life in the neighbourhood where I was born, and defy my enemies (if I have any) to say I ever wronged man, woman, or child. Abstracted from the law, I cannot conceive (may it please your honours) what the nature of my offence is. I have brought five fine children into the world at the risk of my life; I have maintained them well by my own industry, without burdening the township, and would have done it

better, if it had not been for the heavy charges and fines I have paid. Can it be a crime (in the nature of things I mean) to add to the number of the king's subjects in a new country that really wants people? I own it, I should think it a praiseworthy rather than a punishable action. I have debauched no other woman's husband, nor enticed any youth: these things I never was charged with, nor has any one the least cause of complaint against me, unless perhaps the minister or the justice, because I have had children without being married, by which they have missed a wedding-fee. But can this be a fault of mine? I appeal to your honours. You are pleased to allow I don't want sense; but I must be stupified to the last degree, not to prefer the honourable state of wedlock to the condition I have lived in. I always was, and still am, willing to enter into it; and doubt not my behaving well in it, having all the industry, frugality, fertility, and skill in economy, appertaining to a good wife's character. I defy any person to say I ever refused an offer of that sort: on the contrary, I readily consented to the only proposal of marriage that ever was made me, which was when I was a virgin; but, too easily confiding in the person's sincerity that made it, I unhappily lost my own honour by trusting to his; and he then forsook me. That very person you all know; he is now become a magistrate of this county, and I had hopes he would have appeared this day on the bench, and have endeavoured to moderate the court in my favour; then I should have scorned to have mentioned it; but I must now complain of it as unjust and unequal, that my betrayer and undoer, the first cause of all my faults and miscarriages (if they must be deemed such), should be advanced to honour and power in the government that punishes my misfortunes with stripes and infamy. I

should be told, 'tis like, that, were there no act of assembly in the case, the precepts of religion are violated by my transgressions. If mine is a religious offence, leave it to religious punishments. You have already excluded me from the comforts of your church communion. Is not that sufficient? You believe I have offended Heaven, and must suffer eternal fire: Will not that be sufficient? But how can it be believed that Heaven is angry at my having children, when, to the little done by me towards it, God has been pleased to add his divine skill and admirable workmanship in the formation of their bodies, and crowned it by furnishing them with rational and immortal souls? Forgive me, gentlemen, if I talk a little extravagantly on these matters. I am no divine; but if you, gentlemen, must be making laws, take into your wise consideration the great and growing number of bachelors in the country, many of whom, from the mean fear of the expenses of a family, have never sincerely and honourably courted a woman in their lives. Is not theirs a greater offence against the public good than mine? Compel them, then, by law, either to marriage, or to pay double the fine. What must poor young women do, whom custom hath forbid to solicit the men, and who cannot force themselves upon husbands, when the laws take no care to provide them with any? Is not increase and multiply the first and great commandment of nature and of nature's God? and are those that contravene the law by human institutions not greater offenders than the mother of five fine children that now supplicates your mercy for having fulfilled its obligations? No, gentlemen; though the king's statutes make me guilty of wrong against society, as it happens at present to be constituted, it is your duty, by obeying the natural feelings to which my poor estate and condition cannot but move you, at this time

to mitigate the rigour of those artificial penalties which I have unfortunately incurred.

CHAP. VIII.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

"I HAVE never been able to understand," said the Bachelor one day, "how it happens that Sir Philip Sidney enjoys so high a name in literature. He has done nothing to merit so much renown. His Arcadia is a sad namby-pamby affair; it scarcely shows even the promise of any masculine talent."

"Certainly, if you judge of the merits of that celebrated favourite of his age by the Arcadia only, your opinion must be allowed to be just," replied Egeria; "but the Arcadia is not so mawkish a thing as you seem to consider it. Not only does it possess many literary beauties, but there is the spirit of a fine enthusiasm spread over it, breathing virtue and benevolence; and in this respect it has not yet been excelled. I allow that the story lingers, and that the sentiments are rather long-winded; but, nevertheless, the melody of the style is sweet and pleasing, and nothing can exceed the charm of the disposition in which the subject seems to have been conceived.

"The conversation in which Pyrocles describes to Musidorus the pleasures of the solitude to which he had retired is full of delightful poetry."

"Eagles," says he, "we see, fly alone, and they are but sheep which always herd together: condemn not therefore my mind sometimes to enjoy itself; nor blame the taking of such times as serve most fit for it. And, alas! dear Musidorus, if I be sad, who knows better than you the just causes I have of sadness? And here Pyrocles suddenly stopped, like a man unsatisfied in himself, though his wit might well have served to have satisfied another. And so looking with a countenance as though he desired he should know his mind without hearing him speak, and yet desirous to speak, to breathe out some part of his inward evil, sending again new blood to his face, he continued his speech in this manner: and, Lord (dear cousin, said he), doth not the pleasantness of this place carry in itself sufficient reward for any time lost in it? Do you not see how all things conspire together to make this country a heavenly dwelling? Do you not see the grass, how in colour they excel the emeralds, every one striving to pass his fellow, and yet they are all kept of an equal height? And see you not the rest of these beautiful flowers, each of which would require a man's wit to know, and his life to express? Do not these stately trees seem to maintain their flourishing old age with the only happiness of their seat, being clothed with a continual spring, because no beauty here should ever fade? Doth not the air breathe health, which the birds (delightful both to ear and eye) do daily solemnize with the sweet consent of their voices? Is not every echo there of a perfect music; and these fresh and delightful brooks, how slowly they slide away, as loth to leave the company of so many things united in perfection, and with how sweet a murmur they lament their forced departure? Certainly, certainly, cousin, it must needs be that some goddess inhabiteth this region, who is the soul of this soil; for neither is any less than a goddess worthy to be shrined

in such a heap of pleasures, nor any less than a goddess could have made it so perfect a plot of the celestial dwellings."

"The prayer of Pamela, under the afflictions which she suffered from Cecropia, is not only a splendid specimen of elevated composition, but in the sentiment reaches the sublime."

"O All-seeing Light and Eternal Life of all things, to whom nothing is either so great that it may resist, or so small that it is contemned; look upon my misery with thine eye of mercy, and let thine infinite power vouchsafe to limit out some proportion of deliverance unto me, as to thee shall seem most convenient. Let not injury, O Lord, triumph over me, and let my faults by thy hand be corrected, and make not mine unjust enemy the minister of thy justice. But yet, my God, if in thy wisdom this be the aptest chastisement for my unexcusable folly; if this low bondage be fittest for my over-high desires; if the pride of my not enough humble heart be thus to be broken; O Lord, I yield unto thy will, and joyfully embrace what sorrow thou wilt have me suffer. Only thus much let me crave of thee (let my craving, O Lord, be accepted of thee, since even that proceeds from thee,) let me crave, even by the noblest title, which in my greatest affliction I may give myself, that I am thy creature, and by thy goodness (which is thyself) that thou wilt suffer some beam of thy Majesty so to shine into my mind, that it may still depend confidently on thee. Let calamity be the exercise, but not the overthrow, of my virtue: let their power prevail, but prevail not to destruction: let my greatness be their prey: let my pain be the sweetness of their revenge: let them (if so seem good unto thee) vex me with more and more punishment: but, O Lord,

let never their wickedness have such a hand, but that I may carry a pure mind in a pure body."

CHAP. IX.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

"LAST night," said the Bachelor, "you were speaking in commendation of Sidney's Arcadia; I have since thought it somewhat remarkable, that although all scholars, well read in English authors, regard the writers of Queen Elizabeth's age as the master-minds of the language, few of their works have of late years been reprinted.

"It is certainly remarkable," replied the Lady; "for, with the exception of Bacon's Essays, I scarcely recollect any of the little works of that period which have been republished in our time; but his, you will say, belong rather to the age of her successor James.—It may be so; but his mind was formed in the same circumstances which inspired the genius of Shakspeare. I wonder, indeed, that nobody has thought of bringing out a new edition of 'Sir Walter Raleigh's Remains,'—a work which, in many respects, deserves to stand by the side of Bacon's Essays. It is the private thoughts, if I may use the term, of a very great man; one who had examined the world with a sharp eye, and whose mind was rich in observations and experience. He was, undoubtedly, a man of much wisdom, though it may

be said that there is a leaning to worldliness in his reflections which somewhat diminishes the impression that the justness of his remarks is calculated to produce;—and his advice to his son has always been considered as a proof of it. Take, for example, his rules for the preservation of a man's estate."

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

"Amongst all other things of the world, take care of thy estate, which thou shalt ever preserve, if thou observe three things; first, that thou know what thou hast, what every thing is worth that thou hast, and to see that thou art not wasted by thy servants and officers. The second is, that thou never spend any thing before thou have it; for borrowing is the canker and death of every man's estate. The third is, that thou suffer not thyself to be wounded for other men's faults, and scourged for other men's offences; which is the surety for another, for thereby millions of men have been beggared and destroyed, paying the reckoning of other men's riot, and the charge of other men's folly and prodigality; if thou smart, smart for thine own sins, and, above all things, be not made an ass to carry the burdens of other men; if any friend desire thee to be his surety, give him a part of what thou hast to spare; if he press thee farther, he is not thy friend at all, for friendship rather chooseth harm to itself than offereth it; if thou be bound for a stranger, thou art a fool; if for a merchant, thou puttest thy estate to learn to swim; if for a churchman, he hath no inheritance; if for a lawyer, he will find an invasion by a syllable or word to abuse thee; if for a poor man, thou must pay it thyself; if for a rich man, it need not; therefore from suretyship, as from a man-slayer or enchanter, bless thyself, for the best profit and return will be this, that

if thou force him, for whom thou art bound, to pay it himself, he will become thy enemy; if thou use to pay it thyself, thou wilt be a beggar; and believe thy father in this, and print it on thy thought, that what virtue soever thou hast, be it never so manifold, if thou be poor withal, thou and thy qualities shall be despised; besides, poverty is oft times sent as a curse of God, it is a shame amongst men, an imprisonment of the mind, a vexation of every worthy spirit; thou shalt neither help thyself nor others, thou shalt drown thee in all thy virtues, having no means to shew them; thou shalt be a burden and an eye-sore to thy friends—every man will fear thy company—thou shalt be driven basely to beg and depend on others—to flatter unworthy men—to make dishonest shifts, and to conclude, poverty provokes a man to do infamous and detested deeds; let no vanity therefore, or persuasion, draw thee to that worst of worldly miseries.

"If thou be rich, it will give thee pleasure in health, comfort in sickness, keep thy mind and body free, save thee from many perils, relieve thee in thy elder years, relieve the poor and thy honest friends, and give means to thy posterity to live, and defend themselves and thine own fame. Where it is said in the Proverbs, *That he shall be sore vexed that is surety for a stranger, and he that hateth suretyship is sure;* it is further said, *The poor is hated even of his own neighbour, but the rich have many friends.* Lend not to him that is mightier than thyself, for if thou lendest him, count it but lost; be not surety above thy power, for if thou be surety, think to pay it."

CHAP. X.

STRAY POETRY.

"THE other day," said Egeria one evening after tea, "I called your attention to that bundle of manuscripts which you brought for us to look over, and I read to you two very clever and philosophical little essays. In looking this afternoon again into the same papers, I have found several other things no less deserving of attention. I wonder who is the author. It is surprising that one who writes so well should be so little known."

The Bachelor did not reply to this question, but, giving a sigh, said, "Let me hear you read these which have given you so much pleasure."

Egeria, without affecting to notice the pensive reminiscence which her question had awakened, took the following little poem from the bundle.

THE SHIPWRECK.

The ship is unmoor'd,
All hands are on board,
Released from the bonds of affection;
High-mounted, the crew
Bid a cheering adieu,
To stifle each fond recollection.

The sails all are spread,
The ship shoots ahead,
The rough billows proudly dividing;

Now plunging amain,
Now rising again,
Like a sea-bird on white bosom riding.

The wind louder grows,
And fiercer it blows,
Now shrill, and then hoarse as the thunder;
The masts all are bent,
And the topsail is rent,
By the swift-rushing blast burst asunder.

Awe-struck, from the skies
The pilot descries
The whirlwind in circles descending,
And marks over head,
Up-looking with dread,
The waves in white ridges impending.

The rudder is broke;
She reels from the stroke;
O'erwhelm'd, for a moment she's sinking:
In silence their fate
The seamen await;
On the sweetness of home they are thinking.

The twilight is gone,
Dark night is come on,
All dreary and wild is the ocean;
And shoreward in haste
The billows are chased,
High-raging in boundless commotion.

The breakers are heard,
And all are prepar'd;
To the rigging with cords they have bound them:

No star in the sky,
Nor light they espy,
But the foam of the waves all around them.

The landsman shall start,
As his slumbers depart,
On his soft couch so peacefully lying,
And hear with affright,
Through the darkness of night,
The groans and the shrieks of the dying.

"Yes," said the Bachelor, "it is a very beautiful poem."

"And," added Egeria, "both original and striking in the conception and execution. It is what I would call a talismanic composition: it produces its effect not by what it describes, but by what it recalls to recollection, or by the associations which it awakens. This other is, however, still more beautiful. I have seldom met with any thing so simple and touching."

THE OLD MAN'S REVERIE.

Sooth'd by the self-same ditty, see
The infant and the sire;
That smiling on the nurse's knee,
This weeping by the fire;
Where unobserved he finds a joy
To list its plaintive tone,
And silently his thoughts employ
On sorrows all his own.

At once it comes, by memory's power,
The loved habitual theme,

Reserved for twilight's darkling hour,
A voluntary dream;
And as with thoughts of former years
His weakly eyes o'erflow,
None wonders at an old man's tears,
Or seeks his grief to know.

Think not he dotes because he weeps;
Conclusion, ah! how wrong!
Reason with grief joint empire keeps,
Indissolubly strong;
And oft in age a helpless pride
With jealous weakness pines,
(To second infancy allied)
And every woe refines.

How busy now his teeming brain,
Those murmuring lips declare;
Scenes never to return again
Are represented there.

* * * *

He ponders on his infant years,
When first his race began,
And, oh! how wonderful appears
The destiny of man!
How swift those lovely hours were past,
In darkness closed how soon!
As if a winter's night o'ercast
The brightest summer's noon.

His wither'd hand he holds to view,
With nerves once firmly strung,
And scarcely can believe it true
That ever he was young.

And as he thinks o'er all his ills,
Disease, neglect, and scorn,
Strange pity of himself he feels,
Thus aged and forlorn.

"This is not only pathetic," continued the nymph, "but it is poetical in the truest sense of the term; for it presents at once an image to the mind, an argument to the judgment, and a subject interesting to the universal feelings of our nature. Pray, do tell me by whom it was written."

"Some other time I may," replied Benedict,—"when the proper occasion arises; meanwhile, have you found any thing else that pleases you?"

"O they all please me," said Egeria briskly; "and here is a humorous effusion, that seems to have been written as a companion to the affecting little piece which I have just read."

ELEGY BY A SCHOOL-BOY.

How blest was I at Dobson's ball!
The fiddlers come, my partner chosen!
My oranges were five in all,
Alas! they were not half-a-dozen!

For soon a richer rival came,
And soon the bargain was concluded;
My Peggy took him without shame,
And left me hopeless and deluded.

To leave me for an orange more!
Could not your pockets-full content ye?
What could you do with all that store?
He had but six, and five were plenty.

And mine were biggest, I protest,
For some of his were only penny ones,
While mine were all the very best,
As juicy, large, and sweet as any one's.

Could I have thought, ye beaux and belles,
An orange would have so undone me!
Or any thing the grocer sells,
Could move my fair one thus to shun me!

All night I sat in fixed disdain,
While hornpipes numberless were hobbled;
I watch'd my mistress and her swain,
And saw his paltry present gobbled.

But when the country-dance was call'd,
I could have cried with pure vexation;
For by the arms I saw her haul'd,
And led triumphant to her station.

What other could I think to take?
Of all the school she was the tallest;
What choice worth making could I make,
None left me, but the very smallest!

But now all thoughts of her adieu!
This is no time for such diversion;
Mair's Introduction lies in view,
And I must write my Latin version.

Yet all who that way are inclined,
This lesson learn from my undoing;
Unless your pockets are well lined,
'Tis labour lost to go a wooing.

"There is, "resumed the nymph," not only humour and truth in this little poem, but a naïveté of thought and expression, which shows that the author possesses very amiable dispositions."

"Possessed!" replied the Bachelor with a mournful accent,—"but read me the short ballad on old age. I remember, when I heard it at first, it struck me as one of the most plaintive and simple complaints I had ever met with. It is in my opinion quite a melody, and a sad one too. Alas, that we should grow old!"

Egeria turned over the papers, till she found the piece, and then began to read.

A BALLAD ON OLD AGE.

Come any gentle poet
  Who wants a mournful page,
His theme I soon will show it;
  Oh, sing the woes of age!
He sure must weep for pity,
  Who sings so sad a lay;
And tears, to grace his ditty,
  His sorrow shall repay.

O age is dark and dreary,
  As every old man knows;
Without labour he is weary,
  In rest finds no repose;
His life affords no pleasure,
  For he has lived too long;
A cup with over-measure,
  It palls upon the tongue.

His friends long time departed,
  That were so true and kind,

When children are hard-hearted,
He bears them oft in mind:
He silent sits and ponders,
In grief and helpless pride;
And as his fancy wanders,
He thinks them at his side.

O who would strive with nature
For half an hour of gloom,
To live an abject creature,
Usurping others' room!
I seek not life, but rather
I pray to be at rest;
When friends go all together,
That voyage is surely best.

"I shall not be content, my dear Benedict," said the nymph, "till you tell me by whom these papers were written, and how it happened that so many really charming things have never been published?"

"Whether any of these poems have ever been published," replied the Bachelor, "I do not certainly know; but the Essay on Deformity was printed in some periodical work at the time it was written, and I recollect it obtained a warm commendation from the editor. The author then was very young, a mere boy, and the promise of his talent was a blossom that might have come in time to some rich and rare fruit, had he been spared in health."

"In health! then he is still alive?" said the nymph.

"Do not question me any further at present," replied the Bachelor; "I have a reason for my silence. Have you looked at any more?"

" Yes; and here is a song which is both spirited and highly poetical."

THE CALL OF MORVEN.

Strike the harp! strike the harp! O ye masters of song!
Call forth your high strains that to glory belong.
The valiant depart, go ye minstrels before,
And lead with proud steps to the fight as of yore.
High flames the red signal on Cruachan's bound,
And answering swords gleam in thousands around.
The banner of Albin unfurls in its might,
And flaps like an eagle preparing for flight;
Full spread to the blast see it rushes afar,
And the sons of green Morven must follow to war.
Hide your tears! O ye maids, in your brightness o'ercast,
Nor rend your fair locks till the heroes be past!
Approach not, ye mothers, lamenting afar,
For the sons of green Morven are summoned to war!
O ye shores of the ocean, for combats renown'd,
Where the bones of the mighty lie scatter'd around;
Where the Roman was chased from the hill to the plain,
And the haughty Norweyan lies stretched on the Dane:
Again shall ye tell where the valiant have died,
And the spoiler of nations stood check'd in his pride;
Once more shall your echoes redouble from far
The sound of pursuit, and the triumph of war.

" But," continued the nymph, " it is in the simple pathetic that the author most excels,—and here is a little piece of that kind which I think affecting and pretty."

THE SWISS BEGGAR.

O I am not of this countrie,
And much my heart is wrung,
To wander in a foreign land,
And beg in foreign tongue.

'Tis all to gain a little sum
To bear me o'er the sea;
And hither slowly I am come
To ask your charity.

My home is in the Valteline,
Far inland from the main;
And every day I wish and pine
To see it once again.

I cannot mend this little store;
My wishing is in vain;
And I shall ne'er behold it more,
Ah never, ne'er again!

If you have ever been abroad,
Bestow an alms on me!
And think you speed me on my road
My native land to see.

My cot still rises to my view,
And will not let me stay;
But I am old, and alms are few,
And long is the delay!

And must I ever thus deplore
My labour spent in vain?
And shall I ne'er behold it more?
Ah never, ne'er again!

Your country is a pleasant land,
But, oh, it is not mine!
I have not here a kindred band
As in the Valteline.

When on my native hills I play'd,
I breathed not English air;

I did not love an English maid
When love was all my care.

But I must die on England's strand,
A prisoner of the main!
And ne'er behold my native land,
Ah, never, ne'er again!

"I am also well pleased with another short poem, which, without being very lofty in the style, is very animated in the conception, and full of lyrical energy."

ODE TO PATRIOTISM.

O thou who didst thy vigils keep,
On lonely tower or heath-clad steep,
Watching the midnight beacon's blaze,
That, streaming to the warrior's gaze,
Told him the invading foe was near,
And bade him grasp the Scottish spear;
O, welcome to this heart again!
Welcome! with all thy radiant train,
Valour with Friendship by his side,
Domestic Love with pinions tied,
And Poesy, the wild and free,
Sweet child of Sympathy and thee!
Too long a stranger to thy shrine,
And heedless of thy songs divine,
I follow'd shadows, false though fair,
That beckoning through the misty air,
Drew me, unwilling and afraid,
To desert paths of deepest shade.
Yet not bereft of thee, sweet Power!
For still, from thine and Virtue's bower,
Thou follow'dst on the devious track,
Suppliant to win thy votary back;

And oft, when slumber seal'd mine eyes,
Thou bad'st a pictured vision rise,
My country's image, fair exprest,
A blooming maid in antique vest;
Such as to Burns his Coila stood,
When smiling in the portal rude,
She caught her poet's startled eye,
Half-closed in musing ecstasy.
Roused by her danger, lo! I burn;
Visions of childhood, ye return,
When wand'ring by the wonted stream,
Sacred to Fancy's wildest dream,
I conn'd your lays, ye bards of old,
Simple and rude, yet strong and bold.
What rushing tremors thrill'd my frame,
When he, the chief of glorious name,
Who thrice the Scottish standard rear'd,
While sceptred tyrants saw and fear'd,
Rose to my view in awful might,
Trampling the proud oppressor's flight;
Or, as with dust and wounds o'erspread,
When faithful ranks retreating bled,
Alone he check'd the foe's career,
And waved his wide-protecting spear!
O thou! in Danger's bosom nurst,
Wallace! of Scottish heroes first;
A warrior raised by Heaven's command:
Hail! guardian genius of the land;
For still thy martial spirit reigns,
Still hovers o'er these hills and plains,
Even in the rude unletter'd hynd,
Breathing the firm undaunted mind.
O, never shall thy glories die;
But still thy name, emblazon'd high
On Scotia's bright historic scroll,
Shall Kindle on the Patriot's soul.

First on the lisping infant's tongue;
Still to the harp by minstrels sung;
And still, O destiny sublime!
Lightning, to the remotest time,
Shall rouse thy country's sleeping fire,
The watch-word of her vengeful ire,
When hostile feet shall dare to tread
The ashes of her mighty dead.
Such meed is thine, immortal maid!
To whom my contrite vows are paid.

"But here is a sweet and pleasing effusion. It becomes pathetic by the sorrow that we feel in remembering the author. All of his, we trust, shall not die."

THE POET TO HIS WORKS.

FLOWERS born beneath a wintry sky,
When shall ye burst the envious shade?
Or, like the bard, fore-doom'd to die,
Unseen, unhonour'd, must ye fade?

Yet droop not hopeless round his urn,
Untimely though your blossoms fall,
Await with him the year's return,
For you nor he shall perish all.

Sprung through a crevice of the tomb,
A solitary stem may blow,
Gay orphan of the silent gloom,
And point the humble name below.

Some simple, unambitious strain,
Low breathed in beauty's pensive ear,
The soft complaint of tender pain,
Framed in the flowing of a tear;

The poet's pure immortal part,
From all unhallow'd dross refined,
Shall live in many a gentle heart,
The heaven of a poetic mind.

CHAP. XI.

MISCELLANEOUS EXTRACTS.

"THE Russians," said Egeria one morning, as she was turning carefully over the leaves of several books which happened to be lying on the table, "seem to me to hold a place, in their habits, manners, and pursuits, between the Europeans and Asiatics. They have a great deal of the intelligence, the activity, and the shrewdness of the former, with no small degree of the cunning, the pride, and the selfishness of the latter. Their taste for slaves and magnificence is quite oriental; but they have social and convivial dispositions which do not belong to the Asiatics. The custom among the Muscovite nobility of keeping dwarfs is peculiar, I fancy, to themselves. Porter's account of these unfortunate little creatures is about one of the best things in his Travels in Russia and Sweden."

"They are here the pages and the playthings of the great; and at almost all entertainments stand for hours by their lord's chair, holding his snuff-box, or awaiting his commands. There is scarcely a nobleman in this country who is not possessed of one or more of these

frisks of nature; but in their selection, I cannot say that the *noblesse* display their gallantry, as they choose none but males.

"These little beings are generally the gayest drest persons in the service of their lord, and are attired in a uniform or livery of very costly materials. In the presence of their owner, their usual station is at his elbow in the character of a page; and during his absence, they are then responsible for the cleanliness and combed locks of their companions of the canine species.

"Besides these lilliputians, many of the nobility keep a fool or two, like the motleys of our court in the days of Elizabeth; but like in name alone, for their wit, if they ever had any, is swallowed up by indolence.—Savoury sauce and rich repasts swell their bodies to the most disgusting size; and lying about in the corners of some splendid saloon, they sleep profoundly, till awakened by the command of their lord to amuse the company. Shaking their enormous bulk, they rise from their trance; and, supporting their unwieldy trunks against the wall, drawl out their heavy nonsense, with as much grace as the motions of a sloth in the hands of a reptile-fancier. One glance was sufficient for me of these imbruted creatures; and, with something like pleasure, I turned from them to the less humiliating view of human nature in the dwarf.

"The race of these unfortunates is very diminutive in Russia, and numerous. They are generally well shaped, and their hands and feet particularly graceful. Indeed, in the proportion of their figures, we should no where discover them to be flaws in the economy of nature, were it not for a peculiarity of feature and the size of the head, which is commonly exceedingly enlarged. Take them on the whole, they are such compact, and even pretty little beings, that no idea can be formed of them from the clumsy deformed dwarfs which

are exhibited at our fairs in England. I cannot say that we need envy Russia this part of her offspring. It is very curious to observe how nearly they resemble each other; their features are all so alike, that you might easily imagine that one pair had spread their progeny over the whole country."

"I would also read to you an anecdote of Gustavus Vasa, which is very cleverly told."

"On the little hill just mentioned, stood a very ancient habitation, of so simple an architecture, that you would have taken it for a hind's cottage, instead of a place that, in times of old, had been the abode of nobility. It consisted of a long barn-like structure, formed of fir, covered in a strange fashion with scales and odd ornamental twistings in the carved wood. But the spot was hallowed by the virtues of its heroic mistress, who saved, by her presence of mind, the life of the future deliverer of her country. The following are the circumstances alluded to; and most of them were communicated to me under the very roof.

"Gustavus having, by an evil accident, been discovered in the mines, and after being nearly betrayed by a Swedish nobleman, bent his course towards this house, then inhabited by a gentleman of the name of Pearson (or Peterson), whom he had known in the armies of the late administrator. Here he hoped, from the obligations he had formerly laid on the officer, that he should at least find a safe retreat. Pearson received him with every mark of friendship; nay, treated him with that respect and submission which noble minds are proud to pay to the truly great, when robbed of their external honours. He seemed more afflicted by the misfortunes of Gustavus than that prince was himself; and exclaimed with such vehemence against the Danes, that,

instead of awaiting a proposal to take up arms, he offered, unmasked, to try the spirit of the mountaineers; and declared that himself and his vassals would be the first to set an example, and turn out under the command of his beloved general.

"Gustavus was rejoiced to find that he had at last discovered a man who was not afraid to draw his sword in the defence of his country; and endeavoured, by the most impressive arguments, and the prospect of a suitable recompense for the personal risks he ran, to confirm him in so generous a resolution. Pearson answered with repeated assurances of fidelity; he named the gentlemen, and the leading persons among the peasants, whom he hoped to engage in the enterprise. Gustavus relied on his word, and promising not to disclose himself to any while he was absent, some days afterwards saw him leave the house to put his design in execution.

"It was indeed a design, and a black one. Under the specious cloak of a zealous affection for Gustavus, the traitor was contriving his ruin. The hope of making his court to the Danish tyrant, and the expectation of a large reward, made this son of Judas resolve to sacrifice his honour to his ambition, and, for the sake of a few ducats, violate the most sacred laws of hospitality, by betraying his guest. In pursuance of that base resolution, he went straight to one of Christiern's officers commanding in the province, and informed him that Gustavus was his prisoner. Having committed this treachery, he had not courage to face his victim; and telling the Dane how to surprise the prince, who, he said, believed himself to be under the protection of a friend, (shame to manhood, to dare to confess that he could betray such a confidence!) he proposed taking a wider circuit home, while they, apparently unknown to him, rifled it of its treasuer. 'It will be an easy mat-

ter,' said he, 'for not even my wife knows that it is Gustavus.'

"Accordingly, the officer, at the head of a party of well-armed soldiers, marched directly to the lake. The men invested the house, while the leader, abruptly entering, found Pearson's wife, according to the fashion of those days, employed in culinary preparations. At some distance from her sat a young man in a rustic garb, lopping off the knots from the broken branch of a tree. The officer went up to her, and told her he came in King Christiern's name to demand the rebel Gustavus, who he knew was concealed under her roof.—The dauntless woman never changed colour; she immediately guessed the man whom her husband had introduced as a miner's son, to be the Swedish hero. The door was blocked up by soldiers. In an instant she replied, without once glancing at Gustavus, who sat motionless with surprise, 'If you mean the melancholy gentleman my husband has had here these few days, he has just walked out into the wood on the other side of the hill. Some of those soldiers may readily seize him, as he has no arms with him.

"The officer did not suspect the easy simplicity of her manner; and ordered part of the men to go in quest of him. At that moment, suddenly turning her eyes on Gustavus, she flew up to him, and catching the stick out of his hand, exclaimed, in an angry voice,—'Unmannerly wretch! What, sit before your betters? Don't you see the king's officers in the room? Get out of my sight, or some of them shall give you a drubbing!' As she spoke, she struck him a blow on the back with all her strength; and opening a side-door, 'there, get into the scullery,' cried she, 'it is the fittest place for such company!' and giving him another knock, she flung the stick after him, and shut the door. 'Sure,' added

she, in a great heat, 'never woman was plagued with such a lout of a slave!'

"The officer begged she would not disturb herself on his account; but she, affecting great reverence for the king, and respect for his representative, prayed him to enter her parlour while she brought some refreshment. The Dane civilly complied; perhaps glad enough to get from the side of a shrew; and she immediately hastened to Gustavus, whom she had bolted in, and by means of a back-passage conducted him in a moment to a certain little apartment, which projected from the side of the house close to the bank of the lake where the fishers' boats lay, she lowered him down the convenient aperture in the seat, and, giving him a direction to an honest curate across the lake, committed him to Providence."

CHAP. XII.

WITCHCRAFT.

One windy wintry night, as the Bachelor and his nymph were enjoying together the music of the blast, the lady said to him,—"It was a strange fancy of our ancestors, to suppose that men and women witches and wizards should ever have delighted in causing such weather as this; and, above all, of making choice of it for visiting. But truly, after all that has been written about magic and witchcraft, I think a sound and sober treatise on the subject is still wanted. For my own part, I am of opinion that the laws against witches and witchcraft, though now

rendered obsolete by the progress of knowledge, were yet, when first enacted, founded in wisdom and on justice."

"Really, my love," replied the Bachelor, looking aghast at this observation, "you begin to grow paradoxical. You do not mean to contend that there was ever any such crime as that for which so many poor wretches suffered death, in consequence of those absurd and superstitious laws?"

"But I do though," said Egeria; "I do not, it is true, contend, that ever any such power as that which was ascribed to the wizard and the witch actually existed; but, what was almost the same thing, the belief that it did exist was universal; and wicked and malicious persons, by pretending to the possession of it, acquired an influence over the minds of their neighbours, which they often exercised with the worst and most baneful effect. Think, for a moment, what must have been his feelings who believed himself under the influence of their malignant spells! Misfortunes were not to him merely causes of regret and sorrow, but subjects of the most hideous and horrible contemplation. He saw not his cattle die of disease, but the victims of unutterable incantations. It was not the wind nor the rain of nature by which his corn was laid, but the trampling of hell-hags, furious with enmity against himself. His sleep was not disturbed by indigestion, or by infirm health, but by dreadful charms, mingled by accursed hands, and made efficacious by the ministry of diabolical agents. The anguish of sickness was exasperated by the pangs of mental suffering; and the invalid who pined in consumption, trembled with the

frightful thought of a waxen image of himself, framed with mysteries under disastrous aspects of the heavens, revolving and melting before an enchanted fire, round which the most loathsome and detestable of beings were convened. The changes of his sensations told him when their cruelty damped the flame, to waste him lingeringly; and, in his sharp and shooting pains, he thought of the witches piercing the image with pins and bodkins. They sat on his heart in his sleep, and they haunted him in his shadow. Were not the causes of such agonies, though but by the management of the imaginations and the ears of the subjects, worthy of punishment? and shall we therefore say, that the laws, which were framed to deter wretches from the practice of impostures so fatal, were either in themselves uncalled for or unwise? That those who practised witchcraft believed themselves possessed of the power to which they pretended is not impossible; but I am more inclined to think, that the spell formed but a part of the devices of their malignant cunning;—though it cannot be supposed that there ever was any such ceremonies in use among them as those of the absurd tales of the mysteries of their visitations.—For example, look at Gaule's account of the business; was ever any such absurdities either done or attempted as the following?"

INITIATION OF A WITCH.

"The convention for such a solemn initiation being proclaimed (by some herald imp) to some others of the confederation, on the Lord's day, or some great holy-day or chief festival, they meet in some church near the font or high altar, and that very early, before the

consecrated bell hath tolled, or the least sprinkling of holy water; or else very late, after all services are past and over. Here the party, in some vesture for that purpose, is presented, by some confederate or familiar, to the prince of devils sitting now on a throne of infernal majesty, appearing in the form of a man (only labouring to hide his cloven foot.) To whom, after bowing, and homage done in kissing, &c. a petition is presented to be received unto his association and protection; and first, if the witch be outwardly Christian, baptism must be renounced, the party must be re-baptized in the devil's name, and a new name is also imposed by him; and here must be god-fathers too, for the devil takes them not to be so adult as to promise and vow for themselves. But above all, he is very busy with his long nails, in scraping and scratching those places of the forehead where the sign of the cross was made, or where the chrism was laid. Instead of both which, he himself impresses or inures the mark of the beast, the devil's flesh brand, upon one or other part of the body, and teaches them to make an oil or ointment of live infants, stolen out of the cradle (before they be signed with the sign of the cross), or dead ones stolen out of their graves; the which they are to boil to a jelly; and then drinking one part, and besmearing themselves with another, they forthwith feel themselves imprest and endowed with the faculties of this mystical art. Further, the witch (for his or her part) vows, (either by word of mouth, or peradventure by writing, and that in their own blood) to give both body and soul to the devil, to deny and defy God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, but especially the blessed Virgin, convitiating her with one infamous nick-name or other; to abhor the word and sacraments, but especially to spit at the saying of mass; to spurn at the cross, and tread saints' images under feet; and, as much as pos-

sible they may, to profane all saints' reliques, holy water, consecrated salt, wax, &c. To be sure to fast on Sundays, and eat flesh on Fridays, not to confess their sins however they do, especially to a priest. To separate from the Catholic church, and despise God's vicar's primacy. To attend his nocturnal conventicles, sabbaths, sacrifices. To take him for their God, and worship, invoke, obey him, &c. To devote their children to him, and to labour all that they may to bring others into the same confederacy. Then the devil, for his part, promises to be always present with them, to serve them at their beck. That they shall have their wills upon any body; that they shall have what riches, honours, pleasures, they can imagine. And if any be so wary as to think of their future being, he tells them they shall be principalities ruling in the air; or shall but be turned into imps at worst. Then he preaches to them to be mindful of their covenant, and not to fail to revenge themselves upon their enemies. Then he commends to them (for these purposes) an imp or familiar, in the shape of dog, cat, rat, mouse, weasle, &c. After this they shake hands, embrace in arms, dance, feast, and banquet, according as the devil hath provided in imitation of the supper. Nay, oftimes he marries them ere they part, either to himself, or their familiar, or to one another, and that by the Book of Common Prayer (as a pretender to witch-finding told me in the audience of many.) After this they part, till the next great conventicle, or Sabbath of theirs, which meets thrice in a year, conveyed as swift as the winds from remotest parts of the earth, where the most notorious of them meet to redintegrate their covenant, and give account of their improvement. Where they that have done the most execrable mischief, and can brag of it, make most merry with the devil; and they that have been indiligent, and have done but petty services in comparison, are jeered and derided

by the devil, and all the rest of the company. And such as are absent, and have no care to be assigned, are amerced to this penalty, so to be beaten on the palms of their feet, to be whipt with iron rods, to be pinched and sucked by their familiars till their heart blood come, till they repent them of their sloth, and promise more attendance and diligence for the future."

"And what was the condition of the poor wretches," said the Bachelor, "after all this, think you? Excommunication, horror, and misery, in every form that detestation, contumely, and insult, could inflict. There was no humanity for them. They were regarded as having held hideous commerce with infernal beings. Every evil which befell their neighbours was imputed to their malice. Children fled at their approach, or pursued them with execrations, and hootings, and peltings. Many would not sell to them the necessaries of life. They were tried, by casting them into pools and rivers, and often murdered with impunity. I know few states of human distress more touching, than the condition of an innocent and harmless poor old creature suspected of the crime of witchcraft; an affecting instance of this is mentioned in *Satan's Invisible World Discovered*, in the case of a miserable woman condemned in 1649. She had been some time accused of the sin; and, being arrested, confessed to the minister of the parish and other witnesses her guilt. Her confession was however suspected, and she was urged to revoke it; but she persisted, and was doomed to suffer. Being carried to the place of execution, she remained silent during the first, second, and third prayer, at the end of which she cried out,"—

"Now, all you that see me this day, know, that I am now to die a witch by my own confession, and I free all men, especially the ministers and magistrates, of the guilt of my blood. I take it wholly upon myself, my blood be upon my own head. And, as I must make answer to the God of heaven presently, I declare I am as free of witchcraft as any child; but being delated by a malicious woman, and put in prison under the name of a witch, disowned by my husband and friends, and seeing no ground of hope of my coming out of prison, or ever coming in credit again, through the temptation of the devil I made up that confession, on purpose to destroy my own life, being weary of it, and choosing rather to die than live."

"Say you, therefore, Egeria, that the laws which led to such effects were either wise or requisite?"

"I do not perceive the justness of the remark," replied the nymph. "You must first shew me that the belief in witchcraft never existed, and likewise never any wretches who availed themselves of it to afflict others. It is however a curious historical fact, that there were persons who openly made a profession of witch-finding; and one of these, Matthew Hopkins, who took the style and title of witch-finder-general, was so proud of his skill and success, that he has recorded his exploits in a pamphlet, which he published, adorned with effigies of himself and of different imps. He ruined his trade however at last; for he went on scorching and swimming poor creatures, till he so roused the indignation of some gentlemen by his barbarity, that they took him and tied his thumbs and toes together, as he used to tie those of others, and flung him into

a water to his fate. The following extract from his book is at once ludicrous and horrible."

"The discoverer never travelled far for it; but, in March 1644, he had some seven or eight of that horrible sect of witches, living in the town where he lived, (a town in Essex, called Maningtree,) with divers other adjacent witches of other towns, who every six weeks, in the night, (being always on the Friday night,) had their meeting close by his house, and had their several solemn sacrifices there offered to the devil, one of which this discoverer heard speaking to her imps one night, and bid them go to another witch, who was thereupon apprehended, and searched by women, who had for many years known the devil's marks, and found to have some marks about her which honest women have not; so, upon command from the justice, they were to keep her from sleep two or three nights, expecting in that time to see her familiars; which, the fourth night, she called in by their several names, and told them in what shapes to come, a quarter of an hour before they came, there being ten of us in the room. The 1st she called was Holt, who came in like a white kitling. 2. Jarmara, who came in like a fat spaniel, without any legs at all; she said she kept him fat, for he sucked good blood from her body. 3. Vinegar Tom, who was like a long-legged greyhound, with an head like an ox, with a long tail and broad eyes, who, when this discoverer spoke to, and bade him go to the place provided for him and his angels, immediately transformed himself into the shape of a child of four years old, without a head, and gave half a dozen turns about the house, and vanished at the door. 4. Sack and Sugar, like a black rabbit. 5. Newes, like a polecat. All these vanished away in a little time. Immediately after, this witch confessed several other witches, from whom she had her imps, and named to divers women where their

marks were, the number of their marks and imps, and imps' names, as Elemauzer, Pyewacket, Peckin the Crown, Grizzel, Greedigut, &c. which no mortal could invent; and upon their searches, the same marks were found, the same number, and in the same place, and the like confessions from them from the same imps, (though they knew not that we were told before), and so peached one another thereabouts that joined together in the like damnable practice, that in our hundred in Essex, twenty-nine were condemned at once, four brought twenty-five miles to be hanged, where this discoverer lives, for sending the devil, like a bear, to kill him in his garden; so by seeing divers of the men's marks, and trying ways with hundreds of them, he gained this experience, and, for aught he knows, any man else may find them as well as he and his company, if they had the same skill and experience.

"The devil's policy is great, in persuading many to come of their own accord to be tried, persuading them their marks are so close they shall not be found out; so divers have come ten or twelve miles to be searched, of their own accord, and hanged for their labour."

CHAP. XIII.

THE WANDERING JEW.

One evening as the Bachelor was reading an agreeable little work ascribed to Lord John Russell, "Essays by a Gentleman who left his Lodgings," he remarked, on looking at the article which bears the

title of "The Wandering Jew," that the idea was a very good one.

"I wonder," said he, "that nobody has adopted it, and given us the travels of that supposed character during the last seventeen centuries."

"O!" exclaimed Egeria, "the thing has been done some time ago,—and I am surprised that the author of the work in your hand should have so palpably taken another's thought and plan, without any sort of acknowledgment."

"I do not recollect of having met with the book to which you allude," rejoined Benedict.

"It is called "The Wandering Jew," or the Travels and Observations of Hareach the Prolonged." I believe the name Hareach is a Hebrew term, signifying the prolonged. The work exhibits a view of the most distinguished events in the history of mankind, since the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus; and the plan of the compilation professes to be a series of extracts from a journal written by the traveller, and left by him in a Greek monastery on mount Parnassus. By the way, now that I recollect it, you will find a copy behind your wig-box; fetch it, and I will read to you a few passages, to show you in what manner the compiler has handled his subject."

The Bachelor, like an obedient husband, went for the book, and gave it to Egeria, who, in opening it, said,

"As the story properly begins with the description of the sack of Jerusalem in the second chapter, we shall take that as the first specimen."

THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.

" Omens and prodigies had long announced that Jehovah was departed from the mercy-seat, but it was not till the 7th day of the month Elul, in the year of the world 4077, (A.D. 73), that the daily sacrifice ceased for ever in the temple. Titus the Roman was desirous that the worship should have been continued; for it was an ancient maxim in the policy of his countrymen, to respect the religious rites while they erased the history of the nations they subdued; but the remnant of our people, who had determined to perish with every thing rather than again submit to the Roman arms, rejected the representations which he made to them on this subject. Seeing them thus resolute, and in possession of the sacred edifice, which they had converted into a fortress, he prosecuted the siege with remorseless vigour. But desperate men, determined on death, resisted him with an energy new to his legions, and laughed to scorn the fury alike of the engines and the soldiery. For six days he endeavoured to batter down the walls which surrounded the temple, but was repulsed, with the loss of many of his bravest troops, and the destruction of their eagles. On the seventh, he set fire to the gates, which were plated with silver, and the flames communicated to the porticoes and galleries; but the besieged within answered to the shouts of the Romans with execrations, and made no attempt to extinguish the burning. Next morning, he ordered the legions to stop the progress of the fire, being still anxious to preserve so glorious a building; and having consulted his council, it was determined that, on the 10th of the next month, a general assault should take place. On the preceding night, however, my countrymen made two sallies, with partial success, which greatly exasperated the Romans; and I observed, from the terrace of the house where I had

witnessed these conflicts, one of the private soldiers, after Titus had retired to take repose, mount on the back of his comrade, and throw a firebrand into one of the windows of the apartments that surrounded the sanctuary. Immediately the whole north side was in a blaze; and the Romans rent the air with acclamations. Titus, surprised by the noise, came running from his tent towards them, and prayed, and threatened, and even struck his men, calling on them to extinguish the flames. But, raging themselves with vengeance against the besieged, they paid no attention to his orders; continuing, on the contrary, to spread the conflagration throughout the whole edifice, and to sacrifice all the unhappy wretches within the reach of their swords.

"Titus, having thus in vain endeavoured to preserve the temple, then entered the sanctuary, and took possession of the consecrated utensils of gold—the candlestick, the altar of incense, and the table of shew-bread; but when he penetrated behind the veil of the most holy place, he was struck with awe, and instantly retired. In the same moment, a soldier applied a torch to the sacred curtain, and the fire furling up for ever the veil of mystery, shewed that the God was not there! The Jews shrieked with horror, and a wail and lamentation spread throughout the city; even the Romans paused in consternation,—but it was only to return to the work of slaughter with redoubled fury.

"From the destruction of the temple the overthrow of the nation may be dated, although possession of the upper town was not obtained till the eighth of the month Elat (September), when, as soon as the work of massacre and pillage was over, Titus ordered his army to demolish the city, with all its structures, palaces, and towers. He left nothing standing but a piece of the western wall, and the three towers of Hippicos, Phasael, and Mariamne; the former to serve as a redoubt to one of his

legions, which he left there to prevent the Jews from re-assembling, and the three latter as monuments to give future ages some idea of the strength of the city, and the valour that was necessary to the conquest. Thus was the bow of Israel for ever broken, and her quiver emptied; and since that time I have wandered among men, like a creature of another state of being, without communion of mind, without sympathy, without participation in any cares, without the hazard of any greater misfortunes, without the hope of any improvement in my solitary lot; a spirit interdicted from entering the social circle, living without any motive to action, my feelings seared up, and my purposes all done. But I felt myself fated to be the deathless witness of the ancient greatness of our holy people, and doomed to represent their homeless and outcast condition, till the terrible cycle of their sufferings be complete, and they again assemble to reign in the land of their fathers.

"When the destruction of the city was completed, Titus ordered a tribunal to be prepared for him in the midst of the ground where he had encamped, and calling his officers around him, he addressed them from that lofty seat; commended their exploits in the siege, and rewarded them, according to their respective rank and merits, with crowns of gold and other precious ornaments. The army applauded this munificence to the skies. He then descended; and the Roman priests who attended the army having provided a number of oxen, a prodigious sacrifice was offered to the idolatrous gods of the Romans, and the remainder was distributed among the soldiery. The following day, leaving the tenth legion to prevent my miserable brethren from returning to the ruins of the city of their fathers, he marched with his army to Cesaria.

"When the main body of the Romans had been thus removed from Jerusalem some time, several of the inha-

bitants, who had been scattered by the issue of the siege, returned to look among the wreck of their habitations for any relics that might yet be found of their former property. One morning, as I was wandering among the ruins, observing these unhappy persons, and burning with indignation at the taunts which they endured from the Roman soldiers, I beheld a ghastly form, clothed in white, and wearing a purple cloak, rising out of the earth in the centre of the spot where the temple once stood. The soldiers, so loud in their derision, were struck with awe at the sight, and stood still for some time, believing that it was a supernatural apparition. Having, however, mustered courage, they approached, and demanded who he was, and what he wanted. But the mysterious being, instead of answering, ordered them to call their captain. I now also advanced, and saw that it was no other than Simon, who had taken so large a share in the revolt against the Romans, and whom it was thought had perished in the burning of the temple. He had, however, concealed himself, with a few of his most devoted followers, in a secret cavern; and, having provided themselves with a stock of provisions, they had there remained until their stores were consumed. Terentius Rufus, the Roman commander, on being informed by the troops, hastened to the spot, and hearing from Simon his name, ordered him to be seized, and sent in chains to grace the triumph of Titus.

"My heart was greatly wrung by the fate of this man; for, although his factious spirit had raised many enemies even among ourselves, none laboured with a more earnest spirit to break those galling shackles with which the Romans had held us in slavery, while they insulted our customs, and endeavoured to destroy the records of our national independence and glorious history. It is true, that by the revolt the nation was dispersed, and our kindred carried into captivity; but Jerusalem fell not

without a struggle. The greatness of the vengeance of Titus bore testimony to the valour of Israel; and the indignities offered to Simon was evidence of the fidelity and enterprise with which he had endeavoured to redeem the independence of the people.

" Seeing the melancholy condition to which Simon was reduced, and having myself no home, I resolved to pass with the captives to Italy; and reached the neighbourhood of Rome on the evening preceding the day appointed for the triumph decreed to Titus.

" Early in the morning, Vespasian the emperor, and Titus, who had rested during the night in the temple of Isis, came out crowned with laurel; and, clothed in the ancient purple robes of their dignity, walked to where a stage, with ivory chairs, had been prepared for them, and where the senate, the magistrates of Rome, and the members of the equestrian order, were assembled. When they had seated themselves, and received the congratulations of these public personages, amidst the acclamation of the soldiers and the people, a solemn sacrifice was offered to their gods, and the whole army feasted, according to the Roman custom, on the choicest portions of the victims. But the triumphal procession I cannot describe: my eyes were dazzled with the splendour, while my spirit mourned for Israel. I have therefore retained but a confused recollection of pictures embroidered by the Babylonians, the images of the Roman gods and of great men carried on superb chariots, and vast machines, towering above the houses, loaded with the richest trophies. I bowed my head to the earth when I beheld the sacred vessels of the holy temple borne along; and heard and saw not that this gorgeous train of ruin was terminated by a person bearing that copy of the law, which had been preserved for so many ages in the hallowed archives of the sanctuary. Soon after, a terrible shout announced that the unfor-

tunate Simon, who had been ignominiously dragged by a rope round his neck, was put to death in the forum.

"The Romans thus gloried in the victories of Titus, thus honoured his achievements, and erected monuments to perpetuate his fame; but the Jews, of all the nations that they subdued, alone preserved the integrity of their ancient character. We were broken, but not destroyed; scattered, but not lost!"

His description of the city of Petræa, and the tribes of Abraham and Aaron is also a striking picture.

ARABIAN ANTIQUITIES.

"When Aulus Cornelius Palma, the Roman governor of Syria, reduced Arabia Petræa to the dominion of the emperor, the capital of the country was still a considerable city, though much declined from its former grandeur. It would seem as if all states and kingdoms, whether great or small, indicate, by a certain visible decay, the approach of their political death; but the city of Petræa, like the wonders of Egypt, possessed a sort of everlasting character, that was calculated to transmit the impress of its ancient kings to an interminable period. Desolation sat weaving in unmolested silence the cobwebs of oblivion in her temples, but Ruin was denied admission.

"The structures of this venerable metropolis have existed from an unknown antiquity. They are the works of the same epoch in which the imperishable fabrics of Egypt and India were constructed; nor can they be destroyed, but by the exertion of a power and perseverance equal to the original labour bestowed on their formation; for they are not built, but hewn, with incredible industry, from the masses and precipices of the living rock.

"We crossed a clear and sparkling rivulet, whose

cool and delicious appearance irresistibly invited our horses to drink; and we halted to indulge them. We were then near one of the chief entrances to the town; but, instead of the busy circumstances which commonly indicate the vicinity of such a place, a solemn silence reigned in the air; while the drowsy chirping of the grasshoppers, and the lulling murmurs of the flowing stream, served as an accompaniment that deepened its awful effect.

"When we had again mounted, we rode forward without speaking; and the first object that attracted our attention was a magnificent mausoleum, the gate of which was open, as if ready for the reception of new offerings to oblivion. Two colossal sphynx stood at each side of the portal; but their forms were defaced, and they seemed to be the monuments of a people that were greater and older than the race of man. We then entered a winding chasm between stupendous precipices, whose overhanging cornices frequently darkened the path below. Above us, at a vast height, it was spanned by the arch of an aqueduct, from a small fissure in which the water was continually dropping; and it sounded in my ears as if the genius of the place was mournfully reckoning the passing moments.

"The sides of this awful passage were in some places hollowed into niches; in others, dark openings into sepulchres yawned, from which a fearful echo within mocked the mortal sound of our passing, with accents so prophetic and oracular, that they thrilled our hearts with superstitious horror; and here and there masses of the rock stood forward from the wall, bearing a mysterious resemblance to living things: but time and ruin has wrapped their sculpture in an irremoveable and eternal veil.

"As we drew near to the termination of this avenue of death and oblivion, a tremendous spectacle of human

folly burst upon our view. It was a temple to Victory, adorned with the pomp of centaurs and lapithæ, and the statue of the goddess, with her wings outspread as if just alighted. It seemed placed there to commemorate the funeral triumphs of Destruction, whose innumerable trophies were displayed on all sides.

" But, although the architects of these works have perished, and their monuments have only outlasted themselves by being formed of a more stubborn substance, the inscrutable memorials of their greatness and power, of their wealth, intelligence, and splendour, still obscurely preserved in the legendary poetry of their descendants, serve to inspire high notions of their refinement; and the ruins of their metropolis bear witness to the truth of this opinion."

" To this curious remark, I would add," said Egeria, " that the genii and the talismans of their tales are, perhaps, but the spectral remembrance of the sages and the science that adorned the remote epochs of those kings by whom the temples and palaces of Petræa were excavated.

" Among other pictures that the wandering Jew gives of ancient manners, his account of the death of Demonax the Cynic, at Athens, may be taken as another specimen of the style of the book."

DEATH OF A CYNIC.

" Demonax was a native of Cyprus, and had resided so long at Athens, that he considered that city as his home. At this time he inhabited a small house in a lane not far from the monument of Lysicrates, close under the cliffs of the Acropolis. His apartment was mean, but kept with neatness, and, being on an elevated situation, the

window commanded a fine view of the temple of the Olympian Jupiter, and other superb edifices, in the hollow along the banks of the Ilyssus, beyond which rose the lofty summits of mount Hymettus.

" His conversation was sharp,—I might justly say invidious; for he had looked narrowly into the motives of mankind, and judged with severity and suspicion. His paternal fortune was considerable, and he might have lived in affluence; but his humour, and the principles of his sect, prevented him from partaking of any luxury.

" In the cool of the evening I sometimes went to converse with him; for he was now exceedingly infirm with age, and could no longer take his wonted walk to the top of the Museum-hill, where, in the shadow of the monument of Philopapas, he was in the practice of discoursing with his friends and disciples.

" One evening when I happened to call, I found him alone, and pensively seated at the window. The air was serene, and the sun, at that moment on the point of setting, threw the shadow of the Acropolis over the city, and as far as the arch of Adrian; but the temple of Jupiter, and the mountain beyond, were still glowing with his departing radiance.

" Demonax did not take any notice of me when I first entered the room, but continued to contemplate the magnificent prospect from his window till the sun sunk beneath the horizon, and the twilight began to invest every object with that sober obscurity, which disposes the mind of the spectator to calm and lowly reflections.

" I sat down unbidden, and looked at the pale and venerable old man in silence. The fading light and the failing life seemed solemnly in unison; and I was touched with a sentiment of inexpressible sadness. When I had been seated some time, Demonax turned round to me, and said, ' I am glad to see you;—this is my last evening.'

" ' How !' exclaimed I ; ' do you then intend to kill yourself ?'

" ' No,' replied he, in his usual testy manner ; ' I am not so tired of life ; but the spirit, vexed with its falling house, is anxious to quit. It is four-and-twenty hours since I have tasted any food ; and, were I now to indulge the craving of that voracious monster, the stomach, I should only voluntarily incur pain ; and I do not wish to go out of the world making ugly faces at those I leave in it, however much they may deserve it.'

" ' But, my friend,' continued the philosopher, assuming a sedate and grave manner, ' I wish to ask you a question. You are a person of much experience, and I have been surprised often at the knowledge you seem to have acquired as a traveller,—Can you tell me what that vain fellow Adrian meant, by erecting yonder sumptuous heap of stones to that something to which we have given the name of Jupiter ? Piety it was not ; for he as little regarded Jupiter as I do the Bull of Memphis.'

" ' It was, no doubt,' said I, ' to perpetuate his name, and to become famous with posterity.'

" ' I thought so,' replied Demonax, with a sarcastic smile ; ' I thought so ;—but, when these marbles are shaken down by time, and converted into mortar by the barbarians that will then inhabit Athens, where will be the renown of Adrian ?'

" ' The works of poets and historians will commemorate his glory ; and by them the fame of his liberality and magnificence will be transmitted to future ages. In that way (said I) Adrian will be rewarded.'

" ' Rewarded !' exclaimed the old man with contempt ; ' poets and historians, I grant you, may speak of them to future ages ; but they also are human, and their voices are circumscribed. There is a circle in the theatre of time beyond which they cannot be heard. The fate of Adrian, and all like him, is this :—the present age ad-

mires his structures; the next will do so too; in the third, the religion to which they were consecrated will be neglected; other temples will then be frequented; these will fall into decay; the priests will desert them,—for the revenues will diminish. The buildings will require repair; the weather will get in; by and by it will be dangerous to enter beneath the roof;—a storm will then put his shoulder to the wreck, or an earthquake will kick it down. The stones will lie more ready to the next race of builders than the marble of Pentilicus. Hammers and hands will help the progress. By this time Athens will have dwindled into a village;—her arts and genius no more;—poets and pilgrims from far countries will come to visit her. They will come again to revive the magnificence of Adrian by their descriptions. But the language in which they write will, in its turn, grow obsolete; and other Adrians and their edifices will arise, to engross the admiration of the world, and to share the fate of ours. Nature ever works in a circle. It is morning, noon, and night;—and then morning comes again. It is Adrian,—renown and neglect;—and then another Adrian. It is birth, life, and death;—and then another takes our place. There is a continual beginning,—continual ending; the same thing over again, and yet still different. But the folly is in thinking, that, by any human effort, the phantom of immortality can be acquired among mankind. It is possible that an individual may spring up with such wonderful talents, as that his name may last on earth five thousand years. But, what are five thousand years, or five millions, or five hundred millions, or any number that computation can reckon, when compared with what has been and is to be?'

"In saying these words, the philosopher appeared worn out, and almost on the point of expiring. I rose hastily to bring him a little water; but, before I had

done so, he somewhat recruited, and told me that he would not belie the principles on which he had so long acted, by accepting of any assistance from another. He then rose, and, tottering towards a pallet of straw covered with a piece of hair-cloth, stretched himself down, and ordered me peevishly to go away. 'I will return in the morning, and see how you are,' said I, in taking leave.—'No, don't,' said he; 'do not come till the evening, by which time I shall have become a nuisance, and the neighbours will be glad to assist you to put me in a hole.' Next day he was dead.

"It was evident (observes our author) that Demonax felt very much like other men, notwithstanding his apparent indifference; for I noticed, on leaving the room, that he followed me with his eye, with a languid and pathetic cast, that expressed more than words could have done; but I could not disturb his last moments by any attempt to violate the principles of his philosophy."

"But," resumed Egeria, "I think the Jew's account of the state of authors and publications in the third century is still better than this."

AUTHORS.

"The suppers of Toxotius are the most delightful repasts in Rome. Every man of celebrity is welcome to them; and the accomplishments of the host, though neither superior nor interesting, qualify him so well to conduct conversation agreeably, that all his guests are afforded an opportunity of appearing to advantage, by speaking on the subjects with which they are best acquainted. In other houses, men of greater talent are occasionally met with than the generality of those who frequent the table of this amiable man; but they are there either on business, or to gratify the vanity of the feast-giver.

"Last night we were gratified by the publication of

a new book—a short account of the Life of Maximinus, by a young man who evinced considerable ability. Toxotius gave a special banquet on the occasion, and invited a numerous assemblage of his friends; for he was desirous to obtain their patronage for the author. The best public reader in Rome was engaged, for the author himself was too diffident to do justice in that way to his work before so large a company; and, in order that nothing might be wanting to give due eclat to the publication, the manuscript had been carefully perused by the reader some time before.

"The history was written with commendable brevity, and no one disputed the correctness of the facts, or the views which the author took of the principal incidents; but he dwelt too strongly on the transactions of Maximinus after he became emperor; and it was generally thought that he adopted too much of the vulgar opinion respecting his strength, appetites, and ferocity.

"The reader acquitted himself so well, that he was much applauded at the conclusion; and the friends of Toxotius expressed themselves so pleased with the book, that the author was requested to furnish them with copies; and, that he might be able to employ the most elegant penmen, they presented him with a very liberal contribution of money.

"During the time of the reading, the author watched the faces of the company with great anxiety, and was often apparently much distressed, by the curious and inquisitive looks which were from time to time cast towards him, when his expressions were not exactly according to the rules of approved taste, or his statements not in unison with the common opinion. It was, however, of great use to him to undergo this trial, painful as it no doubt was; for it enabled him to see where he failed in producing due effect, and to correct his text and narrative before committing the work to the penman."

"Among other interesting events which Hareach is supposed to have witnessed is the ceremony of the opening of the Sibylline Books, during that disastrous epoch of the fortunes of Rome, when, it is said, no less than thirty pretenders to the imperial dignity started in different provinces, at the head of as many armies. Revolt and invasion resounded on all sides, and frightful portents and calamities seemed to indicate that universal nature sympathised with the political convulsions which shook the Roman world. The sun was overcast with blackness, and a preternatural night continued for the space of several days, attended with peals of thunder, not in the air, but in the bowels of the earth, which opened in many places, and swallowed up towns and villages, with all their inhabitants. The sea swelled above its boundaries, and drowned whole cities, and a pestilence raged in Egypt, Greece, and Italy. These tremendous visitations of Divine wrath had an awful effect on the populace of Rome; and the description which Hareach gives of the opening of the Sibylline books, may be extracted as the final act of national adoration paid in Italy to the genius of the classic mythology."

THE SIBYLLINE BOOKS.

"It is now the third day, and the sun has not appeared. The clouds hang so low, that they seem to rest like masses of black marble on the roofs of the city. It is not darkness, but an obscurity much more terrible, that fills the whole air, for still all things are visible,—as distinctly so as in the brightest sunshine; but they are covered with an ashy-coloured wanness, that is the more appalling, as no light can be seen from whence it proceeds.

" The Christians expect the day of judgment, and are at prayers openly; and the magistrates tremble and forbear to enforce the edicts against them. The senate has assembled, and, unable to apply any authority to repress the menaces of God and Nature, decrees that the books of the sibyls shall be consulted.

" The preparatory sacrifices are slain, and the offerings to Jupiter laid upon the altar. A prodigious multitude of all ranks and ages has assembled round the capitol, and in the streets leading to the temple of Apollo, where the books were deposited by Augustus.

" It is announced that the sacrifice is consumed. The portals of the capitol are thrown open; and the senators in their robes, in the great chamber, are standing to receive the books. All is profound silence;—the priests and vestal virgins approach;—the crowd fall on their knees as the procession passes; and the senators, with their hands crossed on their bosoms, bend forward with reverence, as in the presence of a coming God.

" On a golden salver, borne on the head of a child, and covered with a veil that conceals the face of the bearer, is the sacred casket which contains the prophetic volumes. The chief of the college, with whom they are deposited, and who alone can read the venerable language in which they are written, walks reverentially behind.

" The priests and vestals form a lane, from the porch of the capitol and down the stairs beyond the bottom of the hill, and the child and the interpreter ascending to the hall of the senators, the ranks close, and follow them up the steps.

" The procession has filled the area of the hall;—the veil is raised by Faustinius;—the casket is opened;—and the volumes are unfolded.

" The countenance of the consul is pale with anxiety and dread. The pontiff, who explores the books, searches them in vain. The last of the three volumes is in his

hand, and every eye is fixed on him as he turns over the leaves; but he returns it also into the casket with a sorrowful look, and Faustinius covers it with the veil.—In the same moment, a dreadful clap of thunder was followed by a sudden shuddering of the earth, and the doors of the capitol were closed with tremendous violence by a blast of cold and furious wind. The multitude, horror-struck by the thunder and the earthquake, fled in all directions; and the senators, priests, augurs, and vestal virgins, no less terrified, came rushing from the doors and windows, and precipitated themselves down the steps as if driven out of the building by some avenging demon. It was soon known, that, although this was but the effect of fear, inspired by the convulsions of Nature, the prophetic wisdom of the Sibylline books offered no consolation to the public despair. The report indeed is, that they are all blank, the writing having entirely vanished from the pages, and this the Christians suppose indicates, that the end of the world is come; while the idolators consider it as the evidence of the Gods having abandoned the protection of Rome."

"You see," said Egeria, "that it is a very curious book, and may aspire to be ranked with those works of which the authors display at least some research and reading."

"The description of the last day of the Roman sovereignty is sketched as for a painting. I should not be surprised were Balshazzar Martin to take it up."

THE LAST DAY OF THE ROMANS.

"Odoacer has acted with more moderation than was expected from the fierceness of his character. He has spared the life of Augustulus, the young emperor; but has confined him for the present to the castle of Lucul-

kanum, after, however, stripping him of all the imperial insignia.

" He entered the city last night, and has taken possession of the palace. A vague rumour is abroad this morning, that he intends to assume the imperial dignity himself, and will re-assemble the senate. But some doubt the truth of this opinion; alleging, how can he wear the purple but as commander of the Roman armies?

" Many of the senators have been to the palace, and were received by him with respectful civility; but his conversation related to indifferent topics, and he did not recognise them as possessing any other rank than the common herd of the nobility. This has damped their expectation exceedingly; and they begin to fear that he entertains some undivulged project, fatal to their ancient dignity.

" A great sensation has been excited throughout the city. The heralds of Odoacer, in their garbs of ceremony, attended by a sumptuous retinue of his guards, have gone towards the Capitol. The whole population of Rome is rushing in that direction. It is a fearful crowd; the high-born and the ignoble, the freeman and the slave, all who have part or interest in the fate of the eternal city,—are animated by one sentiment, and press forward to hear the proclamation of Odoacer.

" I obtained by accident a favourable place, on the pedestal of a broken statue, for hearing the heralds. The soldiers lined the stairs ascending to the portico, and they made a gay and glittering appearance; the skies were overcast with masses of black clouds, but a splendid burst of sunshine fell on them, and they shone as it were in glorious contrast to the Romans, who were obscured with the shadows of the clouds. The assembled crowd was prodigious. The whole space around the foot of the hill, and as far as the eye could reach along the streets in every direction, was a mosaic of human faces.

It was an appalling sight to look on such a multitude. It was, as when the waters are out, and the landmarks are flooded, and a wide deluge overspreads the wonted bounds of the river. The slightest simultaneous action of so many thousands seemed, by its own physical mass, capable of treading into dust the conqueror and all his armies; but nothing could more effectually demonstrate the entire extinction of the Roman spirit, than the mercurial fluidity of this enormous multitude.

"Some little time passed before the chief herald was in readiness to read the proclamation. He at first ascended to the portico of the building, seemingly with the intention of reading it there; but, on some observations from the officer who commanded the guard, he returned between the ranks of the soldiers, about half way down the steps. At this moment a loud rushing sound rose from the crowd; and, when he had taken his station, the trumpets sounded a solemn flourish. My eye involuntarily turned towards the capitol, where, for so many ages, the oracle of the Roman people had proclaimed slavery and degradation to the kingdoms of the earth. It was in ruins. The roof, which had not been repaired since it was stripped of its golden covering by Genseric, had fallen in in several places.

"The trumpets ceased; there was a profound silence; and the herald, with a loud voice, proclaimed Odoacer king of Italy, without even mentioning the Roman name. An awful response rose from the multitude. It was not a sigh, nor a murmur, nor a sound like any thing I had ever before heard; but a deep and dreadful sob, as if some mighty life had in that ultimate crisis expired. It subdued the soldiers of Odoacer; and I saw them look at one another and grow pale, as if chilled with supernatural fear. The very flesh crawled on my own bones; and it was with difficulty that my faltering knees sustained me where I stood.

"But this sublime paroxysm did not last long. The soldiers soon recovered their wonted self-possession, and cried out, 'Long live Odoacer, king of Italy!' to which the crowd, as if suddenly transmuted from the Roman into another character, answered, with a magnificent shout, that reverberated through the empty halls of the Capitol, 'Odoacer, king of Italy!' Thus was the very name of Rome expunged from the sovereignties of the world; and all her glory, her greatness, and her crimes, reduced to an epitaph."

CHAP. XIV.

NEGLECTED POETS.

Our Bachelor and his Egeria seldom differed in opinion, but when, as such things sometimes happen in the best-regulated families, a discord chanced to disturb the harmony of their conjugal duets,—if the gentleman was ever positively in the right, the lady certainly was rarely in the wrong. The only occasion on which any thing like a durable controversy arose between them, was one evening when, conversing, with their wonted taste and acumen, on the comparative merits of the ancient and modern poets of England, the nymph remarked, that no improvement had been made in our poetical phraseology since the age of Shakspeare, notwithstanding the manifest advancement of the language generally for every other purpose of communication.

"I do not know," said she, "any poet of our own time that, in the music of his numbers, excels Richard Lovelace for example, especially in those effusions which he appears to have written from the immediate impulse of his feelings. Tommy Moore himself has given us nothing more melodious than some of his songs; indeed, the Irish bard, with all his tenderness, is not often so truly impassioned. I wonder that the musical composers, who seem so sadly at a loss for tolerable verses, and who waste so much of their tuneful sweetness on the rancid rhymes of the lamplighting muses of the green-room, never think of applying to those amiable unfortunates, the neglected poets. I am sure that Bishop can find nothing more worthy of his best music than the following pretty little song by Lovelace."

TO LUCASTA.

"Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast, and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

True; a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And, with a stronger faith, embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such,
As you, too, shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more."

"But although song-writing, particularly of the [illegible] strain, was, without question, the forte of

Lovelace, many of his other poems possess a high degree of beauty. His address to the grasshopper is singularly elegant, and so sprinkled over with the sparkling dew of true poetical sensibility, that it requires only to be once read to be ever after remembered, and referred to as one of the happiest specimens of the poetry of fancy."

TO THE GRASSHOPPER.

" O thou that swing'st upon the waving hair
Of some well-filled oaten beard,
Drunk every night with a delicious tear,
Dropp'd thee from heav'n, where now thou'rt rear'd.

The joys of earth and air are thine entire,
That with thy feet and wings dost hop and fly;
And, when thy poppy works, thou dost retire
To thy carved acorn-bed to lie.

Up with the day, the sun thou welcom'st then,
Sport'st in the gilt-plats of his beams,
And all these merry days mak'st merry men,
Thyself, and melancholy streams.

But ah, the sickle! golden ears are cropp'd;
Ceres and Bacchus bid good night;
Sharp frosty fingers all your flow'rs have topp'd,
And what scythes spared, winds shave off quite.

Poor verdant fool! and now, green ice, thy joys
Large and as lasting as thy perch of grass,
Bid us lay in 'gainst winter, rain, and poise
Their floods with an o'erflowing glass."

" And the little ode addressed to the rose is also

as sweet and fanciful as any thing of the kind that the best of our bards have since written."

TO THE ROSE.

"Sweet, serene, sky-like flower,
Haste to adorn her bower:
From thy long cloudy bed
Shoot forth thy damask head.

* * * *

Vermilion ball that's given
From lip to lip in heaven;
Love's couch's coverlid:
Haste, haste, to make her bed.

* * * *

See! rosy is her bower,
Her floor is all this flower;
Her bed a rosy nest,
By a bud of roses prest."

"I acknowledge," replied Benedict, "that these are very pretty things; and I am, like you, a little disposed to wonder how compositions of so much merit should have fallen so entirely into oblivion, as to be only known to a few bookworms. I suppose it must be owing to a little degree of quaintness,—I would almost say pedantry, which makes the language and imagery not sound quite so pleasantly to our ears as it did to those of our ancestors, when that sort of style was more in unison with the ideas and sentiments then in fashion."

"Ah!" said Egeria, "that is just the way that all the moderns depreciate the merits of their prede-

cessors. They never think how their own paltry performances will be considered hereafter, but set up a standard of excellence, formed according to a narrow scale of their own, by which they have themselves worked, and will not even allow the grace of success, in having written fashionably according to the taste of the times, to authors who have declined from popularity, although to have written so was nevertheless merit. I scarcely know of one eminent writer, for whom the bad taste of his age is alleged in extenuation of his faults, but Shakspeare; and yet, considering the singular judgment and good sense of that great poet, one should have thought that there was less excuse for him than for his inferiors. But, after all the clatter and criticism that we hear of the Elizabethan age, I hope that some independent editor will yet arise to do justice to the writers of the early part of Charles I.'s reign, particularly to the poets, of whom we never hear mention made, and seldom meet with a quotation. The works of Carew are in themselves a rich treasury of pleasing passages. The following song, in the peculiar fashion of that time, I am sure you will acknowledge, even with the defects of that fashion, is remarkably beautiful."

"Would you know what's soft? I dare
Not bring you to the down or air;
Nor to stars to show what's bright;
Nor to snow to teach you white.

Nor, if you would music hear,
Call the orbs to take your ear;
Nor to please your sense bring forth
Bruised nard, or what's more worth.

Or on food were your thoughts placed,
Bring you nectar for a taste:
Would you have all these in one,
Name my mistress, and 'tis done."

"And this other is still more curiously elegant."

SONG.

"Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauties' orient deep,
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither doth stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For in pure love heaven did prepare
Those powders, to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale when May is past;
For in your sweet dividing throat,
She winters and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more, if east or west
The Phœnix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies."

"And where will you find a sweeter pastoral, than this sylvan dialogue between a shepherd and a nymph?"

"*Shep.* This mossy bank they press'd. *Nym.* That aged oak
Did canopy the happy pair
All night from the damp air.

Cho. Here let us sit and sing the words they spoke,
Till the day breaking their embraces broke.
Shep. See, love, the blushes of the morn appear,
And now she hangs her pearly store,
(Robb'd from the eastern shore,)
I' th' cowslip's bell, and rose's ear:
Sweet, I must stay no longer here.

Nym. Those streaks of doubtful light usher not day,
But show my sun must set; no morn
Shall shine till thou return;
The yellow planets, and the gray
Dawn, shall attend thee on thy way.

Shep. If thine eyes gild my paths, they may forbear
Their useless shine. *Nym.* My tears will quite
Extinguish their faint light.
Shep. Those drops will make their beams more clear,
Love's flames will shine in ev'ry tear.

Cho. They kiss'd and wept; and from their lips and eyes,
In a mix'd dew of briny sweet,
Their joys and sorrows meet;
But she cries out. *Nym.* Shepherd, arise,
The sun betrays us else to spies.

Shep. The winged hours fly fast, whilst we embrace;
But when we want their help to meet,
They move with leaden feet.
Nym. Then let us pinion time, and chase
The day for ever from this place.

Shep. Hark! *Nym.* Ay, me, stay! *Shep.* For ever.
Nym. No, arise,
We must be gone. *Shep.* My nest of spice.
Nym. My soul. *Shep.* My paradise.

Cho. Neither could say farewell, but through their eyes
Grief interrupted speech with tears supplies."

"Carew possessed naturally but little humour; but there is a dignified, pleasing, sly gravity in the lines upon Lord Chief Justice Finch, on paying his addresses to Lady Anne Wentworth. It possesses, moreover, Benedict, what you so much admire, a sort of classical air, which, by the way, is rather a stiffishness of manner than an excellence."

"Read the poem," said the Bachelor, and the Nymph read,—

"Hear this, and tremble all
Usurping beauties, that create
A government tyrannical
In love's free state;
Justice hath to the sword of your edged eyes
His equal balance join'd, his sage lies
In love's soft lap, which must be just and wise.

Hark how the stern law breathes
Forth amorous sighs, and now prepares
No fetters, but of silken wreaths
And braided hairs;
His dreadful rods and axes are exiled
Whilst he sits crown'd with roses: Love hath filed
His native roughness, Justice is grown mild.

The golden age returns,
Love's bow and quiver useless lie;
His shaft, his brand, nor wounds nor burns,
And cruelty
Is sunk to hell: the fair shall all be kind;
Who loves shall be beloved, the froward mind
To a deformed shape shall be confined.

Astræa hath possest
An earthly seat, and now remains
In Finch's heart, but Wentworth's breast
That guest contains:
With her she dwells, yet hath not left the skies,
Nor lost her sphere, for, new-enthroned, she cries,
I know no heaven but fair Westworth's eyes."

CHAP. XV.

THE EXCOMMUNICANT.

One morning, after a long debate in the House of Commons on the Catholic question, the Nymph and the Bachelor fell into conversation in reading the report of the speeches in the Morning Chronicle.—"I think," said she, "that none of the orators venture to touch the marrow of this important subject."

"How! what do you mean?" replied Benedict, anticipating, from the tone in which she had made the remark, something paradoxical,—"what other marrow is there in the subject, than that the law as it stands deprives millions of their undoubted political rights?"

"The law as it stands, you ought rather to say, prevents those millions from disturbing public affairs, merely because such is the state and circumstances of their minds, that they can neither reason nor exercise their judgment like other men.—There can be

no emancipation of the Catholic but by himself.—He should show that he is as free a moral agent as the rest of the species, before he can hope that they will permit him to take a part in their common affairs."

"In what way," said the Bachelor, "are they to do this? I am sure in all things the Roman Catholic shows himself as much a man, and as good a subject, as any other Christian."

"He does no such thing," replied the Nymph, somewhat fervently, at hearing her beloved repeat this stale assertion. "In the first place, he acknowledges a power to reside in other men, which, were he in a condition to exercise his judgment freely, he would feel himself obliged to confess is not consistent with human nature. I mean the priestly remission of sin;—and, moreover, in believing the irrational doctrine of transubstantiation, he denies the evidence of his own senses. Now, what sort of confidence should we be disposed to give to a person, who asserted that he was intrusted with supernatural powers, and maintained that fire was ice,—treating with contempt the opinion, that supernatural power can never be possessed by man, and asserting that all deserved eternal perdition who did not believe that the fire which he called ice, in despite of the sensations of touch and vision, was ice?"

"But not to grow polemical," interrupted the Bachelor,—"those sort of absurdities are mere speculative opinions, and as such have probably as little influence on the conduct of the Catholic as any theoretical dogma whatever has on that of the more philosophical Protestant. It is therefore hard, that

men should be denied their birthright, because they happen to be a little fantastical in their metaphysics."

"You have hit the mark," replied the Nymph briskly; "The Catholic is just so much more fantastical in his opinions than the Protestant, that it is not fit he should be allowed all the freedom of the Protestant. He is only mad a point or two more: I concede as much. But how much more insane than the heir at law was the Earl of Portsmouth, whom a jury the other day declared incapable of managing his affairs like other men? Besides, the whole history of Catholicism is a continued demonstration, that it is founded on a depravation of human reason. But only last night I was reading in Fordun, the Scottish historian, an adventure of St Augustine, that I am sure no moderate Catholic of the present day can peruse without feeling, at least, awkwardly, if not ashamed, that his church should countenance such fables."

ST AUGUSTINE.

"When the blessed Augustine," says Fordun, "was preaching the divine word to the Gentiles, according to his custom, he came to a village in the county of Oxford, six miles distant from a place celebrated at this time, and called Vudiflix Cumentona; there came to him a priest of the same town, saying, 'Reverend father and lord, I inform your holiness that the lord of this property, though by me admonished with many exhortations, will never consent to pay to the holy church of God the tithe of those things which the celestial bounty has conferred upon him. Moreover, having often threatened him with sentence of excommunication, I find him more rebellious and obstinate than before: let your

holiness therefore see what is to be done.' When St Augustine heard this, he made the soldier be brought before him, and said, What is this that I hear of thee? O son, wherefore do you refuse to render tithes to God, the giver of all good things, and to the holy church? Are you ignorant that they are not yours but God's? Therefore do thou with a ready and willing mind pay thankfully thy debt to Almighty God, lest the severe sentence of a rigorous judge should in the following year take from thee for thine obstinacy, that from whence thou shouldst pay it. At this the soldier being irritated, with the spur of anger, replied to the man of God: Who, said he, cultivated the land? who supplied the seed for it? who caused the ripe corn to be cut down? was it not I? All men therefore may know that he who has the nine sheafs shall have the tenth also. To whom St Augustine, Speak not thus, my son! for I would not have thee ignorant, that if thou refusest to give thy tithes, according to the custom of the faithful and the tradition of the holy fathers, without doubt I shall excommunicate thee. And this being said, he turned to the Lord's table, that he might celebrate divine service. And he said before all the people, with a loud voice, On the part of God, I command that no excommunicated person presume to be present at the solemnities of mass. Which when he had said, a thing marvellous and unheard of in former ages happened. For in the very entrance of the church a buried corpse arose, and going out of the cemetery, stood there immovable, as long as the holy man was celebrating the solemnities of mass. Which when he had concluded, the faithful who were then present, being made almost beside themselves, came trembling to the blessed pontiff, and related what had befallen. To whom he said, Fear not! but let the standard of the cross of the Lord go before us, and holy water also, and let us see what this may be which is

shown us. So the pious pastor preceding, the affrighted sheep of Christ went with him to the entrance of the burial place, and seeing the black and hideous corpse, he said, I command you in the name of the Lord, that you tell me who you are, and wherefore you come here to delude the people of Christ? To whom the corpse made answer, I have not come here to affright the people, neither to deceive them, most holy father Augustine; but when on the part of God you commanded, that no excommunicated person should be present at the solemnities of mass, then the angels of God, who always are the companions of your journeys, cast me from the place where I was buried, saying, that Augustine, the friend of God, had commanded the stinking flesh to be cast out of the church. For in the time of the Britons, before the fury of the heathen Angles had laid waste this kingdom, I was the patron of this town: and, although I was admonished often by the priest of this church, yet I never would consent to give my tithes; but at last, being condemned by him in the sentence of excommunication, ah! me miserable! in the midst of these things I was cut off, and being buried in the place from whence I have now risen, I delivered up my soul to the infernal demons, continually to be tormented with hell fires. Then all who were present wept when they heard this: and the saint himself, plentifully bedewing his face with tears, and manifesting the great grief of his heart by frequent sighs, said to him, Knowest thou the place where the priest who excommunicated thee was buried? He answered that he knew it well, and that he had his grave in that same cemetery. Augustine said, Go before us then, and show us the place.

"The dead man then went before, and came to a certain place nigh unto the church, where there appeared no sign of any sepulchre, the bishop and all the people following him. And he said with a clear voice, Behold

the spot, dig here, if it please you, and you will find the bones of the priest concerning whom you ask. Then by command of the pontiff they began to dig, and at length they found a few bones buried very deep in the ground, and by reason of the length of time turned green. But the servant of God inquired if these were the bones of the priest, and the dead man answered, Yes, father. Then St Augustine, having poured forth a long prayer, said, To the end that all may know, that life and death are in the hands of our Lord, to whom nothing is impossible, I say unto thee in his name, Brother, arise! we have need of thee! O marvellous thing, and unheard of by human ears! at the command of the devout priest, all they who were present saw the dust unite itself to dust, and the bones join together with nerves, and thus at last an animated human form raised from the grave. And the blessed man, when he stood before him, said, Knowest thou this person, brother? He made answer, I know him, father, and wish that I had not known him. The benevolent priest rejoined, Hast thou bound him with an anathema? I have bound him, he replied, and worthily, according to his deserts; for he was a rebel in all things against the holy church: he was always a withholder of his tithes, and moreover, a perpetrator of many crimes even to the last day of his life. Then the man of God, Augustine, groaned deeply, and said, Brother, thou knowest that the mercy of God is upon all his works! therefore it behoves us also to have compassion upon the creature and image of God, redeemed by his precious blood, who now for so long a time shut up in a dark prison has endured infernal punishments. Then he delivered to him a whip, and the corpse kneeling before him, and asking absolution with tears, the dead man absolved the dead man, through the great bounty of the grace of God, for manifesting the merits of his servant Augustine. When he was thus absolved, the

saint commanded him that he should return to the sepulchre, and there await the last day in peace. He forthwith returning to the place from whence he had been seen to rise, entered the grave, and quickly was resolved into dust and ashes. Then said the saint to the priest, How long hast thou lain here? He answered, An hundred and fifty years, and more. How, said he, hath it been with thee until this time? Well, he replied, I have been placed in the joys of our Lord, and present in the delight of eternal life. Wouldst thou, said Augustine, that I should pray to our common Lord, that you may return to us again, and sowing with us the seeds of the gospel, bring back to their Creator souls which have been deceived by diabolical fraud? Far be it from you, O venerable father, he replied, that you should disturb my soul, and make me return to this laborious and painful life. O great and entire confidence in the mercy of God! O glorious consciousness of a most excellent heart, which doubted not that God was so powerful, and merciful, and that himself had deserved so much, that he should deign by him to perform so magnificent a miracle! This, peradventure, may seem impossible to those who believe that any thing can be impossible to God: yet it can be a doubt to none, that unless it had been for great miracles, the stubborn necks of the English would never have submitted to the yoke of Christ. But the blessed Augustine, seeing that the priest would not consent to come again into the ways of this life, said, Go, dearest brother, and remain for a long term of years in peace, and pray for me, and for the universal holy church of God. And the priest entered into the sepulchre, and presently was turned into dust and ashes. Then the holy bishop, turning to the soldier, said to him, Son, how is it now? Do you consent to render your tithes to God, or are you disposed to continue in your obstinacy? But the soldier fell at his feet,

trembling, and weeping, and crying, and confessing his guilt, and imploring forgiveness. And having forsaken all other things, he cut off his hair, and followed the blessed Augustine all the days of his life, as the author of his salvation. And being thus made perfect in all purity of mind and body, he closed his last day, and entered the joys of eternal felicity, to live without end."

CHAP. XVI.

SOTHEBY'S SAUL.

"WELL, after all that has been lectured by criticism," said Egeria one evening, about an hour after tea, laying down Mr Sotheby's poem of Saul, "it certainly is not in the thought and conception, but in the expression and the execution, that the excellence of poetry consists. This work, both in point of thought and conception, possesses many beautiful passages; but in general their expression and execution seldom exceed mediocrity. For example, I do not know a finer idea in any poem than Mr Sotheby's theory, if we may use the expression, of Saul's frenzy. He supposes the unhappy king to be haunted by a spectre, which successively assumes his own form and character, as in the days of his pastoral innocence, and tortures him with the afflicting contrast of those blameless times, before he had known the cares of royalty or felt the pangs of remorse. But, though elegantly versified, it lacks of the energy and simplicity of natural feeling. The first form in which

the demon appears, is that of a beautiful youth in shepherd's weeds, who addresses the entranced monarch in these polished strains:"—

" Up from thy couch of wo, and join my path;
And I will wreath thy favourite crook with flowers.
Lo! this thy crook, which from the flinty cleft
Sprung wild, where many a gurgling streamlet fell.
Pleasant the spot wherein the sapling grew;
And pleasant was the hour, when o'er the rill
Thy fancy shaped its pliant growth; 'twas spring!
Sweet came its fragrance from the vale beneath,
Strew'd with fresh blossoms, shed from almond bowers.
Still blooms the almond bower: the fragrance still
Floats on the gale: still gush the crystal rills,
And Cedron rolls its current musical.
Why droop'st thou here disconsolate and sad?
Look up! the glad hills cast the snow aside;
The rain is past, the fresh flow'rs paint the field:
Each little bird calls to his answering mate;
The roes bound o'er the mountains. Haste away!
Up from thy couch, and join my gladsome path,
Where shepherds carol on the sunshine lawn!"
' I come, I come, fair angel,' Saul exclaims.
' Give me my shepherd's weeds—my pipe—my crook;
Aid me to cast these cumbrous trappings off.
Yet stay;'—but swift at once the vision gone
Mocks him, evanishing. Groans then, and sighs,
And bitterness of anguish, such as felt
Of him, who on Helvetia's heights, a boy,
Sung to the Alpine lark; and saw, beneath,
Prone cataracts, and silver lakes, and vales
Romantic; and now paces his night-watch,
Hoar veteran, on the tented field. Not him,
Fresh slaughter fuming on the plain,—not him
The groan of death, familiar to his ear,

Disquiet: but if, haply heard, the breeze
Bring from the distant mountain low of kine,
With pipe of shepherd leading on his flock
To fold; oh then, on his remembrance rush
Those days so sweet; that roof, beneath the rock,
Which cradled him when sweeping snow-storms burst;
And those within, the peaceful household hearth,
With all its innocent pleasures. Him, far off,
Regret consumes, and inly-wasting grief,
That knows no solace, till in life's last hour,
When, o'er his gaze, in trance of bliss, once more
Helvetia and her piny summits float.'"

"Mr Sotheby's description of the approach of Saul and his guards to the camp of the twelve tribes is magnificent."

"Hark! hark! the clash and clang
Of shaken cymbals cadencing the pace
Of martial movement regular: the swell
Sonorous of the brazen trump of war;
Shrill twang of harps, sooth'd by melodious chime
Of beat on silver bars; and sweet, in pause
Of harsher instrument, continuous flow
Of breath, through flutes, in symphony with song,
Choirs, whose match'd voices fill'd the air afar
With jubilee, and chant of triumph hymn:
And ever and anon irregular burst
Of loudest acclamation, to each host
Saul's stately advance proclaim'd. Before him, youths
In robes succinct for swiftness: oft they struck
Their staves against the ground, and warn'd the throng
Backward to distant homage. Next, his strength
Of chariots roll'd with each an armed band;
Earth groan'd afar beneath their iron wheels:
Part arm'd with scythe for battle, part adorn'd

For triumph. Nor there wanting a led train
Of steeds in rich caparison, for show
Of solemn entry. Round about the king,
Warriors, his watch and ward, from every tribe
Drawn out. Of these a thousand each selects,
Of size and comeliness above their peers,
Pride of their race. Radiant their armour: some
In silver cased, scale over scale, that play'd
All pliant to the litheness of the limb;
Some mail'd in twisted gold, link within link
Flexibly ring'd and fitted, that the eye
Beneath the yielding panoply pursued,
When act of war the strength of man provoked,
The motion of the muscles, as they work'd
In rise and fall. On each left thigh a sword
Swung in the broider'd baldric: each right hand
Grasp'd a long shadowing spear. Like them, their chiefs
Array'd; save on their shields of solid ore,
And on their helm, the graver's toil had wrought
Its subtlety in rich device of war:
And o'er their mail, a robe, Punicean dye,
Gracefully play'd; where the wing'd shuttle, shot
By cunning of Sidonian virgins, wove
Broidure of many-coloured figures rare.
Bright glow'd the sun, and bright the burnish'd mail
Of thousands ranged, whose pace to song kept time;
And bright the glare of spears, and gleam of crests,
And flaunt of banners flashing to and fro
The noon-day beam. Beneath their coming, earth
Wide glitter'd. Seen afar, amidst the pomp,
Gorgeously mail'd, but more by pride of port
Known, and superior stature, than rich trim
Of war and regal ornament, the king,
Throned in triumphal car, with trophies graced,
Stood eminent. The lifting of his lance
Shone like a sunbeam. O'er his armour flow'd

A robe, imperial mantle, thickly starr'd
With blaze of orient gems; the clasp, that bound
Its gather'd folds his ample chest athwart,
Sapphire; and o'er his casque, where rubies burnt,
A cherub flamed, and waved his wings in gold."

"The song of the virgins is also written with spirit and elegance."

"Daughters of Israel! praise the Lord of Hosts!
Break into song! with harp and tabret lift
Your voices up, and weave with joy the dance:
And to your twinkling footsteps toss aloft
Your arms; and from the flash of cymbals shake
Sweet clangor, measuring the giddy maze.
Shout ye! and ye! make answer, Saul hath slain
His thousands; David his ten thousands slain.
Sing a new song. I saw them in their rage,
I saw the gleam of spears, the flash of swords,
That rang against our gates. The warder's watch
Ceased not. Tower answer'd tower: a warning voice
Was heard without; the cry of wo within!
The shriek of virgins, and the wail of her,
The mother, in her anguish, who fore-wept,
Wept at the breast her babe, as now no more.
Shout ye! and ye! make answer, Saul hath slain
His thousands; David his ten thousands slain.
Sing a new song. Spake not th' insulting foe?
I will pursue, o'ertake, divide the spoil.
My hand shall dash their infants on the stones:
The ploughshare of my vengeance shall draw out
The furrow, where the tower and fortress rose.
Before my chariot Israel's chiefs shall clank
Their chains. Each side, their virgin daughters groan;
Erewhile to weave my conquest on their looms.
Shout ye! and ye! make answer, Saul hath slain
His thousands; David his ten thousands slain.

Thou heard'st, O God of battle! Thou, whose look
Knappeth the spear in sunder. In thy strength
A youth, thy chosen, laid their champion low.
Saul, Saul pursues, o'ertakes, divides the spoil;
Wreaths round our necks these chains of gold, and robes
Our limbs with floating crimson. Then rejoice,
Daughters of Israel! from your cymbals shake
Sweet clangor, hymning God, the Lord of Hosts!
Ye! shout! and ye! make answer, Saul hath slain
His thousands; David his ten thousands slain.
Such the hymn'd harmony, from voices breath'd
Of virgin-minstrels, of each tribe the prime
For beauty, and fine form, and artful touch
Of instrument, and skill in dance and song;
Choir answering choir, that on to Gibeah led
The victors back in triumph. On each neck
Play'd chains of gold; and, shadowing their charms
With colour like the blushes of the morn,
Robes, gift of Saul, round their light limbs, in toss
Of cymbals, and the many-mazed dance,
Floated like roseate clouds. Thus these came on
In dance and song: then multitudes that swell'd
The pomp of triumph, and in circles ranged
Around the altar of Jehovah, brought
Freely their offerings; and with one accord
Sang, 'Glory, and praise, and worship, unto God.'
Loud rang the exultation. 'Twas the voice
Of a free people, from impending chains
Redeem'd: a people proud, whose bosom beat
With fire of glory and renown in arms,
Triumphant. Loud the exultation rang.
There, many a wife, whose ardent gaze from far
Singled the warrior, whose glad eye gave back
Her look of love. There, many a grandsire held
A blooming boy aloft, and midst th' array

In triumph, pointing with his staff, exclaim'd,
'Lo, my brave son! I now may die in peace.'
There, many a beauteous virgin, blushing deep,
Flung back her veil, and, as the warrior came,
Hail'd her betroth'd. But chiefly on one alone
All dwelt."

CHAP. XVII.

AFRICAN SKETCHES.

"I WISH," said Egeria, one evening after Benedict had come home to their chambers in the Paper Buildings, from his nightly potched egg and pint of Burton at Offley's, "that some judicious editor would compile a volume of striking passages from the different numerous publications which we have recently had respecting Africa. It is impossible to read them all;—indeed it would be a task like that of crossing the deserts to attempt it, so many pages are filled with arid and uninteresting details; and yet I am not aware of any class of books which contain more new and curious matter concerning man, than the works of the African travellers. This evening I have been looking over Burckhardt's Travels in Nubia, which, though far from being an entertaining performance, would, nevertheless, furnish several agreeable and impressive sketches.—Take, for example, his account of the distress of thirst in a caravan."

"After five days march in the mountains, their stock of water was exhausted, nor did they know where they were. They resolved, therefore, to direct their course towards the setting sun, hoping thus to reach the Nile. After two days thirst, fifteen slaves and one of the merchants died. Another of them, an Ababde, who had ten camels with him, thinking that the camels might know better than their masters where water was to be found, desired his comrades to tie him fast upon the saddle of his strongest camel, that he might not fall down from weakness; and thus he parted from them, permitting his camels to take their own way; but neither the man nor his camels were ever heard of afterwards. On the eighth day after leaving Owareyk, the survivors came in sight of the mountains of Shigre, which they immediately recognized, but their strength was quite exhausted, and neither men nor beasts were able to move any farther. Lying down under a rock, they sent two of their servants, with the two strongest remaining camels, in search of water. Before these two men could reach the mountain, one of them dropped off his camel deprived of speech, and able only to wave his hands to his comrade as a signal that he desired to be left to his fate. The survivor then continued his route, but such was the effect of thirst upon him, that his eyes grew dim, and he lost the road, though he had often travelled over it before, and had been perfectly acquainted with it. Having wandered about for a long time, he alighted under the shade of a tree, and tied the camel to one of its branches; the beast, however, smelt the water, (as the Arabs express it,) and, wearied as it was, broke its halter, and set off galloping furiously in the direction of the spring, which, as it afterwards appeared, was at half an hour's distance. The man, well understanding the camel's action, endeavoured to follow its footsteps, but could only move a few yards;

he fell exhausted on the ground, and was about to breathe his last, when Providence led that way, from a neighbouring encampment, a Bisharye Bedouin, who, by throwing water upon the man's face, restored him to his senses. They then went hastily to the water, filled the skins, and returning to the caravan, had the good fortune to find the sufferers still alive. The Bisharye received a slave for his trouble. My informer, a native of Yembo in Arabia, was the man whose camel discovered the spring, and he added the remarkable circumstance, that the youngest slaves bore the thirst better than the rest, and that while the grown-up boys all died, the children reached Egypt in safety."

"Burckhardt travelled as a pedlar, and raised the funds requisite for his expenses, by disposing in that capacity of his little wares and merchandize. In the practice of this calling he obtained opportunities of seeing the manners of the people, to which he would not perhaps otherwise have had access."

"One afternoon, says he, while crying my beads for sale, I was accosted by a Faky, who asked me if could read. On answering in the affirmative, he desired me to follow him to a place where he said I might expect to get a good dinner. He then led me to a house, where I found a great number of people collected to celebrate the memory of some relative lately deceased. Several Fakys were reading the Koran in a low tone of voice. A great Faky afterwards came in, whose arrival was the signal for reciting the Khoran in loud songs, in the manner customary in the east, in which I joined them. This was continued for about half an hour, until dinner was brought in, which was very plentiful, as a cow had been killed upon the occasion. After a hearty meal,

we recommenced our reading. One of the Shiks produced a basket full of white pebbles, over which several prayers were read. These pebbles were destined to be strewed over the tomb of the deceased in the manner which I had often observed upon tombs freshly made. Upon my inquiries concerning this custom, which I confessed to have never before seen practised in any Mohammedan country, the Faky answered, that it was a mere meritorious action, that there was no absolute necessity for it, but that it was thought that the soul of the deceased, when hereafter visiting the tomb, might be glad to find these pebbles, in order to use them as beads in addressing its prayers to the Creator. When the reading was over, the women began to sing and howl. I then left the room; and on taking my departure my kind host put some bones of roasted meat in my hand to serve for my supper."

"The following description of Hadji Aly contains traits that, I fear, are not peculiar even to the slave-dealers of Africa."

"His travels, and the apparent sanctity of his conduct, had procured him great reputation, and he was well received by the meks and other chiefs, to whom he never failed to bring some small presents from Dijdda. Although almost constantly occupied (whether sitting under a temporary shed of mats, or riding upon his camel on the march) in reading the Koran, yet this man was a complete *bon vivant*, whose sole object was sensual enjoyment. The profits on his small capital, which were continually renewed by his travelling, were spent entirely in the gratification of his desires. He carried with him a favourite Borgho slave, as his concubine; she had lived with him three years, and had

her own camel, while his other slaves performed the whole journey on foot. His leathern sacks were filled with all the choice provisions which the Shendy market could afford, particularly with sugar and dates, and his dinners were the best in the caravan. To hear him talk of morals and religion, one might have supposed that he knew vice only by name; yet Hadji Aly, who had spent half his life in devotion, sold last year, in the slave-market of Medinah, his own cousin, whom he had recently married at Mekka. She had gone thither on a pilgrimage from Bornou by the way of Cairo, when Aly unexpectedly meeting with her, claimed her as his cousin, and married her: at Medinah, being in want of money, he sold her to some Egyptian merchants; and as the poor woman was unable to prove her free origin, she was obliged to submit to her fate. The circumstance was well known in the caravan, but the Hadji nevertheless still continued to enjoy all his wonted reputation."

CHAP. XVIII.

PLAGUE POETS.

"ASSUREDLY the most unpromising of all topics for a poet," said the Bachelor, laying down Wilson's pathetic City of the Plague, "is this same subject."

"And yet," replied Egeria, "perhaps there are few which admit of so much affecting description; though, with the exception of Wilson, I do think that scarcely any of the Plague Poets have touched the right key."

"Plague Poets! what a nickname!" exclaimed

tained from the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii are stubborn facts against me. However, I think it not to be questioned, that if we form our estimate from the remains of their sacerdotal and other public edifices, we shall be obliged to admit with you, that their grandeur very greatly exceeded that of the moderns; and yet I think it is Aristotle who describes that same Athens, where these beautiful sculptures were executed, and which they so long adorned, as a dirty place, with streets scarcely wide enough for a carriage to pass; the houses chiefly of timber, and overhanging the streets in such a manner as at once to darken the path and confine the air. Indeed, I fancy the state of the citizen-part of the cities of the ancients ought no more to be estimated by the magnificent ruins of the public buildings, than the state of our own old towns in the olden time by the cathedrals and the abbey remains that still render them so interesting. Upon the subject of ancient Roman grandeur, there are some very sensible observations in the fifty-sixth number of the Quarterly Review, which I beg you will allow me to read."

ANCIENT ROME.

"Unfortunately, very few travellers approach Rome in the first instance with the moderate expectations of Virgil's Shepherd; prepared for nothing more splendid than what they had been accustomed to see at their own country-towns on a market-day. They have taken on trust the descriptions of the poets, and orators, and historians, of a country fertile in such characters; and the Queen of Cities, throned upon her seven hills in marble majesty, the mistress of a world conquered by the valour of her sons, holds up to them a picture, the effect

of which they are perhaps unwilling to spoil by filling up all its parts with too curious accuracy; otherwise it is certain that information enough is to be obtained from Roman authors to prepare them for a scene of much more moderate splendour in the capital of Italy. From them they might have learned, before they put themselves on board the packet, that all those points upon which the imagination reposes with so much complacency, are perfectly consistent with disorder, and misery, and filth: they might have learned, that the Tiber was of old but a torpid and muddy stream; that heretofore the streets of Rome were dark and narrow, and crooked; that carriages of pleasure (of which, by the bye, the carpentum, one of the most common, probably very little surpassed our tilting and jolting taxcart) were by law prohibited from entering them except on certain days, so little space was there for driving; that the sedans, which were used in their stead, put the people to infinite confusion; that there were few scavengers, and no lamps; that when a Roman returned home from a supper party, he had to pick his way along with a horn lantern, and bless himself if he reached his own door without a shower from an attic alighting on his cap of liberty; that the porticos and approaches to the baths were subject to every species of defilement, so that even the symbols of religion were inlisted for their protection; that the statues with which the city was peopled were treated with that contempt which Launce would have rebuked even in his dog; that the images of the gods were disfigured by painted faces and gilded beards; and that though the Venus de' Medici never appeared in a hooped petticoat, nor the Apollo Belvedere in a blue swallow-tailed coat with metal buttons, yet that the costume of the day, whatever it was, was very generally bestowed on the representatives of Heaven; that the houses were for the

most part brick, many of them crazy, and supported upon props, and that such as belonged to a patrician himself, had often the ground-floor assigned to a huckster or a dealer in oil; that in the windows (which were few in number) glass was seldom if ever to be seen, but in its stead a dimly transparent stone, or shutter of wood; that, from a want of chimneys, the rooms were full of smoke, which was left to make its escape by the tiles, the windows, and the door; that on this account Vitruvius expressly forbade carved work or moulding, except in the summer apartments, where no fire was admitted, because in the others they would be covered with soot (lib. vii. c. 4.); that amongst the accomplishments of a cook, it was expected that he should be skilful in detecting which way the wind blew, lest, if he opened the wrong kitchen-window, the smoke should be driven into the broth;—that, under these circumstances, the ancestors of a Roman gentleman, when they had occupied the niches of his hall for a few years, bore a very striking resemblance to modern chimney-sweepers; that the Romans made as much use of their fingers at a meal as Englishmen do of their forks; and that Ovid, in his Art of Love, gives it as a piece of Chesterfield advice to the young gallants of his time, 'not to smear their mouths with their greasy hands' more than necessary; that a mappa, or napkin, for each individual, was thus absolutely requisite; that every guest brought his own, and, lest the gravy and sauce-boats overturned should not do it full justice, it was made further serviceable as a pocket handkerchief! They might have learned, moreover, from the same authorities, that the middle ranks of the citizens were clad in white woollen vestures, which were of course as habitually dirty as might be expected from the general poverty of the wearers, whilst the baser plebeians, not able to affect this shabby gentility, contented themselves

with garments of the colour, and quality, and neatness of a mendicant friar's; that their shirts, too, were composed of the same material; and that from these causes, aided by the blessing of a warm climate, and the plentiful use of garlic, the effluvia of their public assemblies was so offensive, that even in a roofless theatre the emperor found it expedient to sprinkle his faithful subjects with showers of rose-water:—and having duly weighed these, and similar points of minute history, they might certainly have brought themselves to adopt more sober views of the magnificence of ancient Rome, and an ancient Roman, and have advanced to the Porta del Popolo with the reasonable chance of having their anticipations, in many respects at least, completely fulfilled."

"But," resumed Egeria, "although this account of the state of ancient Rome is, I doubt not, perfectly just, it would seem that the condition of the modern city is not much better. Without looking farther than the appearance of things as they are, travellers ascribe the slovenliness of the Italians, and chiefly that of the Romans, to the decline of moral energy among them,—which same moral energy is one of those vague generalities that are admitted as things understood; whereas, if I mistake not, they are, for the most part, terms without any distinct or accurate meaning. However, it would be difficult to prove that the slovenliness of the modern Romans is owing to any such cause, as either a failing in their powers of reasoning or in their faculty of intellectual taste; for the probability is, that Rome at present, in what respects the accommodation and comfort of the inhabitants, is superior to what she ever was, even in the palmiest period of her magnificence. In truth,

I have a notion that the dryness of the Italian air is not favourable to cleanliness. The neatest people, in all their household concerns, are the Dutch,—and, beyond all question, they are incited to the industry which makes them so to their mud and their moist climate. The English are perhaps more delicate than the Dutch; they have, generally speaking, the same love of neatness, but they have also a degree of taste for greater elegance, which I attribute to our climate being more variable than that of Holland; our love of *the neat*, if I may be permitted so to speak, considering it as a quality different from the bountiful, I would ascribe to the foggy humidity of our climate—the Dutch days—which are not so numerous in the course of the year as to make neatness the sole object of household thrift,—and our taste for *the elegant* to those bright and sunny intervals, though few and far between, which occasionally exalt the temperament of our sensations and perceptions to a degree of Italian delicacy. But not to descant on a topic so pregnant with controversy and metaphysics, I will read to you, from a clever female work, entitled, "*Rome in the Nineteenth Century*," an account of the state of her palaces, as illustrative of what I have just been saying with regard to the domestic comforts of her inhabitants."

ROMAN PALACES.

"Palaces, to an English ear, convey an idea of all that the imagination can figure of elegance and splendour. But after a certain residence in Italy, even this obstinate early association is conquered, and the word immediately brings to our mind images of dirt, neglect, and decay. The palaces of Rome are innumerable;

but then, every gentleman's house is a palace,—I should say, every nobleman's,—for there are no gentlemen in Italy except noblemen; society being, as of old, divided into two classes, the Patricians and the Plebeians: but though every gentleman is a nobleman, I am sorry to say, every nobleman is not a gentleman; neither would many of their palaces be considered by any means fit residences for gentlemen in our country. The legitimate application of the word, which, with us, is confined to a building forming a quadrangle, and enclosing a court within itself, is by no means adhered to here. Every house that has a *porte côcher*, and many that have not, are called palaces; and, in short, under that high-sounding appellation, are comprehended places, whose wretchedness far surpasses the utmost stretch of an English imagination to conceive.

"Rome, however, contains *real* palaces, whose magnitude and magnificence are astonishing to transalpine eyes; but their tasteless architecture is more astonishing still.

"Though they have the great names of Michael Angelo, Bramante, Versopi, Bernini, &c. &c. among their architects; though they are built of travertine stone, which, whether viewed with the deepened hues of age in the Colosseum, or the brightness of recent finish in St Peter's, is, I think, by far the finest material for building in the world; and though, from the grandeur of their scale, and the prodigality of their decoration, they admitted of grand combinations and striking effect,—yet they are lamentably destitute of architectural beauty in the exterior; and in the interior, though they are filled with vast ranges of spacious apartments—though the polished marbles and precious spoils of antiquity have not been spared to embellish them—though the genius of painting has made them her modern temples, and sculpture adorned them with the choicest remains

of ancient art, yet they are, generally speaking, about the most incommodious, unenviable, uncomfortable dwellings you can imagine.

"I know it may said, that comfort in England and in Italy is not the same thing; but it never can consist in dulness, dirt, and dilapidation, any where. Italian comfort may not require thick carpets, warm fires, or close rooms; but it can be no worse of clean floors, commodious furniture, and a house in good repair.

"In habitations of such immense size and costly decorations as these, you look for libraries, baths, music-rooms, and every appendage of refinement and luxury; but these things are rarely to be found in Italian palaces. If they were arranged and kept up, indeed, with any thing of English propriety, consistency, order, or cleanliness, many of them would be noble habitations; but in the best of them, you see a barrenness, a neglect, an all-prevailing look of misery—deficiencies every where—and contemptible meannesses adhering to grasping magnificence. But nothing is so offensive as the dirt. Amongst all the palaces, there is no such thing as a palace of cleanliness. You see—and that is not the worst,—you smell abominable dunghills heaped up against the walls of splendid palaces, and foul heaps of ordure defiling their columned courts;—you ascend noble marble staircases, whose costly materials are invisible beneath the accumulated filth that covers them; and you are sickened with the noxious odours that assail you at every turn. You pass through long suites of ghastly rooms, with a few crazy old tables and chairs, thinly scattered through them, and behold around you nothing but gloom and discomfort.

"The custom of abandoning the ground-floor to menial purposes, except when used for shops, which is almost universal throughout Italy, and covering its windows, both for security and economy, with a strong iron grate

without any glass behind it, contributes to give the houses and palaces a wretched and dungeon-like appearance.

"It is no uncommon thing for an Italian nobleman to go up into the attics of his own palace himself, and to let the principal rooms to lodgers. Proud as he is, he thinks this no degradation; though he would spurn the idea of allowing his sons to follow any profession, save that of arms or of the church. He would sooner see them dependants, flatterers, eaves-droppers, spies, gamblers, *cavalieri servanti*, polite rogues of any kind—or even beggars,—than honest merchants, lawyers, or physicians.

"The Fiano Palace has its lower story let out into shops, and its superior ones occupied by about twenty different families—among which, the duke and duchess live in a corner of their own palace.

"It is the same case with more than half the nobles of Rome and Naples. But the Doria, the Borghese, and the Colonna, possess enough of their ancient wealth to support their hereditary dignity, and their immense palaces are filled only with their own families and dependants. Not but that, though lodgings are not let at the Doria Palace, butter is regularly sold there every week; which, in England, would seem rather an extraordinary trade for one of the first noblemen in the land to carry on in his own house. Yet this very butter-selling prince looks down with a species of contempt upon a great British merchant.

"Commerce seems to be no longer respected in Italy, not even in Florence, where its reigning princes were merchants. Yet the proudest Florentine noblemen sell wine, by the flask, at their own palaces. I wonder the profits of this little huckstering trade never induced them to think of entering into larger concerns, that they might have larger returns. I wonder it never led them

to remember that commerce was the source of the modern prosperity of Italy. But commerce cannot exist without freedom—a truth that princes and people have yet to learn here.

"The palaces of all the ancient Roman nobility have, in the entrance hall, a crimson canopy of state, beneath which the prince sits on a raised throne to receive his vassals, hear their complaints, redress their grievances, and administer justice. Perhaps I ought to speak in the past, rather than the present tense; but they still exercise a sort of feudal jurisdiction over their numerous tenantry—among whom their will is law.

"Above the door of every palace, upon the escutcheon of the family arms, we seldom fail to see the S. P. Q. R. all that is left of the senate and people of Rome."

CHAP. XX.

STEAM-ENGINES.

In the summer of 1823, the Bachelor and his Nymph projected a tour to Scotland; but in what vehicle was a question that occasioned some discussion between them. Benedict was strongly in favour of a steamer, and urged many reasons, as to speed, novelty, and economy, why they ought to prefer that mode of conveyance. The Nymph, however, pled not only her feminine timidity against all the agencies of fire and water, but contended that the state of the machinery in those sort of vessels was still in so rude a condition, that no person of a true philosophical mind

would risk himself in them. "They may do very well," said she, "for people of practical feelings, and habituated experience, but to those who have a correct theoretical conception of the accidents to which the machinery is liable,—the brittleness of the iron, the explosive powers of the steam, the negligence of the engineers, the unknown gaseous substances in the fuel,—the risk of unsoundness in the timber work,—the uncertainty of the winds, the hazards of the waves, and all the manifold ordinary perils of navigation, besides those that peculiarly attach to machinery, and particularly to that of the steam-engine, it would argue almost a brute disregard of consequences, to prefer a steamer to a smack; and who would not prefer a carriage to all the aquatic vessels that have been built since the time of Noah's ark?"

"You are indulging yourself in fears little more creditable than hypochondriacal terrors," replied the Bachelor. "I am assured, on the most perfect report, that the steamers are as safe and safer than any other mode of conveyance whatever."

"The thing is quite impossible," said Egeria. "The invention is but still in its infancy. Give me the thirteenth volume of the Edinburgh Review from the shelf behind, and I will convince you by its history."

"The first idea of the steam-engine is found in the writings of that celebrated projector, the Marquis of Worcester, who, in the year 1663, published a small tract, entitled, "A Century of Inventions," consisting of short heads, or notices of schemes, many of them obvi-

ously impracticable, which at various times had suggested themselves to his very fertile and warm imagination. No contemporary record exists to illustrate or verify his description of the contrivance which we presume to call a steam-engine, or to inform us where, and in what manner, it was carried into effect; though it is evident, from his account, that he had actually constructed and worked a machine that raised water by steam. His description of the method is short and obscure; but inclines us to think, contrary to what many have supposed, that the force of his engine was derived solely from the *elasticity* of steam; and that the *condensation* of steam by cold was no part of his contrivance. This last, we believe, was the invention of Captain Savary, who, in 1696, published an account of his machine, in a small tract entitled the *Miner's Friend*, having erected several engines previous to that period. In these engines the alternate condensation and pressure of the steam took place in the same vessel into which the water was first raised, from a lower reservoir, by the pressure of the atmosphere, and then expelled into a higher one by the elastic force of strong steam.

"Steam, it must be observed, was thus employed merely to produce a vacuum, and to supply the strength that was applied, for a like effect, to the sucker or piston of an ordinary pump; and it was a great step to have discovered a method of bringing the air to act in this manner, by the application of heat to water, without the assistance of mechanical force.

"The next essential improvement was made by Newcomen, for which he obtained a patent in 1705. It consisted in separating the parts of the engine in which the steam was to act from those in which the water was to be raised; the weight of the atmosphere being employed only for the purpose of pressure, and the steam for that of first displacing the air, and then forming a

vacuum by condensation. Newcomen was thus enabled to dispense with the use of steam of great and dangerous elasticity, to work with moderate heats, and to remove at least some part of the causes of wasteful and ineffectual condensation. To him we are indebted for the introduction of the steam cylinder and piston, and for their connexion with the pump by means of the main lever with its rods and chains; to which we might add several other subordinate contrivances, which do great credit to his ingenuity.

"Still, however, the machine required the constant attendance of a man to open and shut the cocks at the proper intervals, for the alternate admission of steam and cold water: and although traditional report attributes the invention of the mechanism by which the engine was made to perform this work itself, to the ingenuity of an idle boy, we know that the contrivance was first perfected by Mr Henry Beighton 1717, who also improved the construction of several other parts of the engine. From this time to the year 1764, there seems to have been no material improvement in the structure of the engine, which still continued to be known by the appellation of Newcomen's, or the atmospheric engine. The boilers, however, had been removed from under the cylinder in some of the larger engines, and the cylinder had been fixed down to a solid basis. Still the steam was condensed *in* the cylinder; the hot water was expelled by the steam; the piston was pressed down by the weight of the atmosphere, and kept tight by being covered with water. It was moreover considered as necessary that the injection cistern should be placed on high, in order that the water might enter with great force. It had been found by experience, that the engine could not be loaded, with advantage, with more than seven pounds on each square inch of the piston; and the inferiority of that power to the known pressure

of the atmosphere, was, without due consideration, imputed wholly to friction. The bulk of water, when converted into steam, was very erroneously computed; the quantity of fuel necessary to evaporate a given quantity of water was not even guessed at; whether the heat of steam is accurately measured by its temperature was unknown; and no good experiment had been made to determine the quantity of injection water necessary for a cylinder of given dimensions. In a word, no man of science in this country had considered the subject since Desaguliers; and his writings, in many respects, tended more to mislead than instruct.

"Such was the state of matters, when, fortunately for science and for the arts, Mr Watt, then a mathematical instrument-maker at Glasgow, undertook the repair of the model of a steam engine belonging to the University. In the course of his trials with it, he found the quantity of fuel and injection water it required, much greater in proportion than they were said to be in large engines; and it soon occurred to him, that this must be owing to the cylinder of this small model exposing a greater surface, in proportion to its contents, than larger cylinders did. This he endeavoured to remedy, by making his cylinders and pistons of substances which conducted heat slowly. He employed wood prepared on purpose, and resorted to other expedients, without producing the desired effect in any remarkable degree. He found also, that all attempts to produce a greater degree of exhaustion, or a more perfect vacuum, occasioned a disproportionate expenditure of steam. In reflecting upon the causes of these phenomena, the recent discovery, that water boiled in an exhausted receiver at low degrees of heat (certainly not exceeding 100 degrees of Fahrenheit, but probably, when the vacuum was perfect, much lower), occurred to him; and he immediately concluded, that, to obtain any considerable degree of exhaustion,

the cylinder and its contents must be cooled down to 100 degrees at least; in which case, the reproduction of steam in the same cylinder must be accompanied with a great expense of heat, and consequently of fuel. He next endeavoured to ascertain the temperature at which water boils when placed under various pressures; and not having any apparatus at hand, by which he could make his experiments under pressures less than that of the atmosphere, he began with trying the temperature of water boiling under greater pressures; and by laying down a curve, of which the *abscissæ* represented the temperatures, and the *ordinates* the pressures, he found the law by which the two are connected, whether the pressure be increased or diminished.

"Observing also, that there was a great error in Desaguliers's calculation of the bulk of water when converted into steam, and that the experiment on which he founded his conclusion was in itself fallacious, he thought it essential to determine this point with more accuracy. By a very simple experiment with a Florence flask, which our limits will not allow us to detail, he ascertained, that water, when converted into steam under the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere, occupies about eighteen hundred times its original space.

"These points being determined, he constructed a boiler in such a manner, as to show by inspection, with tolerable accuracy, the quantity of water evaporated in any given time; and he also ascertained, by experiment, the quantity of coals necessary to evaporate a given quantity of water.

"He now applied his boiler to the working model above-mentioned; when it appeared, that the quantity of steam expended at every stroke exceeded many times what was sufficient to fill the cylinder; and deducing from thence the quantity of water required to form as much steam as would supply each stroke of the engine,

he proceeded to examine how much cold water was used for injection, and what heat it gained; which, to his very great surprise, he found to be many times the number of degrees which could have been communicated to it by a quantity of boiling water equal to that of which the steam was composed. Suspecting, however, that there might be some fallacy in these deductions, he made a direct experiment to ascertain the degree of heat communicated by steam to water; when it clearly appeared, that one part of water, in the form of steam, at 212°, had communicated about 140 degrees of heat to six parts of water. The fact, thus confirmed, was so contrary to all his previous conceptions, that he at first saw no means of explaining it. Dr Black indeed had, some time before, made his discovery of latent heat; but Mr Watt's mind being otherwise engaged, he had not attended sufficiently to it, to make himself much acquainted with the doctrine: but upon communicating his observations to the Doctor, he received from him a full explanation of his theory; and this induced him to make further experiments, by which he ascertained the latent heat of steam to be above 900 degrees.

"The causes of the defects of Newcomen's engines were now evident. It appeared that the steam could not be condensed so as to form an approximation to a vacuum, unless the cylinder, and the water it contained, were cooled down to less than 100°; and that, at greater degrees of heat, the water in the cylinder must produce steam, which would in part resist the pressure of the atmosphere. On the other hand, when greater degrees of exhaustion were attempted, the quantities of injection water required to be increased in a very great ratio; and this was followed by a proportionate destruction of steam on refilling the cylinder.

"Mr Watt now perceived, that to make an engine in which the destruction of steam should be the least pos-

sible, and the vacuum the most perfect, it was necessary that the cylinder should condense no steam on filling it, and that, when condensed, the water, forming the steam, should be cooled down to 100 degrees, or lower. In reflecting on this desideratum, he was not long in finding that the cylinder must be preserved always as hot as the steam that enters it; and that, by opening a communication between this hot cylinder when filled with steam, and another vessel exhausted of air, the steam, being an elastic fluid, would rush into it, until an equilibrium was established between the two vessels; and that if cold water, in sufficient quantity, were injected into the second vessel, the steam it contained would be reduced to water, and no more steam would enter until the whole was condensed.

"But a difficulty arose—How was this condensed steam and water to be got out of the second vessel without letting in air? Two methods presented themselves. One was, to join to this second vessel (which, after him, we shall call *the condenser*) a pipe, which should extend downwards more than 34 feet perpendicular, so that the column of water contained in it, exceeding the weight of the atmosphere, would run out by its own gravity, and leave the condenser in a state of exhaustion, except in so far as the air, which might enter with the steam and injection water, should tend to render the exhaustion less perfect: this air he proposed to extract by means of a pump. The second method which occurred, was to extract both air and water by means of a pump or pumps; which would possess the advantage over the other, of being applicable in all situations. This latter contrivance was therefore preferred; and is known by the common name of the Air-pump. There still remained some defects unremedied in Newcomen's cylinder. The piston in that engine was kept tight by water; much of which passing by the sides, injured the va-

cuum below, by its evaporation; and this water, as well as the atmosphere which came into contact with the upper part of the piston and sides of the cylinder at every stroke, tended materially to cool that vessel. Mr Watt removed these defects, by applying oils, wax, and fat of animals, to lubricate his piston and keep it tight; he put a cover on his cylinder (with a hole in it, made air and steam tight, for the piston-rod to pass through), and employed the elastic force of steam to press upon the piston: he also surrounded the cylinder with a case containing steam, or a case of wood, or of other non-conducting substance, which should keep it always of an equable temperature.

"The improvement of Newcomen's engine, so far as the saving of steam and fuel was concerned, was now complete in Mr Watt's mind; and in the course of the following year, 1765, he executed a working model, the effect of which he found fully to answer his expectations. It worked readily with 10½ lib. on the inch, and was even capable of raising 14 lib.; and did not require more than one-third of the steam used in the common atmospheric engine, to produce the same effect. Indeed, the principle of keeping the vessel in which the elasticity of the steam is exerted always hot, and that in which the condensation is performed always cold, is in itself perfect. For the steam never coming in contact with any substance colder than itself until it had done its office, no part is condensed until the whole effect has been obtained in the cylinder; and when it has acted there, it is so condensed in the separate vessel that no resistance remains: accordingly, the barometer proves a vacuum, nearly as perfect as by the exhaustion of the air-pump. The whole of the steam and heat is usefully employed; and the contrivance appears scarcely to admit of improvement.

"The steam-engine," resumed the Nymph, forgetting the dispute which had given rise to the reading of the foregoing passage, "is the greatest invention, next to that of letters, which the powers of the human mind have yet achieved,—were one to designate remarkable cycles, by emblematic, or hieroglyphical figures, the steam-engine should be the type of the eighteenth century. It has in effect created, as it were by something like a fiat, a prodigious increase, not only to the adult population of this world, but of mechanics in the full maturity of skill. I have heard, that some time ago the productive powers of the steam-engine in this country were considered as equivalent to those of sixty millions of artizans. If, therefore, we consider the invention in a political point of view, it is hardly possible to estimate the accession of strength which it has given to the kingdom."

CHAP. XXI.

ADVENTURES.

"The only remnant left among us of that romantic spirit which, in former times, sent so many of the bold peers of Christendom in quest of adventures," said Egeria one morning as she was turning over the leaves of Legh's Journey in Egypt, "is, unquestionably, the curiosity of those indefatigable travellers, who go abroad to gather fame by collecting materials for publication. The labours they un-

dergo,—the antres vast which they visit, and the "hair-breadth 'scapes, and moving accidents by flood and field," which they voluntarily encounter, afford matter for much musing. The very least of the hardships which this gentleman has suffered would have furnished a long chapter to the lengthiest romance-writer of the brightest days of chivalry. I question, indeed, if ever Orlando himself met with an adventure more appalling than Mr Legh's descent into the caverns of the crocodiles near Manfalout.—It is not easy to imagine what could induce any Christian gentleman to engage in such an enterprise. To say nothing of the danger, whether from reptiles or azote, the very idea of mingling, like a grub of the grave, among the dried entrails and rattling carcasses of such monsters, is equal in horror to any image that can be formed of the wildest spells and darkest enchantments of the most potent sorcerer that either pagan or knight in Palestine ever dreaded."

"Read it," said Benedict.

"We had been wandering for more than an hour in low subterranean passages, and felt considerably fatigued by the irksomeness of the posture in which we had been obliged to move, and the heat of our torches in those narrow and low galleries. But the Arabs spoke so confidently of succeeding in this second trial, that we were induced once more to attend them. We found the opening of the chamber which we now approached guarded by a trench of unknown depth, and wide enough to require a good leap. The first Arab jumped the ditch, and we all followed him. The passage we entered was extremely small, and so low in some places as to oblige us to crawl flat on the ground, and almost

always on our hands and knees. The intricacies of its windings resembled a labyrinth; and it terminated at length in a chamber much smaller than that we had left; but, like it, containing nothing to satisfy our curiosity. Our search hitherto had been fruitless; but the mummies might not be far distant,—another effort, and we might still be successful.

"The Arab whom I followed, and who led the way, now entered another gallery, and we all continued to move in the same manner as before, each preceded by a guide. We had not gone far before the heat became excessive; for my own part, I found my breathing extremely difficult,—my head began to ache most violently, and I had a most distressing sensation of fulness about the breast. We felt we had gone too far, and yet were almost deprived of the power of returning. At this moment the torch of the first Arab went out. I was close to him, and saw him fall on his side; he uttered a groan—his legs were strongly convulsed, and I heard a rattling noise in his throat—he was dead. The Arab behind me seeing the torch of his companion extinguished, and conceiving he had stumbled, passed me, advanced to his assistance, and stooped. I observed him appear faint, totter, and fall in a moment,—he also was dead. The third Arab came forward, and made an effort to approach the bodies, but stopped short. We looked at each other in silent horror. The danger increased every instant; our torches burnt faintly—our breathing became more difficult—our knees tottered under us, and we felt our strength nearly gone.

"There was no time to be lost. The American, Barthow, cried to us to take courage, and we began to move back as fast as we could. We heard the remaining Arab shouting after us, calling us Caffres, imploring our assistance, and upbraiding us with deserting him. But we were obliged to leave him to his fate, expecting every moment

to share it with him. The windings of the passages through which we had come increased the difficulty of our escape; we might take a wrong turn, and never reach the great chamber we had first entered. Even supposing we took the shortest road, it was but too probable our strength would fail us before we arrived. We had each of us, separately and unknown to one another, observed attentively the different shapes of the stones which projected into the galleries we had passed, so that each had an imperfect clue to the labyrinth we had now to retrace. We compared notes, and only on one occasion had a dispute, the American differing from my friend and myself; in this dilemma we were determined by the majority, and fortunately were right. Exhausted with fatigue and terror, we reached the edge of the deep trench, which remained to be crossed before we got into the great chamber.—Mustering all my strength, I leaped, and was followed by the American. Smelt stood on the brink ready to drop with fatigue. He called to us,—"For God's sake to help him over the fosse, or at least to stop, if only for five minutes, to allow him to recover his strength." It was impossible—to stay was death, and we could not resist the desire to push on and reach the open air.—We encouraged him to summon all his force, and he cleared the trench. When we reached the open air, it was one o'clock, and the heat in the sun about 160°. Our sailors, who were waiting for us, had luckily a *bardak* full of water, which they sprinkled upon us; but though a little refreshed, it was not possible to climb the sides of the pit; they unfolded their turbans, and slinging them round our bodies, drew us to the top.

"Our appearance alone, without our guides, naturally astonished the Arab, who had remained at the entrance of the cavern, and he anxiously inquired for his friends. To have confessed they were dead would have excited suspicion; he would have supposed we had murdered

them, and have alarmed the inhabitants of Amabdi to pursue us, and revenge the death of their friends. We replied, therefore, they were coming, and were employed in bringing out the mummies we had found, which was the cause of their delay. We lost no time in mounting our asses, re-crossed the Desert, and passed hastily by the village, to regain the ferry at Manfalout."

"It is a very hideous story," said the Bachelor; "but these sorts of horror are not quite so much to my taste as adventures of more varied address,—such, for example, as those of the two Sherleys, in Orme's Historical Fragments."

"The means by which the two extraordinary adventurers of that name obtained such important employment from the ablest and fiercest sovereign of the East, would not have borne much respect in our times, which permit no enthusiasms to cover or consecrate the latent views of luxurious ambition. Anthony Shirley, the elder brother of Robert, was a dependant on the Earl of Essex, who sent him, in 1598, with some soldiers to fight for the Duke of Ferrara against the Pope; but, by the time they arrived in Italy, the quarrel was reconciled. Essex, nevertheless, unwilling that his knight should return to England with the derision of having done nothing, not only consented to his proposal of proceeding to Persia with offer of service to Shah Abbas, whose fame had spread with much renown throughout Europe, but also furnished him with money and bills for the journey. Shirley embarked from Venice in May 1599, with twenty-five followers, some of education, all of resolution, and amongst them his brother Robert, at that time a youth. After various escapes by sea and land, they arrived at Aleppo, where, getting money for their bills, they proceeded in the company of a large

caravan to Bagdad, Shirley professing himself a merchant, who expected goods by the next; but this pretence, and the number of his retinue, excited suspicions; and all he brought was seized at the custom-house; which reduced them to live on the piece-meal sale of the clothes they wore: his anxiety in this situation was observed by a Florentine, named Victorio Spiciera, who was proceeding to Ormus in order to embark for China, and had frequently conversed with Shirley during the journey from Aleppo. He tried, by repeated questions, to discover his real condition and purpose; but failing, made up his own conjectures, that Shirley intended some signal mischief, either against the Turkish empire, or the sovereignty of the Portuguese in India, of which the one was as detestable to his piety, as the other to his traffic: from these motives, mixed perhaps with admiration of a character, which knew to personate romantic dignity, the Florentine determined not only to extricate him from the dangers of his present situation, but enable him to prosecute his views, whatsoever they might be. The emergency pressed; for the second caravan from Aleppo was come within ten days of Bagdad; and Spiciera knew, that when the goods which Shirley had pretended to expect should not appear, he and all his followers would be doomed to imprisonment, if not worse. Fortunately, a caravan returning from Mecca to Persia arrived at this time, and encamped under the walls. Spiciera hired amongst them camels, horses, with all other necessaries of travel; and, when the caravan was ready to depart, revealed to Shirley the dangers which awaited him, and the measures he had taken for his preservation and success; confirming these assurances by the delivery of a great sum in gold, and many rarities of great value; so much in the whole amount, that Shirley declines to mention it, because he says it would not be believed. The Florentine left it to his honour to

supply him when he could; and, for five days after the departure of the caravan, diverted suspicions of his escape by living in Shirley's house, to whom he pretended to have lent his own, that he might recover in more quiet from a fit of illness; he even requested the governor for his physician, knowing he had none; but was afterwards fined severely for these generous collusions.

"Fifty Janissaries were sent in pursuit of Shirley, but missed the caravan; which employed fifty days on the march to Casbin; where the aids of Spiciera enabled Shirley to equip himself and followers in sumptuous array, to live splendidly, and to make presents; which procured commendations to Shah Abbas, who arrived at Casbin a month after, and was saluted by Shirley and his company at his entrance into the city, when the king distinguished him with the most honourable notice. The next day Shirley sent the king a present of jewels and Italian rarities, which were not only curious, but costly beyond the expectation of homage; and the more he professed that he had come to offer his service on his own account, and at his own expense, the more the king inclined to believe, that the denial was intended, by concealing, to heighten the elegant compliment of his monarch; and at all events, could not resist the complacence of regarding the resort of this band of strangers as a signal proof of the great extent of his own fame, which Shirley took care on all occasions to inculcate.

"It was the way of Shah Abbas, to discern those he employed by familiarities. Shirley was solemn in behaviour, pompous in elocution, quick in apprehension, and guarded in argument; and having served both at land and sea, was capable of suggesting the military ideas of Europe; which could not fail to attract the attention of a monarch whose ruling passion was the fame

of war: he even visited Shirley in his house, to examine a book of fortifications; and having, during a daily converse of six weeks, treated him more with the respect of a guest than the distance of a solicitor, on the very day before his departure to Cassan, declared him a *Mirza*, or lord in his service, and referred him to the treasurer; who, as soon as the king was gone, sent to Shirley a present, which consisted of money to the amount of sixteen thousand ducats; forty horses, all accoutred; two, intended for his brother and himself, with saddles plated with gold, and set with rubies and torquoises; the others, with silver and embroidered velvet; twelve camels laden with tents, and all furniture, not only for the field, but for his house in Casbin, which likewise was bestowed on him: he was ordered to follow the king to Cassan, from whence he accompanied him to Ispahan, and was treated by him with the same deference as before he had accepted his service.

"Daily and artful suggestions prepared the way to the advice which Shirley had long premeditated, that the king should renew the war against the Turks, and depute an ambassador to excite the princes of Christendom to co-operate by land and sea from the west, whilst Persia invaded the Turkish territories on the east: this commission Shirley designed for himself, but avoided the mention. Nevertheless this intention was penetrated by the vizir, and several other of the principal noblemen, who said that the proposal was the artful scheme of a needy adventurer, seeking the sumptuous enjoyment of exalted fortune at the risk of an empire: but the king inclined to the war, which he regarded as inevitable; and reasoned, that if the mission of Shirley should be ineffectual, the detriment would be no more than the loss of the expense, which he foresaw would, even in this event, increase the reputation of his magnificence, without diminishing the solid estimation of his abilities.

"The next morning the king went to Shirley's house, and entered fully into the discussion of the war and embassy to Europe, affecting to expect little hope from it, but to comply merely as a testimony of his extreme regard to Shirley, from whom he had received such undoubted proof of his own, by the fatigue and expense of his journey to Persia, and the risks to which he now offered to expose himself for his service. Shirley, in a very long discourse, explained all the probabilities of his plan:—that the emperor of Germany was already at war with the Turks; that the Pope would excite all the other catholic princes; that the king of Spain was at continual enmity with the government of Algiers, which was subservient to the Turkish empire; that the invitations of the king would attract merchants and Christians of all other arts, trades, and occupations, who would not only increase the commerce of his country but introduce new methods and inventions of great utility, especially to the improvement of his warfare; and that the liberal schism of religion, which the king wished to promote as a descendant of Sesi, between his own subjects and the Turks, would be encouraged by the intercourse of Christians, whom they would be accustomed to see drinking wine, and exercising other tolerances, which the Turks held in detestation.

"The king still cautiously avoided any expression which might indicate much expectation, or any solicitude of assistance from the Christian princes; in which he properly maintained his own dignity, by not trusting to the report of a stranger such a confession of the hopes or wishes he might entertain; but appeared much content with the probability of drawing European merchants to his country; for the increase of its trade had long been a principal attention of his government. On this ground he consented to the embassy, and required Shirley to undertake it; who, after many apologies of his

insufficiency, accepted the commission with as much satisfaction as he had pretended diffidence. Shirley requested, that a young nobleman of distinction, named Assan Cawn, might accompany him, to be the witness of his conduct; which was granted, but soon after revoked, by reason of his marriage with an aunt of the king; when Shirley, to conciliate the vizir and other ministers, accepted Cuchin Allabi, a man of ordinary rank and suspected character. As Shirley could not pass through the Turkish dominions to Aleppo, excepting in disguise, it was resolved that he should proceed through Russia; which at this time was so little frequented by travellers, and so suspicious of them, that the king sent forward one of his officers as an ambassador to the czar, in order to announce his mission, and to procure him good reception through the country.

"The day before that appointed for his departure, the king visited him, as if to recapitulate all the points of the various negotiations which he had intrusted to his conduct; and now, with his usual foresight and sagacity, broke his last proposal, which, although dictated by warrantable suspicion, he clothed with the garb of elegant compliment. It was, that Robert Shirley should remain at his court during his brother's absence. Robert was present; and, without waiting his brother's answer, proffered himself to remain. This resolution produced a new arrangement in the retinue of Anthony; and several of his English followers were left with Robert. The king, as the last compliment, according to Shirley's relation, rode with him, when he set out, six miles on the way from Ispahan; and then, he says, took leave of him, not without tears, although they had never spoke to one another but through an interpreter.

"The travellers were two months, not without evil chances, before they had passed the Caspian to Astrachan, where they found the ambassador sent to the czar."

CHAP. XXII.

PETER THE GREAT.

"I THINK," said Egeria one morning, "it is Dr Clarke who describes the Russians as plated savages,—their magnificence as but lackered barbarity; and I doubt not there is much truth in the remark. They set forward in the march of improvement when the rest of Europe was in comparative maturity, and assumed many of the exterior symbols of civilization before they had passed through the different stages by which the mental refinement can alone be attained. This was undoubtedly owing to the peculiar character and carpenter-accomplishments of Peter the Great. His mind was naturally of the European cast, but his subjects, as I have before observed to you, were in many points essentially Asiatic: his talents were of a rude and coercive kind. His administration may be described as a constant effort, to impose not only civilization in manners, but philosophy and mechanical industry on a people who knew not the worth nor the importance of either. He had, in truth, looked more at the physical results of political strength in other states than at the causes which produced it, and this mistake in any weaker or more delicate hand would have been fatal. His contempt of the lives of his people, and his ambition to build up a state, without reference to the opinions of his subjects, constitute the two grand features of his history. He knew that he could not be great in the community of the Euro-

pean states, without fleets, arsenals, and armies. He had seen himself, that all great empires had magnificent capitals, and something too he had heard of Babylon and of Rome, and therefore he resolved to build St Petersburgh. But although all that he did with respect to those undertakings was founded in sagacious conceptions, both of immediate and remote policy, yet it was nevertheless barbaric. The nation for whom he planned and accomplished so many stupendous designs, neither knew their utility nor could comprehend their policy; but there was an intellectual power about the man that awed and commanded his barbarians like the influence of a god.

"As a monarch, according to our British notions, Peter was one of the worst kind. It is because we see his character in what he achieved that we respect the memory of this colossal despot. Were we to consider him in the means he employed, and to read the history of his glorious reign in the details, our aversion towards him would only be mitigated by the scorn with which we would regard his docile and ductile barbarians. Can any thing be more gross than his court was?—Look at the ridiculous account of his visit to that of Berlin."

"In the year 1717, Peter the Great came with his empress and court to pay a visit at Berlin. On his first presentation, the czar took Frederic by the hand, and said, he was glad to see him; he then offered to kiss the queen, but she declined the honour. He next presented his son and daughter, and four hundred ladies in waiting, the greater part of whom, the princess assures us, were washerwomen and scullions promoted to that nominal dignity. Almost every one of them, how-

ever, she adds, had a baby richly dressed in her arms; and when any one asked whose it was, answered with great coolness and complacency, that 'the czar had done her the honour to make her the mother of it.' The czarine was very short, tawny, and ungraceful, dressed like a provincial German player, in an old-fashioned robe, covered with dirt and silver, and with some dozens of medals and pictures of saints strung down the front, which clattered every time she moved like the bells of a pack-horse. She spoke little German, and no French; and finding that she got on but ill with the queen and her party, she called her fool into a corner to come and entertain her in Russian—which she did with such effect, that she kept her in a continual roar of laughter before all the court. The czar himself is described as tall and rather handsome, though with something intolerably harsh in his physiognomy. On first seeing our royal author he took her up in his arms, and rubbed the skin off her face in kissing her, with his rough beard; laughing very heartily at the airs with which she resented this familiarity. He was liable at times to convulsive starts and spasms, and being seized with them when at table, with his knife in his hand, put his hosts into no little bodily terror. He told the queen, however, that he would do her no harm, and took her hand in token of his good humour; but squeezed it so unmercifully that she was forced to cry out—at which he laughed again with great violence, and said, 'her bones were not so well knit as his Catherine's.' There was to be a grand ball in the evening; but as soon as he had done eating, he got up, and trudged home by himself to his lodgings in the suburbs. Next day they went to see the curiosities of the place. What pleased him most was a piece of antique sculpture, most grossly indecent. Nothing, however, would serve him but that his wife should kiss this figure; and

when she hesitated, he told her he would cut off her head if she refused. He then asked this piece and several other things of value from the King, and packed them off for Petersburgh, without ceremony. In a few days after, he took his departure; leaving the palace in which he had been lodged in such a state of filth and dilapidation as to remind one of the desolation of Jerusalem."

CHAP. XXIII.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF KANT.

"WELL, I do think," said Egeria, one morning in attempting to read Villers' account of the Transcendental Philosophy of Kant, "that the history of philosophy may be described as the history of human folly; and yet the art of philosophizing purposes to itself the development of the truths and principles of Divine wisdom!—I begin to suspect, that the slow progress which the generality of mankind make in the science of the mind, is owing in a great measure to the many dogmas which every system of metaphysics entertains obnoxious to common sense. But of all systems, that of this ethereal German seems the most pregnant with these sort of absurdities; and yet it is impossible to deny to the author the praise of great acumen, and a degree of subtlety almost without parallel. The history of the man indeed demonstrates, that, by the course of reflection and meditation which he adopted, he neces-

sarily disqualified himself from advancing the im provement of mankind,—the sole end and objec of all science; for, beyond question, the only au thors that have helped forward the process of intel lectualizing in the world, are those who have mixe much with the bustle and business of life. Ther is no example of a mere literary man ever havin done much good to his species, except in the capa city of a schoolmaster,—if, in that capacity, it b fair to consider him as exclusively literary; for, pe haps, few situations are more trying, or require mo of address to manage, and of discernment to perceiv the peculiarities of those to be managed, than th of a schoolmaster."

"What is the history of Kant?" said Benedict "I never recollect to have heard much either him or of his philosophy,—but that implies nothi derogatory either to his wisdom or his genius. T tardiness with which the discoveries of Newton,— simple and so important, and so readily correspon ing with the general habits of science,—were adopt among ourselves, is well known; and, therefore, need not wonder that Kant's philosophy should so little studied or understood in this country."

"It will never be either studied or understood England, you may rely on that, Benedict," repli the Nymph; "we are much too practical a peo to waste our time or thoughts on the unprofita phantoms of a flatulent imagination. Kant, the sa or visionary of Königsberg, is reputed as havi in a life of nearly eighty years, sequestrated hims from the world,—his admirers say, contenting hi self, in the true simplicity of a sage, with the oc

pations of study and the society of a few favoured friends. It does not appear in his case more than in that of any other of your solitaries, that retirement is favourable to modesty; for it would seem it is not merely as a metaphysician that he claims to be considered; there is scarcely a science that he has not ventured to attempt to illustrate. 'He is,' says his disciple, 'a mathematician, an astronomer, a chemist;—in natural history, in physics, in physiology, in history, in languages, and literature and the arts, —in all the details of geography, as they relate to the exact situation of the parts of the globe, their inhabitants and productions,—every thing is familiar to him;' that is to say, he was a dabbler and a meddler with every thing of which books treat, and did nothing worth the consideration of a tyro in any of them. It is true, that Monsieur Villers contends, that the planet which Herschell discovered ought to have been known to astronomers under the ridiculous name of 'the Kant;' because, twenty-six years before the discovery of that portion of the solar system, its existence had been predicted by Kant in some conjectures on the heavenly bodies, which probably went beyond the orbit of Saturn, published in 1755, in a work entitled, 'The Natural History of the World, and Theory of the Heavens, on the Principles of the Newtonian Philosophy.' This is a very silly claim to set up. It ought rather to have been called 'The Newton;' for, after the demonstration which the English philosopher gave of the Copernican system, the existence of unknown planets, both within and without the orbit of Saturn, could not be

doubted. The discovery of them depends on the patience and telescopes of the observers."

"I see you are no admirer, Nymph as you are," said the Bachelor, "of the metaphysical German; "but what can you tell me of his system—his philosophy?"

"I can tell you nothing," replied Egeria, "and I hope ever to be prevented from having it in my power: but, if you have any curiosity on the subject, look into the first volume of the Edinburgh Review, and there you will find quite enough to satisfy you that it very little deserves the attention of things of flesh and blood."

"Philosophy, in relation to the process which i adopts, is considered by Kant as of three kinds. It i dogmatical, when it founds a system on principles a sumed as certain; sceptical, when it shows the insuff ciency of those principles which the dogmatist has a sumed; and critical, when, after adopting the obje tions of the sceptic, it does not rest satisfied with doub but proceeds to inquire from what principle of our n ture the allusions of the dogmatist have arisen, and, b a minute analysis of the cognitive powers of man, trac the whole system of his knowledge through all the m difications of its original elements, by his independe and fundamental forms of thought. It is in this anal sis that the spirit of the critical philosophy is to found: and till the process have become familiar, t whole system must appear peculiarly unintelligibl but, when the reduction of all our feelings to their c jective and subjective elements is well understo though we may still be perplexed by the cumbrous perfluity of nomenclature, we are able to discov

through the veil that is cast over us, those dim ideas which were present to the author's mind. According to Kant, then, it is necessary, in investigating the principles of knowledge, to pay regard to the two sets of laws on which the nature of the object and of the subject depends. It is from their joint result, as directing the influence of the thing perceived, and as directing the susceptibilities of the percipient, that knowledge, which is thus in every instance compound, arises; and this compound of objective and subjective elements might be modified equally, by the change of either set of laws; as the impression of a seal may be varied alike, by a change of figure in the gem, or by a difference of resistance in the parts of the wax which are exposed to its pressure. The subjective elements are by Kant denominated forms; and each function of the mind has its peculiar forms, with which it invests its objects, uniting with them so intimately, as to render apparently one that feeling, which cannot exist but as combined of different elements. Nothing therefore is known to us as it is; since we acquire the knowledge of an object, only by the exertion of those laws, which necessarily modify to us the real qualities of the object known. Philosophy, therefore, in relation to its belief of external things, is empirical, when it believes them to exist exactly as they appear to us in each particular case; it is transcendent, when, using reason to correct the false representation of the senses, it believes that the objects of our senses exist in a manner really known to us, after this correction, though different from their immediate appearance in particular cases. In both these views it has relation only to their objectivity, or to their qualites as independently existing in themselves; and is therefore erroneous, as those qualities cannot be discovered by us. It is transcendental, when, considering them in relation to our own powers, it investigates the

subjective elements, which necessarily, in the exertion of our independent laws of cognition, modify the qualities or elements of the object as perceived. Since it is thus impossible to know the world as it is, we must content ourselves with the knowledge of the phenomenal world, and with that reality which is merely subjective. The system of our world is thus idealism, but an idealism in which we may safely confide; though we must be assured of erring, whenever we ascribe to it objective certainty. There exists, however, an independent system of *noumena*, or things in themselves, though we cannot know them as such, from the unavoidable modification of every objective element, by our own forms of cognition. To determine what is subjective in each peculiar perception, the nature of the subject must be investigated. This subject is self, the being to which we give the name of I, when we say, I know, I will. It has three great faculties; cognition, by which we know; volition, by which we act; and judgment, which is in some measure intermediate, being neither wholly speculative, nor absolutely practical, but determining to action, and thus forming the bond of our knowledge and our will.

"Pure cognition is divided into pure sensibility, pure intelligence, and pure reason; the products of sensibility being sensations, the products of intelligence perceptions, and the products of reason ideas. This division is not inconsistent with the absolute fundamental unity of the cognitive being, that unity, of which we are conscious in all the diversity of our feelings, without which we could not exist. The threefold division is even in some measure aided by the unity itself. From a law of our nature, we strive, by a perpetual synthesis of comparison and arrangement, to bring the diversity of our sensations, as nearly as possible, to the oneness of which we are conscious in ourselves.

"Pure sensibility, comprehending all those feelings in which space and time are involved, is external, when it refers them to space, and internal when it refers them to time. In itself nothing is larger or smaller, or before or after; for space and time, the forms of sensibility, by which a subjective world arises to us, are not, in any degree, objective and real, but are modes of our own existence as sentient beings. It is impossible for us to imagine any body, which does not exist in space; it is impossible for us to imagine any feeling, which does not exist in time. With the abstraction of these, every thing to us perishes; but the certainty of space and time remains with us, though every object were conceived to be annihilated. Hence, space is an indispensable condition of the possibility of bodies, but bodies are not necessary to the possibility of space. That it exists in ourselves *à priori*, and independently of experience, is shown by the impossibility of acquiring it from without. Space includes three dimensions. Sight, smell, taste, hearing, are evidently incapable of affording these; nor is touch, to which Condillac ascribes its origin, more susceptible. We gain the idea, says he, when our hand passes over a surface; but he has already supposed a surface and a hand; and what resemblance is there of a simple feeling to a body of three dimensions? Nor can space be supposed to arise from abstraction, for by abstraction we separate only simple qualities; but space is not a simple quality capable of being perceived separately in bodies, it is the necessary condition of their existence, implied in the first perception of the infant, which supposes an object external to itself. In every sensation there must be elements both objective and subjective; the subjective must be permanent as ourselves, the objective fleeting as the occasion. Space, therefore, being invariably present amid all the apparent changes of quality, is subjec-

tive in us; occasioned indeed by the sensation, and rising in it, but not an objective part of it depending on experience. If that were its origin, we should be allowed to conclude, only, that all the bodies yet known to us are extended, and not that all bodies must have extension. Yet the certainty of this we believe with equal force; since, space being a subjective condition of knowledge, we feel that every impression, by a law of our nature, must be invested with its form. On this, the *apodictic* or demonstrative certainty of geometry depends; for, as pure space is the form of the external sensibility of all men, the extensive properties of pure space must, to all men, be the same. It is a peculiar distinction of mathematical ideas, that they consider not intensive but extensive qualities, all the degrees of which are equally capable of being rendered sensible, so as to correspond exactly with a sensible object. Of degrees merely intensive, as of the varieties of force in physics, and of benevolence in ethics, no delineation can be given.

"The internal sensibility, by which we discover our own mode of being, with all the changes that take place within us, gives us the idea of time in the succession in which it represents to us our feelings. All the arguments which prove space to be a form of our cognition are equally applicable to time. By this, we invest our internal affections with succession, as we created to ourselves a subjective world by the investiture with space. From succession we derive our idea o number; and time being, like space, an universal form the apodictic certainty of arithmetic is easily explained.

"If we had sensibility alone, the world would b merely a number of detached beings; it would not b that great whole which we call nature. This is pro duced to us by intelligence; that power, which, receiv ing the products of sensibility, establishes their rela

tions, and, arranging them in classes, forms conceptions. As, in sensation, there are the necessary forms of space and time; so are there necessary forms of intelligence, to which Kant, adopting the well-known term invented by Aristotle, gives the name of categories. These are reduced to four orders,—quantity, quality, relation, and modality: To the first of which belong the categories,—1. unity; 2. plurality; 3. totality: To the second, 4. affirmation or reality; 5. negation or privation; 6. limitation: To the third, 7. substance and accident; 8. causation, or the laws of cause and effect; 9. recopricity of action and reaction: To the fourth, 10. possibility and impossibility; 11. existence and non-existence; 12. necessity and contingence. No act of intelligence can take place without the union of these four forms of thought, in some one of their modifications. Like space and time, however, they are no part of the object, but exist *à priori*, and independently of all experience in the subject who intelligizes. Thus, to take an instance from the categories of quantity, the idea of number cannot form a part of any object. We hear a sound,—we again hear a sound,—but, when we say that we have heard two sounds, we have invested a product of sensibility with a form of our own intelligence. These fundamental conceptions may be combined so as to form other conceptions equally independent of experience; as when, from substance and causation, we derive the conception of force,—or they may be united with the pure forms of sensibility, as when, from the addition of temporary succession to existence and non-existence, we form the conception of commencement. For determining to which of the categories our sensation belongs, there are four forms of reflection, corresponding with the four orders: for the first, identity and diversity; for the second, conformity and contrariety; for the third, interiority and exterio-

rity, by which is meant the distinction of the attributes of an object as originally existing in itself, or as acquired from without; for the fourth, matter and form. These four reflective conceptions, though, like the categories, existing *à priori*, differ from them, as not being applied to the products of sensibility, to fix their relations and mode of being, but to the conceptions of objects, to fix their appropriate place in the system of our knowledge.

"Pure reason is the third mode of our cognitive faculty. It is applied to our conceptions, and is that which considers them as absolute. Its three great ideas are, absolute unity, absolute totality, and absolute causation. These become objects to us, or ideals of pure reason, by investing them with our own felt and fundamental unity, which individualizes absolute unity, as in the human soul, or absolute totality, as in the universe; and the ideas acquired from practical reason, of absolute power and goodness, are, in like manner, individualized in God. Every act of reasoning implies an absolute idea. Thus, when we say, all bodies gravitate, and the air, being a body, must therefore have weight, the validity of our conclusion depends on the universality of the major proposition. To these absolute ideas we are led, by an irresistible impulse of our nature towards infinitude. They are forms existing *à priori* in the mind; for our senses give us the perception only of that which is divisable, limited, caused. With the unity of the human mind, or the infinity of the universe, or the great source of phenomenal nature, no corporeal organ can make us acquainted.

"Each of the cognitive functions having thus its peculiar forms, we are guilty of an amphiboly when we ascribe to one the pure forms of another; as when, in material atoms of the philosophy of Epicurus, we invest our external sensations with the idea of absolute simpli

city; or when, adding to the same sensations the absolute idea of causation, we erect a theory of atheistic materialism. In like manner, the combination of absolute ideas with our internal sensibility, 'of which the form is time, and the general representation spirit,' gives rise to all those systems of spiritualism, which suppose a simple unextended soul. The perplexing controversies on the divisibility of matter are the product of a double amphiboly, which confounds sensation and conception."

CHAP. XXIV.

THE WEST INDIES.

"CONSIDERING the almost daily intercourse which exists between this country and the West Indies," said Egeria, "our intimacy with so many who have resided long in that quarter, and also with natives, it is very singular that there is not one book in the language which gives any thing like a tolerable account, either of the natural history of the islands, or of the manners and customs of the inhabitants. I doubt not that this is partly owing to the unlettered state of those returned adventurers who constitute the chief class of our West Indian acquaintance. They are in general persons come of humble life and very ordinary acquirements, without taste, if they had time, to make the requisite observations, and without time, on account of their original poverty, if they had the taste. When they return home, their habits and predilections render them averse to enter into

that kind of society where their natural shrewdness,—for I hold all successful adventurers to be naturally shrewd,—might be rendered available to the advancement of knowledge. The consequence is, that almost with every opulent West Indian, a considerable quantity of valuable information perishes unknown; and that although for mercantile, and perhaps political purposes, there be no lack of knowledge with respect to the West Indies, there is very little for any purpose of science or of pastime. The mortality of the climate is, however, the main cause of the state of ignorance in which we are suffered to remain: no literary man in his health and senses, nor any gentleman for amusement, ever thinks of visiting the indigenous region of hurricanes and the yellow fever."

"I am not sure," replied the Bachelor, "that you have hit on the true cause. I think it is more owing to the want, in the first place, of refined society; and, in the second, to the scarcity of interesting historical monuments or remains."

"I dare say you are partly in the right, Benedict; man in his general is as much an egotist as he is in his individual capacity; and therefore I suspect it is, that, notwithstanding the luxuriant vegetation,—the delicious fruits,—the turtle and the slaves of the West Indies,—that they are never visited for pleasure: for they contain but few objects calculated to awaken those associations which make so many among us long for the less hospitable and no less pestiferous shores of Egypt and of Greece. In fact, every thing about the West Indies and West Indians savours of barbarity. The trade, manu

factures, arts, and commerce of the islands, have all reference to tillage,—to the cultivation of the sugar cane, pimento, and such things—and tillage is the earliest occupation of man when he first begins to be civilized. Then the brutalizing effects of slavery, a thing in itself much more dishumanizing to the master than to the slave. The passions there, too, are all of a coarser kind than elsewhere; and any traditions which are preserved among them relative to those qualities which popularly interest mankind, such as bravery, enterprise, or address, the modifications of heroism, are mixed up and alloyed with enormities and crimes. The West Indies have produced no heroes nor warriors, but only buccaneers; and M'Kinnen's account of John Teach, the famous *Black Beard* of the Bahamas, affords you some idea of the sort of corsairs a Jamaica Byron would celebrate, if ever it be in the nature of rum, rhobe, and sangree to engender a poet."

"This extraordinary man had united in his fortunes a desperate and formidable gang of pirates, styling himself their Commodore, and assuming the authority of a legitimate chief. Under a wild fig-tree, the trunk of which still remains, and was shown to me in the eastern part of the town, he used to sit in council amongst his banditti, concerting or promulgating his plans, and exercising the authority of a magistrate. His piracies were often carried on near the English settlements on the coast of North America, where he met with extraordinary success. Perhaps in the history of human depravity it would be difficult to select actions more brutal and extravagant, than Black Beard's biographer has recorded of him. As the narrative to which I allude is generally credited, and bears strong internal evidence of

truth, it may be amusing to mention a few particulars of a man who was for some time considered as sovereign of this island.

"In person, as well as disposition, this desperado, who was a native of England, seems to have been qualified for the chief of a gang of thieves. The effect of his beard, which gave a natural ferocity to his countenance, he was always solicitous to heighten, by suffering it to grow to an immoderate length, and twisting it about in small tails like a Ramilies wig; whence he derived the name of Black Beard. His portrait in time of action is described as that of a complete fury,—with three brace of pistols in holsters slung over his shoulders like bandoliers, and lighted matches under his hat, sticking out over each of his ears. All authority, as well as admiration amongst the pirates, was conferred on those who, committing every outrage on humanity, displayed the greatest audacity and extravagance.—Black Beard's pretensions to an elevated rank in the estimation of his associates, may be conceived from the character of his jokes. Having often exhibited himself before them as a dæmon, he determined once to shew them a hell of his own creation. For this purpose he collected a quantity of sulphur and combustible materials between the decks of his vessel; when, kindling a flame, and shutting down the hatches upon his crew, he involved himself with them literally in fire and brimstone. With oaths and frantic gestures, he then acted the part of the devil, as little affected by the smoke as if he had been born in the infernal regions, till his companions, nearly suffocated and fainting, compelled him to release them. His convivial humour was of a similar cast. In one of his ecstasies, whilst heated with liquor, and sitting in his cabin, he took a pistol in each hand, then, cocking them under the table, blew out the candles, and, crossing his hands, fired on each side at his

companions: one of them received a shot which maimed him for life. His gallantry also was of the same complexion as this vein of humour. He had fourteen wives, if they may be so called; but his conduct towards one of them appears to have been too unfeeling and unmanly to admit of description."

CHAP. XXV.

BATTLE OF THE TITANS.

"I DO not wonder," said Egeria, in reply to some remarks which the Bachelor was making on the genius of the ancients as compared with that of the moderns, "why persons particularly attached to their literature have adopted so contemptuous an opinion of the works of the latter. It is perfectly evident, that, besides a knowledge of the laws which governed the style and composition of the Greeks and Romans, something much more ingenious than mere philological knowledge is required to extricate the meaning from the obscurity with which time has invested much of their phraseology. There is something, too, of the delight of discovery attached to classical reading; for many of the ideas, which probably were common-place enough in the time of the writers, have acquired a recondite and curious interest merely by having lost somewhat of their clearness, by becoming in fact obsolete. To decipher the genuine meaning, various readings are resorted to, and these trials of ingenuity are in themselves pleas-

ing exercises, which, when attended with success, yield a degree of satisfaction analogous to that of the chemist when he has adroitly performed some new and agreeable experiment. But, independent of the pleasure arising from such studies, there are many things in the works of the classics to which some of the finest passages of the moderns may be traced, and the detection of such plagiarisms naturally induces a decided preference for the originals. It cannot, for example, be doubted, that Milton,—'that celestial thief,'—stole several of the grandest ideas, in the sixth book of the Paradise Lost, from the Theogany of Hesiod. Look but at Mr Elton's translation of the Battle of the Titans, and you must instantly convict him."

"All on that day roused infinite the war,
Female and male; the Titan deities,
The gods from Saturn sprung, and those whom Jove
From subterraneous gloom released to light:
Terrible, strong, of force enormous; burst
A hundred arms from all their shoulders huge:
From all their shoulders fifty heads upsprang
O'er limbs of sinewy mould. They then array'd
Against the Titans in fell combat stood,
And in their nervous grasps wielded aloft
Precipitous rocks. On the other side alert
The Titan phalanx closed: then hands of strength
Join'd prowess, and display'd the works of war.
Tremendous then the immeasurable sea
Roar'd; earth resounded; the wide heaven throughout
Groan'd shattering: from its base Olympus vast
Reel'd to the violence of gods: the shock
Of deep concussion rock'd the dark abyss
Remote of Tartarus: the shrilling din

Of hollow tramplings, and strong battle-strokes,
And measureless uproar of wild pursuit.
So they reciprocal their weapons hurl'd
Groan-scattering; and the shout of either host
Burst in exhorting ardour to the stars
Of heaven; with mighty war-cries either host
Encountering closed.
Nor longer then did Jove
Curb his full power: but instant in his soul
There grew dilated strength, and it was fill'd
With his omnipotence. At once he loosed
His whole of might, and put forth all the god.
The vaulted sky, the mount Olympian, flashed
With his continual presence; for he pass'd
Incessant forth, and scatter'd fires on fires.
Hurl'd from his hardy grasp, the lightnings flew
Reiterated, swift; the whirling flash
Cast sacred splendour; and the thunderbolt,
Fell, roar'd around the nurture-yielding earth
In conflagration, far on every side.
The immensity of forests crackling blazed:
Yea, the broad earth burn'd red, the streams that mix
With ocean, and the deserts of the sea;
Round and around the Titan brood of earth,
Roll'd the hot vapour on its fiery surge;
The liquid heat, air's pure expanse divine
Suffused: the radiance keen of quivering flame
That shot from writhen lightnings, each dim orb,
Strong though they were, intolerable smote,
And scorch'd their blasted vision. Through the void
Of Erebus, the preternatural glare
Spread, mingling fire with darkness. But to see
With human eye, and hear with ear of man,
Had been, as if midway the spacious heaven,
Hurtling with earth, shock'd—e'en as nether earth
Crash'd from the centre, and the wreck of heaven

Fell ruining from high. So vast the din,
When, gods encountering gods, the clang of arms
Commingled, and the tumult roar'd from heaven."

CHAP. XXVI.

SOUTHEY'S RODERICK.

"No writer of the present day," observed Egeria, turning over the leaves of Southey's 'RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHS,' as it lay in her lap, "has written more of what I would call respectable poetry, than the Poet Laureate. He has, I acknowledge, produced several passages of great beauty and magnificence, but none which can justly be called truly sublime or pathetic. He ranks high in the estimation of the world, and deservedly so, as a man of genius; and, perhaps, in point of industry, he is not inferior, neither in constancy of application, nor in productive power, to the greatest of his contemporaries. But the whole of his lays and lucubrations bear an impress of art and authorship which will ever keep them out of the first class. He has ease undoubtedly, and wonderful facility, but he has little of that natural vivacity which enchants the attention. One never forgets, in reading the works of this clever and ingenious person, that one has a book in one's hand, nor that it is the production of Mr Southey; yet in his works there is no great degree of mannerism, and really very little egotism, although I believe few authors of our time have been more charged with the latter fault.

"This Poem is decidedly his best, but those who delight in the wild and wonderful will prefer Thalaba. It has more of talent than of genius; more of reflection than perception; juster notions both of adventure and of situation than any other of his epics; but still, like them all, it fails to reach the heart, and though it pleases, never elevates the mind. The defect is undoubtedly owing to some lack both of power and of taste. Mr Southey cogitates himself into a state of poetical excitement, but he seems to be rarely touched with the fine phrenzy of the poet. He conceives his works according to certain predetermined principles, and is seldom inspired with the creative energy that calls forth those startling and glorious emanations, which at once make life felt and beauty visible. He has capacity and means to build a pyramid, but the little entaglio of Grey's Elegy is more valuable than all this great tumulus to the memory of the last of the Goths;—still the volume contains many splendid and beautiful passages, which, when first seen, afford a very high degree of pleasure. It is only when we read them a second and a third time that we find out how much of their beauty is more owing to the mechanical structure of the language, than to the feeling or the elegance of the fancy embodied in them. The following description of the return of Roderick to Leyria is perhaps one of the finest passages in the book; but although full of imagery and of circumstances, the slightest of which, effectively managed, would have melted the very heart, I doubt if its merits, great as they are, have ever received the tribute of a tear."

" 'Twas even-song time, but not a bell was heard;
Instead thereof, on her polluted towers,
Bidding the Moors to their unhallow'd prayer,
The crier stood, and with his sonorous voice
Fill'd the delicious vale where Lena winds
Through groves and pastoral meads. The sound, the sight
Of turban, girdle, robe, and scimitar,
And tawny skins, awoke contending thoughts
Of anger, shame, and anguish in the Goth;
The unaccustom'd face of human-kind
Confused him now, and through the streets he went
With hagged mien, and countenance like one
Crazed or bewilder'd. All who met him turn'd,
And wonder'd as he past. One stopt him short,
Put alms into his hand, and then desired,
In broken Gothic speech, the moon-struck man
To bless him. With a look of vacancy
Roderick received the alms; his wandering eye
Fell on the money, and the fallen King,
Seeing his own royal impress on the piece,
Broke out into a quick convulsive voice,
That seem'd like laughter first, but ended soon
In hollow groans supprest: the Mussulman
Shrunk at the ghastly sound, and magnified
The name of Allah as he hasten'd on.
A Christian woman spinning at her door
Beheld him, and with sudden pity touch'd,
She laid her spindle by, and running in
Took bread, and following after call'd him back,
And placing in his passive hands the loaf,
She said, Christ Jesus for his Mother's sake
Have mercy on thee! With a look that seem'd
Like idiotcy he heard her, and stood still,
Staring awhile; then bursting into tears
Wept like a child, and thus relieved his heart,
Full even to bursting else with swelling thoughts.

So through the streets, and through the northern gate,
Did Roderick, reckless of a resting place,
With feeble yet with hurried step, pursue
His agitated way; and when he reach'd
The open fields, and found himself alone
Beneath the starry canopy of Heaven,
The sense of solitude, so dreadful late,
Was then repose and comfort. There he stopt
Beside a little rill, and brake the loaf;
And shedding o'er that unaccustom'd food
Painful but quiet tears, with grateful soul
He breathed thanksgiving forth; then made his bed
On heath and myrtle."

" A midnight march in Spain is also very beautifully described."

——" The favouring moon arose,
To guide them on their flight through upland paths
Remote from frequentage, and dales retired,
Forest and mountain glen. Before their feet
The fire-flies, swarming in the woodland shade,
Sprung up like sparks, and twinkled round their way;
The timorous blackbird, starting at their step,
Fled from the thicket, with shrill note of fear;
And far below them in the peopled dell,
When all the soothing sounds of eve had ceased,
The distant watch-dog's voice at times was heard,
Answering the nearer wolf. All through the night
Among the hills they travell'd silently;
Till when the stars were setting, at what hour
The breath of Heaven is coldest, they beheld
Within a lonely grove the expected fire,
Where Roderick and his comrade anxiously
Look'd for the appointed meeting.——
Bright rose the flame replenish'd; it illumed

The cork-tree's furrowed rind, its rifts and swells
And redder scars, . . and where its aged boughs
O'erbower'd the travellers, cast upon the leaves
A floating, grey, unrealizing gleam."

" There is also much sweetness and pleasing poetry in the description of the investiture of the young Alphonso with the honours of knighthood."

" Rejoicing in their task,
The servants of the house with emulous love
Dispute the charge. One brings the cuirass, one
The buckler; this exultingly displays
The sword, his comrade lifts the helm on high:
The greaves, the gauntlets they divide; . . a spur
Seems now to dignify the officious hand
Which for such service bears it to his Lord.
Greek artists in the imperial city forged
That splendid armour, perfect in their craft;
With curious skill they wrought it, framed alike
To shine amid the pageantry of war,
And for the proof of battle. Many a time
Alphonso from his nurse's lap had stretch'd
His infant hands toward it eagerly,
Where gleaming to the central fire it hung
High in the hall; and many a time had wish'd
With boyish ardour, that the day were come
When Pedro to his prayers would grant the boon,
His dearest heart's desire.
No season this for old solemnities,
For wassailry and sport; . . the bath, the bed,
The vigil, . . all preparatory rites
Omitted now, . . here in the face of Heaven,
Before the vassals of his father's house,
With them in instant peril to partake

The chance of life or death, the heroic boy
Dons his first arms; the coated scales of steel
Which o'er the tunic to his knees depend,
The hose, the sleeves of mail: bareheaded then
He stood. But when Count Pedro took the spurs,
And bent his knee in service to his son,
Alphonso from that gesture half drew back,
Starting in reverence, and a deeper hue
Spread o'er the glow of joy which flush'd his cheeks.
Do thou the rest, Pelayo! said the Count;
So shall the ceremony of this hour
Exceed in honour what in form it lacks."

"I will just read to you another passage, which, though of a different kind, is not less beautiful."

"Methinks if ye would know
How visitations of calamity
Affect the pious soul, 'tis shown ye there!
Look yonder at that cloud, which through the sky
Sailing alone, doth cross in her career
The rolling moon! I watch'd it as it came,
And deem'd the deep opaque would blot her beams;
But, melting like a wreath of snow, it hangs
In folds of wavy silver round, and clothes
The orb with richer beauties than her own,
Then passing, leaves her in her light serene.—
"Thus having said, the pious sufferer sate,
Beholding with fix'd eyes that lovely orb,
Till quiet tears confused in dizzy light
The broken moonbeams. They too by the toil
Of spirit, as by travail of the day
Subdued, were silent, yielding to the hour.
The silver cloud diffusing slowly past,
And now into its airy elements
Resolved is gone; while through the azure depth

Alone in heaven the glorious Moon pursues
Her course appointed, with indifferent beams
Shining upon the silent hills around,
And the dark tents of that unholy host,
Who, all unconscious of impending fate,
Take their last slumber there. The camp is still;
The fires have moulder'd, and the breeze which stirs
The soft and snowy embers, just lays bare
At times a red and evanescent light,
Or for a moment wakes a feeble flame.
They by the fountain hear the stream below,
Whose murmurs, as the wind arose or fell,
Fuller or fainter reach the ear attuned.
And now the nightingale, not distant far,
Began her solitary song; and pour'd
To the cold moon a richer, stronger strain
Than that with which the lyric lark salutes
The new-born day. Her deep and thrilling song
Seem'd with its piercing melody to reach
The soul, and in mysterious unison
Blend with all thoughts of gentleness and love.
Their hearts were open to the healing power
Of nature; and the splendour of the night,
The flow of waters, and that sweetest lay
Came to them like a copious evening dew
Falling on vernal herbs which thirst for rain."

CHAP. XXVII.

RHYMES OF IDLENESS.

"I HAVE great delight," said Egeria one evening as she was communing with the Bachelor on the literary accomplishments of several great characters, "in reading those little poetical sketches in which some of the most eminent statesmen have occasionally unbended. I do not speak of statesmen who had a decided bias for authorship, and who have published books, but of such as, in some few moments of gayety and enjoyment, have drawn their fingers playfully over the strings of the lyre, and brought forth tunes and melodies that make one regret they had not more cultivated the art. The great Earl of Chatham has, in two or three instances, imitated Horace with much taste and freedom; but I think the following little piece by Sir William Blackstone, the celebrated judge and expounder of the principles of English law, is not inferior to some of the happiest effusions of the regular-bred poets. It is not certainly of a very high order of poetry, but the verses are imbued with elegance, and the sentiments breathe the feelings of an amiable heart."

THE LAWYER'S FAREWELL TO HIS MUSE.

"As by some tyrant's stern command,
A wretch forsakes his native land,
In foreign climes condemn'd to roam,
An endless exile from his home,
Pensive he treads the destined way,

Till on some neighbouring mountain's brow
He stops, and turns his eyes below,
There, melting at the well-known view,
Drops a last tear, and bids adieu:—
So I, from thee thus doom'd to part,
Gay Queen of Fancy and of Art,
Reluctant move with doubtful mind,
Oft stop, and often look behind.

"Companion of my tender age,
Serenely gay and sweetly sage,
How blithesome were we wont to rove
By verdant hill or shady grove,
Where fervent bees, with humming voice,
Around the honied oak rejoice,
And aged elms, with awful bend,
In long cathedral walks extend:
Lull'd by the lapse of gliding floods,
Cheer'd by the warbling of the woods,
How blest my days, my thoughts how free,
In sweet society with thee!
Then all was joyous, all was young,
And years unheeded roll'd along.

"But now the pleasing dream is o'er,
These scenes must charm me now no more.
Lost to the fields, and torn from you,
Farewell, a long—a last adieu!
Me wrangling courts and stubborn law
To smoke, and crowds, and cities draw.
There selfish faction rules the day,
And pride and avarice throng the way;
Diseases taint the murky air,
And midnight conflagrations glare;
Loose revelry and riot bold
In frighted streets their orgies hold;

Or where in silence all is drown'd,
Fell murder walks his nightly round.
No room for peace—no room for you—
Adieu, celestial Nymph! adieu.

" Shakspeare, no more thy sylvan son,
Nor all the art of Addison,
Pope's heaven-strung lyre, nor Waller's ease,
Nor Milton's mighty self must please.
Instead of these, a formal band
With furs and coifs around me stand,
With sounds uncouth and accents dry
That grate the soul of harmony.
Each pedant sage unlocks his store
Of mystic, dark, discordant lore,
And points with tottering hand the ways
That lead me to the thorny maze.

" There, in a winding close retreat,
Is Justice doom'd to fix her seat;
There, fenced by bulwarks of the law,
She keeps the wondering world in awe;
And there, from vulgar sight retired,
Like Eastern queens, is more admired.
O let me pierce the secret shade,
Where dwells the venerable maid,
There humbly mark, with reverend awe,
The guardian of Britannia's law;
Unfold with joy her sacred page,
The united boast of many an age;
Where mix'd, yet uniform, appears
The wisdom of a thousand years;
In that pure spring the bottom view,
Clear, deep, and regularly true;
And other doctrine thence imbibe,
Than lurk within the sordid tribe;

Observe how parts with parts unite
In one harmonious rule of right;
See countless wheels distinctly tend,
By various laws to one great end,
While mighty Alfred's piercing soul
Pervades and regulates the whole.

" Then, welcome business—welcome strife,
Welcome the cares—the thorns of life,
The visage wan—the poreblind sight,
The toil by day—the lamp at night,
The tedious forms—the solemn prate,
The pert dispute—the dull debate,
The drowsy bench—the babbling hall:
For thee, fair Justice, welcome all.
Thus let my noon of life be past;
Yet let my setting sun at last,
Find out the still, the rural cell,
Where sage Retirement loves to dwell.
There let me taste the homefelt bliss
Of innocence and inward peace;
Untainted by the guilty bribe—
Uncursed amid the harpy tribe—
No orphan's cry to wound my ear,
My honour and my conscience clear.
Thus I calmly meet my end,
Thus to the grave in peace descend!"

CHAP. XXVIII.

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

"THE last thirty years of the reign of GEORGE THE THIRD will be remembered as one of the most remarkable epochs in the moral history of the world. Among other memorable things, it will hereafter be celebrated for the extraordinary elevation which the oratory both of the bar and the senate attained. It will require other events and circumstances equally stupendous with those of the past, to call forth again the energies of eloquence to the same degree of effect and splendour. But perhaps no single occurrence in all those mighty and manifold exertions is more interesting than the trial in the Court of King's Bench of Mr Peltier, for a libel on Buonaparte. It was considered as the first attempt of that magnificent adventurer to overthrow the liberty of the British press; and it was instituted at a time when many gathering and darkening circumstances indicated that a war was coming on in which the very existence of the British state would be put to the most imminent peril, by all the efforts that prodigious power and boundless profligacy could exert,—in every shape that force and fraud, either combined or separate, can employ. But although the speech of Sir James Mackintosh on that occasion is one of the most splendid compositions of the time, it has not obtained that durable popularity of which so noble an effort

might have been deemed beyond all question secure."

The Nymph, in making this observation, took down the published speech from the shelf, where it lay covered with dust, and read the following extract relative to the press, which is in itself not only very beautiful, but may be considered as a curious memorial, illustrative of the popular opinions and apprehensions of the time:—

"I am convinced, by circumstances which I shall now abstain from discussing, that this is the first of a long series of conflicts, between the greatest power in the world, and the only free press now remaining in Europe. Gentlemen, this distinction of the English press is new—it is a proud and melancholy distinction. Before the great earthquake of the French revolution had swallowed up all the asylums of free discussion on the continent, we enjoyed that privilege, indeed, more fully than others, but we did not enjoy it exclusively. In great monarchies, the press has always been considered as too formidable an engine to be intrusted to unlicensed individuals. But in other continental countries, either by the laws of the estate, or by long habits of liberality and toleration in magistrates, a liberty of discussion has been enjoyed, perhaps sufficient for most useful purposes. It existed, in fact, where it was not protected by law; and the wise and generous connivance of governments was daily more and more secured by the growing civilization of their subjects. In Holland, in Switzerland, in the imperial towns in Germany, the press was either legally or practically free. Holland and Switzerland are no more; and since the commencement of this prosecution fifty imperial towns have been erased from the list of independent states, by one dash of the pen. Three

four still preserve a precarious and trembling existence. I will not say by what compliances they must purchase its continuance. I will not insult the feebleness of states, whose unmerited fall I do most bitterly deplore.

"These governments were in many respects one of the most interesting parts of the ancient system of Europe. Unfortunately for the repose of mankind, great states are compelled, by regard to their own safety, to consider the military spirit and martial habits of their people as one of the main objects of their policy. Frequent hostilities seem almost the necessary condition of their greatness; and, without being great, they cannot long remain safe. Smaller states, exempted from this cruel necessity—a hard condition of greatness, a bitter satire on human nature—devoted themselves to the arts of peace, to the cultivation of literature, and the improvement of reason. They became places of refuge for free and fearless discussion; they were the impartial spectators and judges of the various contests of ambition, which from time to time disturbed the quiet of the world. They thus became peculiarly qualified to be the organs of that public opinion, which converted Europe into a great republic, with laws which mitigated, though they could not extinguish ambition; and with moral tribunals, to which even the most despotic sovereigns were amenable. If wars of aggrandizement were undertaken, their authors were arraigned in the face of Europe. If acts of internal tyranny were perpetrated, they resounded from a thousand presses throughout all civilized countries. Princes, on whose will there were no legal checks, thus found a moral restraint, which the most powerful of them could not brave with absolute impunity. They acted before a vast audience, to whose applause or condemnation they could not be utterly indifferent. The very constitution of human nature, the unalterable laws of the mind of man, against which all rebellion is fruit-

less, subjected the proudest tyrants to this control. No elevation of power,—no depravity, however consummate,—no innocence, however spotless, can render man wholly independent of the praise or blame of his fellow-men.

"These governments were, in other respects, one of the most beautiful and interesting parts of our ancient system. The perfect security of such inconsiderable and feeble states, their undisturbed tranquillity amidst the wars and conquests that surrounded them, attested, beyond any other part of the European system, the moderation, the justice, the civilization, to which Christian Europe had reached in modern times. Their weakness was protected only by the habitual reverence for justice, which, during a long series of ages, had grown up in Christendom. This was the only fortification which defended them against those mighty monarchs to whom they offered so easy a prey. And, till the French revolution, this was sufficient. Consider, for instance, the situation of the republic of Geneva: think of her defenceless position, in the very jaws of France; but think also of her undisturbed security, of her profound quiet, of the brilliant success with which she applied to industry and literature, while Louis XIV. was pouring his myriads into Italy before her gates; call to mind, if ages crowded into years have not effaced them from your memory, the happy period when we scarcely dreamt more of the subjugation of the feeblest republics of Europe, than of the conquest of her mightiest empire, and tell me if you can imagine a spectacle more beautiful to the moral eye, or a more striking proof of progress in the noblest principles of true civilization.

"These feeble states, these monuments of the justice of Europe, the asylum of peace, of industry, and of literature, the organs of public reason, the refuge of oppressed innocence, and persecuted truth, have perished

with these ancient principles which were their sole guardians and protectors. They have been swallowed up by that fearful convulsion, which has shaken the uttermost corners of the earth. They are destroyed and gone for ever.

"One asylum of free discussion is still inviolate. There is still one spot in Europe where man can freely exercise his reason on the most important concerns of society; where he can boldly publish his judgment on the acts of the proudest and most powerful tyrants. The press of England is still free. It is guarded by the free constitution of our forefathers. It is guarded by the hearts and arms of Englishmen; and I trust I may venture to say, that if it be to fall, it will fall only under the ruins of the British empire.

"It is an awful consideration, gentlemen. Every other monument of European liberty has perished.—That ancient fabric, which has been gradually reared by the wisdom and virtue of our fathers, still stands.—It stands, thanks be to God! solid and entire—but it stands alone, and it stands amidst ruins."

"But," added Egeria, "one of the ablest passages in this most able oration, is that in which the speaker, with admirable taste and dexterity, in affecting to describe the policy of Queen Elizabeth, drew the minds of his auditors to feel the full force of that character of Buonaparte, with which he wished to impress them; and that too without even seeming to allude to him. It is one of the most artful and effective pieces of modern oratory."

"The reign of Queen Elizabeth may be considered as the opening of the modern history of England, especially in its connexion with the modern system of

Europe, which began about that time to assume the form that it preserved till the French revolution. It was a very memorable period, of which the maxims ought to be engraven on the head and heart of every Englishman. Philip II., at the head of the greatest empire then in the world, was openly aiming at universal dominion; and his project was so far from being thought chimerical by the wisest of his contemporaries, that, in the opinion of the great Duc de Sully, he must have been successful, 'if, by a most singular combination of circumstances, he had not at the same time been resisted by two such strong heads as those of Henry IV. and Queen Elizabeth.' To the most extensive and opulent dominions, the most numerous and disciplined armies, the most renowned captains, the greatest revenue, he added also the most formidable power over opinion. He was the chief of a religious faction, animated by the most atrocious fanaticism, prepared to second his ambition by rebellion, anarchy, and regicide, in every Protestant state. Elizabeth was among the first objects of his hostility.—That wise and magnanimous princess placed herself in the front of the battle for the liberties of Europe. Though she had to contend at home with his fanatical faction, which almost occupied Ireland, which divided Scotland, and was not of contemptible strength in England, she aided the oppressed inhabitants of the Netherlands in their just and glorious resistance to his tyranny; she aided Henry the Great in suppressing the abominable rebellion which anarchical principles had excited, and Spanish arms had supported in France, and, after a long reign of various fortune, in which she preserved her unconquered spirit through great calamities, and still greater dangers, she at length broke the strength of the enemy and reduced his power within such limits as to be compatible with the safety of England, and of all Europe. Her only effectual ally was the spirit of her people; an

her policy flowed from that magnanimous nature, which, in the hour of peril, teaches better lessons than those of cold reason. Her great heart inspired her with a higher and nobler wisdom—which disdained to appeal to the low and sordid passions of her people, even for the protection of their low and sordid interests; because she knew, or rather she felt, that these are effeminate, creeping, cowardly, short-sighted passions, which shrink from conflict, even in defence of their own mean objects. In a righteous cause, she roused those generous affections of her people, which alone teach boldness, constancy, and foresight, and which are therefore the only safe guardians of the lowest as well as the highest interests of a nation. In her memorable address to her army, when the invasion of the kingdom was threatened by Spain, this woman of heroic spirit disdained to speak to them of their ease, and their commerce, and their wealth, and their safety. No! she touched another chord—she spoke of their national honour, of their dignity as Englishmen, of 'the foul scorn that Parma or Spain should dare to invade the borders of her realms.' She breathed into them those grand and powerful sentiments, which exalt vulgar men into heroes, which lead them into the battle of their country armed with holy and irresistible enthusiasm, which even cover with their shield all the ignoble interests that base calculation and cowardly selfishness tremble to hazard, but shrink from defending. A sort of prophetic instinct, if I may so speak, seems to have revealed to her the importance of that great instrument, for rousing and guiding the minds of men, of the effects of which she had no experience; which, since her time, has changed the condition of the world; but which few modern statesmen have thoroughly understood, or wisely employed; which is, no doubt, connected with many ridiculous and degrading details; which has produced, and may again produce, terrible

mischiefs; but of which the influence must, after all, be considered as the most certain effect of the most efficacious cause of civilization; and which, whether it be a blessing or a curse, is the most powerful engine that a politician can move—I mean the press. It is a curious fact, that in the year of the Armada, Queen Elizabeth caused to be printed the first Gazettes that ever appeared in England. And I own, when I consider that this mode of rousing a national spirit was then absolutely unexampled, that she could have no assurance of its efficacy from the precedents of former times, I am disposed to regard her having recourse to it as one of the most sagacious experiments, one of the greatest discoveries of political genius, one of the most striking anticipations of future experience, that we find in history. I mention it to you, to justify the opinion that I have ventured to state, of the close connexion of our national spirit with our press, and even with our periodical press. I cannot quit the reign of Elizabeth, without laying before you the maxims of her policy in the language of the greatest and wisest of men. Lord Bacon, in one part of his discourse on her reign, speaks thus of her support of Holland:—'But let me rest upon the honourable and continual aid and relief she hath given to the distressed and desolate people of the Low Countries; a people recommended unto her by ancient confederacy and daily intercourse, by their cause so innocent, and their fortune so lamentable!' In another passage of the same discourse, he thus speaks of the general system of her foreign policy, as the protector of Europe, in words too remarkable to require any commentary:—'Then it is her government, and her government alone, that hath been the sconce and fort of all Europe, which hath lett this proud nation from overrunning all. If any state be yet free from his factions erected in the bowels thereof; if there be any state, wherein this faction is erected, that is not

fired with civil troubles; if there be any state under his protection that enjoyeth moderate liberty, upon which he tyrannizeth not; it is the mercy of this renowned Queen that standeth between them and their misfortunes.'"

CHAP. XXIX.

CHARACTER OF LUTHER.

One wet Sunday morning, as the Bachelor and his Nymph had resolved not to go to church,—bachelors, indeed, are not in general church-going persons,—they fell into discourse concerning the history of religion,—and in the conversation, Egeria, with her wonted acumen, bore the principal part.

"I am surprised," said she, "that the spirit of religious reformation has been so long dormant,—but I think the eve of its awakening cannot be very far off. There is a great stir abroad in the world relative to religious instruction,—much of this is made by worthy and pious persons, but the cloven foot of worldly corruption may be seen among them; and in the very nature of things, some bold hypocrite will, sooner or later, attempt to turn the effects of all this to his own particular renown and advantage."

"May not," replied the Bachelor, "some honest man do the same, not, however, for his particular gratification, but for the general advantage of the world?"

"No!" said the Nymph,—"honest enthusiasm no longer exists,—there is no sacrificing now of present interests,—the interests of this world, for the hope of that reward which passeth not away. The existing spirit of the world is altogether mercantile; the epoch of the rider on the black horse, with the balance in his hand, and his oil and corn for sale, has come to pass. There is besides a plain and obvious tendency in the current of human affairs, to undermine the great edifices of ecclesiastical pomp and patronage. But it shall not be till violence has been again called in to uphold them, that any change will take place in the dominion of the spirit that is now abroad on the earth.

"But how is it, Benedict, that you think an honest man may seize the preparations which are making for a change in the religious ordinances of the world? Surely you forget that it was by the patient and the suffering,—by the martyrs alone,—that the cause of pious truth was advanced. The honest men were the victims. Your Luthers,—your Calvins,—your John Knoxes,—your Mahomets."——

"Monstrous! Mahomet and Luther,—John Knox and Mahomet!"—exclaimed Benedict,—"my Life, you are growing quite shocking. Madam de Staël's philosophy was sky-blue to the indigo of such licentiousness."

"To be sure," replied the Nymph, "it is perhaps a little too much to include Mahomet's name among the list of Christian reformers; but those who have well considered the history of that singular man, will, I am persuaded, agree with me, that if he set not out as a reformer of the church, he was an

enemy of idolatry; and whether the church was or was not a very sink of idolatry in his time, I leave you to judge,—that is to say, if you will take the trouble to read his history, and compare it, as I have done, with the general history of the world.

"At that era, the pagan religion was in a great measure restored, but in a more irrational form than in its original mythology; for the ancient pagans believed in the existence of intellectual powers, or deities, suitable to the different occasions on which they required celestial aid. In love, they addressed themselves to Cupid and Venus; in their vengeance, to Jove; in their voyages, to Neptune and Æolus; and in their resentments to Mars. But to the human deities of the Christian idolaters of Mahomet's time an universal influence was ascribed,—and the saint was preferred according to the fancy of the suppliants. Is it therefore to be wondered, that so shrewd a man as the impostor was, should not have seen that there were many among mankind who despised the idolatry of his time, and were ripened for more rational dogmas? But we have lost sight of the real character with which Mahomet set out in his career, in the warlike principles which he was afterwards, partly from necessity, though generally from ambition, induced to adopt.

"He was in his youth the handsomest man of all the Arabs; he was descended of a sacred race, the guardians of the Caaba, an altar consecrated to the service of God, in the days of antiquity, by Ishmael; —he spoke with singular grace and eloquence, and in his deportment he was distinguished for a wisdom beyond his years;—all those who knew him from his

boyhood had a presentiment that he was destined to greatness; indeed his very name signifies as much, for it means 'the glorified,' and no other had ever borne it before himself.

"When he was only thirteen years of age, he happened to be in Bosra, and his appearance so struck a monk, that he admonished the person with whom the boy was in company, to take care of him, for that he was assuredly ordained to become an extraordinary person.

"He was a great traveller, and his conversation was remarkable for a wonderful sagacity and knowledge of the mysteries of human nature,—and he often, long before he became a teacher, expressed great contempt for the state of religion throughout the world, declaring that it had no resemblance to the religion inculcated by Adam, by Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, and the prophets,—which was all very true; and it was remarked, that in maintaining these opinions, he was never contradicted, either because he made the truth so plain by his eloquence, or because it was felt by others to have been so indisputable. And it cannot be questioned, that the version of Christianity with which he opened his lectures, was far more pure, and according to the Gospel, than any thing then taught in the churches. His subsequent pretences to prophecy, and all the errors that followed in his imposture and apostacy, have thrown a cloud over the greatness, and the wisdom, and the boldness of his first endeavours; but I question very much if he kindled not a light within the body of the church that has never yet been extinguished. Men of his stamp, to be justly

considered, should be viewed in connexion with the moral and political circumstances in which they appear; and perhaps in this respect, notwithstanding your interjection, it might not be difficult to show, that in some things the merits of Mahomet were not inferior to the exertions and intrepidity of Luther."

"Well," said the Bachelor, "as you are in one of your sensation-producing moods, I shall not contradict you."

"Nay," exclaimed Egeria, "if you are in that vein, I shall say no more, but read you Mr Roscoe's character of Luther, which I think very ably drawn. It is not embued with much of the energy of genius, but, like all the other productions of that author's pen, it is distinguished for good sense, a certain classical propriety,—in short, it is a tasteful but not an original sketch."

"In order to form a proper estimate of the conduct and character of Luther, it is necessary to consider him in two principal points of view: First, as an opponent to the haughty assumptions and gross abuses of the Roman See; and, secondly, as the founder of a new church, over which he may be said to have presided until the time of his death, in 1546, an interval of nearly thirty years. In the former capacity we find him endeavouring to substitute the authority of reason and of scripture for that of councils and of popes, and contending for the utmost latitude in the perusal and construction of the sacred writings, which, as he expressed it, could not be chained, but were open to the interpretation of every individual. For this great and daring attempt he was peculiarly qualified. A consciousness of his own integrity, and the natural intrepidity of his mind, enabled him not only to brave the most violent attacks of his

adversaries, but to treat them with a degree of derision and contempt, which seemed to prove the superiority of his cause. Fully sensible of the importance and dignity of his undertaking, he looked with equal eyes on all worldly honours and distinctions; and emperors, and pontiffs, and kings, were regarded by him as men and as equals, who might merit his respect or incur his resentment, according as they were inclined to promote or obstruct his views. Nor was he more firm against the stern voice of authority, than against the blandishments of flattery, and the softening influence of real or of pretended friendship. The various attempts which were made to induce him to relax in his opposition seem in general to have confirmed rather than shaken his resolution; and if at any time he shewed a disposition towards conciliatory measures, it was only a symptom that his opposition would be soon carried to a greater extreme. The warmth of his temperament seldom, however, prevented the exercise of his judgment; and the various measures to which he resorted for securing popularity to his cause, were the result of a thorough knowledge of the great principles of human nature, and of the peculiar state of the times in which he lived. The injustice and absurdity of resorting to violence, instead of convincing the understanding by argument, were shewn by him in the strongest light. Before the imperial diet he asserted his own private opinion, founded, as he contended, on reason and scripture, against all the authorities of the Roman church; and the important point which he incessantly laboured to establish was the right of private judgment in matters of faith. To the defence of this proposition he was at all times ready to devote his learning, his talents, his repose, his character, and his life; and the great and imperishable merit of this reformer consists in his having demonstrated it by such arguments, as neither the efforts of his adversa-

ries, nor his own subsequent conduct, have been able either to refute or invalidate.

"As the founder of a new church, the character of Luther appears in a very different light. After having effected a separation from the See of Rome, there yet remained the still more difficult task of establishing such a system of religious faith and worship as, without admitting the exploded doctrines of the papal church, would prevent that licentiousness which, it was supposed, would be the consequence of a total absence of all ecclesiastical restraints. In this task Luther engaged, with a resolution equal to that with which he had braved the authority of the Romish church; but with this remarkable difference, that in one instance he effected his purpose by strenuously insisting on the right of private judgment in matters of faith, whilst, in the other, he succeeded, by laying down new doctrines, to which he expected that all those who espoused his cause should implicity submit. The opinions of Luther on certain points were fixed and unalterable. The most important of these were, the doctrine of the real presence in the Eucharist, and the justification of mankind by faith alone. Whoever assented not to these propositions was not of his church; and although he was ready, on all occasions, to make use of arguments from scripture for the defence of his tenets, yet, when these proved insufficient, he seldom hesitated to resort to more violent measures. This was fully exemplified in his conduct towards his friend Carlostadt, who, not being able to distinguish between the Romish doctrine of transubstantiation and that of the real presence of Christ in the sacrament, had, like Zuinglius, adopted the idea that the bread and the wine were only the symbols, and not the actual substance of the body and blood of Christ. Luther, however, maintained his opinion with the utmost obstinacy; the dispute became the subject of several vio-

lent publications, until Luther, who was now supported by the secular power, obtained the banishment of Carlostadt, who was at length reduced to the necessity of earning his bread by his daily labour. The unaccommodating adherence of Luther to this opinion, placed also an effectual bar to the union of the Helvetic and German reformers; and to such an uncharitable extreme did he carry his resentment against those who denied the real presence, that he refused to admit the Swiss, and the German cities and states, which had adopted the sentiments of Zuinglius and Bucer, into the confederacy for the defence of the Protestant church; choosing rather to risk the total destruction of his cause, than to avail himself of the assistance of those who did not concur with him in every particular article of belief."

CHAP. XXX.

A MIST ON THE SHORE.

"'The other night," said Egeria, "I read Mr Howison's description of the Falls of Niagara,—the best yet given of one of the most magnificent spectacles on the whole earth. But I think you will agree with me, that if the author had not heightened the colouring with his own dreads and sentiments, the painting, clear and effective as it is, would have wanted half its beauty, and more than half its interest. In truth, life of some kind, descriptions of the efforts of instinct or of mind, are essential to the grandeur of the grandest scenes. Without such the volcano is but a skyrocket, and the boundless

ocean, agitated by a storm, only a magnified view of the pool shaken by the breath of summer! A salmon-leap in a Highland glen might be so described as to produce a higher sense of the sublime than even Mr Howison's superb account of the Falls of Niagara, though the perils and endeavours of no other living thing were introduced than those of a single fish struggling to overleap the fall of the torrent. It is the skill with which such perils and endeavours are introduced that constitute the impress of genius in description. Compare, for example, the escape of Keith and Ellen, in REGINALD DALTON, with Mr Howison's Niagara, and you will acknowledge the truth of my doctrine; the principle of which is, that the sublime has its source in moral feeling, either in apprehension, sympathy, or association. And I pray you to observe, that the Canadian traveller has done his utmost with all his poetical power and the stores of a rich vocabulary,—whereas the novelist has trammelled himself with a colloquial familiarity approaching to meanness; and yet how awful and imposing the effect! —how much more so than all the thunderings and earthquake-murmurings of the other's desire to do justice to the magnitude of a great theme."

"'The mist, you will observe, had been clearing away pretty quickly on the right hand, but it was dark enough towards the front, and getting darker and darker; but we thought nought on't till the boy pulled up. 'Meinherr, Meinherr!' cried the fellow, 'I am afraid I hear the water.' He stopt for a moment, and then said, 'Stay you for a moment where you are, and I'll soon see whether we are right.' With that, off he

went, as if the devil was at his tail; and we, what could we do?—we stood like two stocks—and poor little Ellen, she looked into my face so wofully, that I wished to God we were both safe in the blackest hole of Bieche. In short, I suppose he had not galloped half a bow-shot ere we quite lost sight of the fellow, but for several minutes more we could hear his horse's hoofs on the wet sand. We lost that too—and then, sirs, there came another sound, but what it was we could not at first bring ourselves to understand. Ellen stared me in the face again, with a blank look, you may swear; and, 'Good God!' said she at last, 'I am certain it's the sea, uncle?'—'No, no!' said I, 'Listen, listen! I'm sure you are deceived.' She looked and listened, and so did I, sirs, keenly enough; and in a moment there came a strong breath of wind, and away went the mist driving, and we heard the regular heaving and rushing of the waters. 'Ride, ride, my dear uncle,' cried Ellen, 'or we are lost;' and off we both went, galloping as hard as we could away from the waves. My horse was rather the stronger one of the pair, but at length he began to pant below me, and just then the mist dropt down again thicker and thicker right and left, and I pulled up in a new terror, lest we should be separated; but Ellen was alongside in a moment, and, faith, however it was, she had more calmness with her than I could muster. She put out her hand, poor girl, and grasped mine, and there we remained for, I dare say, two or three minutes, our horses, both of them, quite blown, and we knowing no more than the man in the moon where we were, either by the village or our headland.'

"The old gentleman paused for a moment, and then went on in a much lower tone—'I feel it all as if it were now, sirs; I was like a man bewildered in a dream. I have some dim sort of remembrance of my

beast pawing and plashing with his fore-feet, and looking down and seeing some great slimy eels—never were such loathsome wretches—twisting and twirling on the sand, which, by the way, was more water than sand ere that time. I also recollect a screaming in the air, and then a flapping of wings close to my ear almost, and then a great cloud of the seamews driving over us away into the heart of the mist. Neither of us said any thing, but we just began to ride on again, though, God knows, we knew nothing of whither we were going; but we still kept hand in hand. We rode a good space, till that way also we found ourselves getting upon the sea; and so round and round, till we were at last convinced the water had completely hemmed us all about. There were the waves trampling, trampling towards us, whichever way we turned our horses' heads, and the mist was all this while thickening more and more; and if a great cloud of it was dashed away now and then with the wind, why, sirs, the prospect was but the more rueful, for the sea was round us every way. Wide and far we could see nothing but the black water, and the waves leaping up here and there upon the sand-banks.

" ' Well, sir, the poor dumb horses, they backed of themselves as the waters came gushing towards us. Looking round, snorting, snuffing, and pricking their ears, the poor things seemed to be as sensible as ourselves to the sort of condition we were all in; and while Ellen's hand wrung mine more and more closely, they also, one would have thought, were always shrinking nearer and nearer to each other, just as they had had the same kind of feelings. Ellen, I cannot tell you what her behaviour was. I don't believe there's a bold man in Europe would have behaved so well, sirs. Her cheek was white enough, and her lips were as white as if they had never had a drop of blood in them; but her

eye, God bless me! after the first two or three minutes were over, it was as clear as the bonniest blue sky ye ever looked upon. I, for my part, I cannot help saying it, was, after a little while, more grieved, far more, about her than myself. I am an old man, sirs, and what did it signify? but to see her at blithe seventeen —But, however, why should I make many words about all that? I screamed, and screamed, and better screamed, but she only squeezed my hand, and shook her head, as if it was all of no avail. I had shouted till I was as hoarse as a raven, and was just going to give up all further thoughts of making any exertion; for, in truth, I began to feel benumbed and listless all over, my friends—when we heard a gun fired. We heard it quite distinctly, though the mist was so thick that we could see nothing. I cried then; you may suppose how I cried; and Ellen too, though she had never opened her lips before, cried as lustily as she could. Again the gun was fired, and again we answered at the top of our voices; and then, God bless me!—was there ever such a moment? We heard the dashing of the oars, and a strong breeze lifted the mist like a curtain from before us, and there was a boat—a jolly ten-oar boat, steering right through the waters towards us, perhaps about a couple of hundred yards off. A sailor on the bow hailed and cheered us; but you may imagine how far gone we were when I tell you that I scarcely took notice it was in English the man cried to us.'"

CHAP. XXXI.

GERMAN GENIUS.

Some time after the conversation and illustration recorded in the preceding chapter, Benedict appeared one evening so flat and out of spirits,—whether this was owing to any lack of fees it is needless to guess,—that the Nymph resolved to rouse him, and accordingly, as soon as the candles were set and the fire trimmed, she took up Lord Francis Leveson Gower's translation of Faust, a drama by Goethe.

"You have not read this," said she; "I recollect you threw it down with the epithet of Coleridgian ravings when it was first sent home; but I have since carefully, word and line, pored it all through, and I mean, Benedict, with your permission, to deliver my opinion at some length on the subject.

"In the first place, then, I think the noble translator has done a great service to the literature and to the genius of his country, in presenting us with so clever, and, upon the whole, so tasteful a translation of a work, considered by the Germans and the German scholars as the masterpiece of so celebrated a man as Goethe; for I presume it will now be admitted, that as this performance is supposed to possess beauties of the highest order in the opinion of the author's countrymen and the admirers of their literature, we may, by its merits, form some notion of the degree of taste which the Ger-

mans have attained, and also of that sort of moral quality which they value as genius.

"You are aware, that in our own language we possess, in the Doctor Faustus of Marlowe, a tragedy on the same subject,—and that Lord Byron's Manfred is partly also similar in conception, but more elegantly imagined than either. Vulgarly speaking, the story is that of an accomplished man selling himself to the devil,—philosophically, it is but a dramatic version of such a character applying his attainments without any restraint of moral or religious principle. Of the three dramas, I prefer Byron's; at the same time, I admit, that there are passages, in the Doctor Faustus, more impassioned, and passages also, even like his Lordship's peculiar style, more effective than any thing in Manfred. The horror of Faustus towards the catastrophe transcends all exhibitions of despair, that dramatic genius has yet attempted; for, though the Promethean fortitude of Manfred belongs to the highest class of the sublime, it is still but a sustaining effort. It wants the vehemence necessary to make us sensible that the moral strength is really that stupendous energy which the poet has endeavoured to embody. The catastrophe of the Faust of Goethe, compared with either, is a failure. The interest depends not on the hero, but on the despair of a poor girl whom he had seduced, and he is carried away by the devil, without exciting one sentiment of horror for his fate. The general conception of the whole piece is also inferior to Marlowe's tragedy, and not for a moment to be compared with the hinted horrors of the NOBLE poet's

mystery. It is not, however, my intention to institute any very strict comparison. Indeed, I have but alluded to the two English works, as affording a proof of the difference between our national taste and that of the Germans,—now I will proceed more closely with the Faust.

"The general character of the play may be described, as formed on the plan of the old moralities and mysteries. It opens with this song in heaven, by the three archangels, Raphael, Gabriel, and Michael."

RAPHAEL.

"The sun his ancient hymn of wonder
Is pouring out to kindred spheres,
And still pursues, with march of thunder,
His preappointed course of years.
Thy visage gives thy angels power,
Though none its dazzling rays withstand,
And bright, as in their natal hour,
Creation's dazzling realms expand.

GABRIEL.

"And still the earth's enduring motion
Revolves with uncomputed speed,
And o'er the chequer'd earth and ocean
Darkness and light by turns succeed.
The billowy waste of seas is boiling
From deep primeval rocks below,
Yet on their destined march are toiling
The rocks that stand, the waves that flow.

MICHAEL.

"The whirlwind and the storm are raging
From sea to land, from land to main;
And adverse elements engaging,
The trembling universe enchain.

The lightnings of the dread destroyer
Precede his thunders through the air;
Yet, at the nod of their employer,
The servants of his wrath forbear.

CHORUS.

" Thy visage gives thy angels power,
Though none its dazzling rays withstand,
And bright, as in their natal hour,
Creation's dazzling realms expand."

" Then follows a personal conference between the Almighty and Mephistopheles, *alias* the Devil, of which the idea is taken from the book of Job. Lord Francis has omitted to translate this scene, and, I doubt not, judiciously; but I should remark to you a true touch of German taste in it. Mephistopheles receives permission to exercise his powers upon Faust, as of old upon Job, and in the end of the play he carries off Faust; thus the author hideously makes the Almighty consenting to the destruction of Faust for the gratification of the Devil. How much finer, and more elevated, and more poetical too, is the Hebrew idea, of making Job withstand the temptation! How much more awful the conception of Marlowe, in making Doctor Faustus surrender his spirit, so ennobled by knowledge, for mere sensual enjoyments! But the glory of conceiving the splendidly-endowed Manfred, struggling with the condemnations of remorse, the sequel, if I may so speak, to the enjoyment obtained by the guilty compact, raises Byron, in this instance, as much above both Goethe and Marlowe as the lesson conveyed in Job excels them all. The subject, however, is not

exhausted. Job was tried but by afflictions,—the temptations of St Anthony, in the hands of a truth-poet, would furnish a richer topic than either.

"After the colloquy in heaven, the scene opens with Faust in his study: he has exhausted science and art; his curiosity is still hungry, and he is dabbling in magic. All this is very prettily conceived, but it is feebly expressed. A spirit in the end appears, for no purpose earthly. This is a dramatic error,—no character should be introduced in a play that is not required to the futherance of the plot. The spirit having vanished, Wagner, the secretary to Faust, comes in and interrupts his spell, and a very weak and prosing conversation ensues, intended to be satirical, but the shafts are clumsy and ineffectual. Wagner, too, is of little use in the piece,—when he has retired, Faust, however, delivers himself of a soliloquy, which possesses very considerable poetical merit. He is speaking of the interruption produced by Wagner, and of the spirit which had appeared."

"Strange that when reason totters hope is firm.
Each slight encouragement renews our toil,
We grub for treasures in the mouldy soil,
And bless our fortune when we find a worm.
Was this the place for such a voice to sound,
When the dark powers of nature swarm'd around?
And yet for once poor wretch, whom nature ranks
Meanest of all her children, take my thanks.
Despair had seized me,—you have burst the chain,
And given my dazzled sense its powers again.
The vision seem'd of such gigantic guise,
My frame was lessen'd to a pigmy's size.

I image of the Godhead, who but now
Almost had bask'd in truth's eternal sun,
For whom the reign of light had just begun,
While mortal mists were clearing from my brow;
Already borne beyond the cherub's flight,
Piercing the dark, undazzled by the bright,
A word of thunder, shrinking up my soul,
Has hurl'd it backward as it near'd the goal.

"Likeness to thee my clay may not inherit;
I could attract thee hither, haughty spirit;
And yet to hold thee here had not the power.
That instant that you own'd my call,
I felt so little, yet so great,
You hurl'd me back, you bad me fall,
Plumb down to man's uncertain state.
Who tells me what I should eschew?
What impulse I may best obey?
Whether we suffer, or we do,
We clog existence on its way.

"What though when fancy's daring wing was young,
Forth into boundless space at once it sprung;
A shorter course 'tis now content to run,
When its wreck'd joys have perish'd one by one.
Care in the deep heart builds its nest,
And coils him there a rankling pest:
With joy assumes his torturing task,
Like other stabbers, not without a mask;
As wife or child, or other kindred blood,
Poison or steel, he shows, or fire or flood.
We weep for what we never lost,
And fly imagined ill, as though our path it cross'd.

"I am not like the gods. Know that I must,
Most like the worm, slow wallowing through the dust,

Whom man's destroying foot, if there it strays,
Slays as he feasts, and buries while it slays.

" Are they not dust, the cases there?
The shelves, and all the volumed pile they bear?
There I may read, in many a page,
That man, in every clime and age,
Has rack'd his heart and brain:
That here and there a luckier wight was seen,
Seldom or never to be seen again.
Skull of the nameless dead, why grinn'st thou, say?
Except to tell me that the brain within
Was mad, like mine, for what it fail'd to win,
Truths never-dawning, still-expected day.
Ye, too, have mocked me, instruments of art,
Pulleys and rules, and wheels of toothed brass:
At learning's door ye play the porter's part,
But would not lift the latch to let me pass.
For Nature yields not to corporeal force,
Nor suffers man by aid like yours to find
What she refuses to the powers of mind,
And deep reflection's flow, and study's tranquil course
I have no portion in thee, useless heap
Of lumber, aiding once my father's toil:
Parchments and rolls continue still your sleep,
Grimed by yon cresset's ever-fuming oil.
Better to waste the substance of my sire,
Than thus encircled by it to expire.
All we possess, and use not on the road,
Adds to the burden we must bear,
Enjoyment alleviates our share,
And, by consuming, lightens still the load."

" He then intends to poison himself, and is arrested, in the act of setting the cup to his lips, by the sound of the church-bells and the Easter Hymn. The

sentiments which this incident recalls are tenderly expressed, but not in that impassioned and pathetic strain which the occasion might have been expected to inspire."

FAUST.

"Why seek ye here, ye tones of Heaven,
A thing like me, of mortal leaven?
On softer hearts your soothing influence try;
I hear your tidings, would that I believed!
I could be happy, though deceived.
I dare not lift my thoughts towards the spheres,
From whence that heavenly sound salutes my ears;
And yet that anthem's long-remember'd strain
Revives the scenes of sinless youth again,
When, on the stillness of the sabbath-day,
Heaven in that peal seem'd pouring from above,
And I look'd upward for its kiss of love,
While saints might wish with joy like mine to pray.
An undefined inspiration
Impell'd me from the haunts of man;
I form'd myself a new creation,
While tears of Christian fervour ran.
This very song proclaim'd to childhood's ear
The solemn tide for joys for ever past,
And memory, waking while the song I hear,
Arrests my strides, and checks me at the last.
Sound on, blest strain, your task almost is done;
Tears force their way, and earth regains her son."

"A very silly namby-pamby scene succeeds between worthy artizans and others of their class,—going, as the Cockneys call it, a holiday-making. Faust and Wagner, and then an old peasant, are introduced. The dialogue between them hath oc-

casional touches of poetry and of natural feeling, but still it is not of a very high order. The description of the season is not better than the spring has been described a thousand times; but the kindly gratitude of the peasant, for the assistance which Faust and his father had given to the people by their skill during a pestilence, is pleasing and natural; and there is prodigious effect in Faust's account of the result of his father's alchemy. I suspect Lord Francis did not clearly understand the passage in the original; for he has so translated it as to make it almost seem as if Faust and his father exasperated the plague by their medicines,—whereas Faust is alluding to the deleterious effects of the gold which his father had alchemically made."

FAUST.

" A little onward—far as yonder stone—
I have a reason good to rest me there;
For often there I sat, and mused alone,
And mortified myself with fast and prayer.
There, firm in faith, I oft have striven,
With tears, and sighs, and prayers as vague,
To calm the wrath of angry Heaven,
And stay the ravage of the plague.
That voice of praise to me is scorn,
Too just, too bitter to be borne.
Hear how the father and the son
Deserve the gratitude they won.
That father was a dark adept,
Who nature's mystic ring o'erleapt,
And made her secret works his care,
With arts his own, but not unfair.
With some, like him initiate,
He sat before his furnace grate,

And, after many a crabb'd receipt,
He wielded there the powers of heat,
Made opposites together run,
And mingled contraries in one.
There was a lion red, a friar bold,
Who married lilies in their bath of gold,
With fire then vex'd them from one bridal bed
Into another, thus he made them wed.
Upon her throne of glass was seen,
Of varied hues, the youthful queen.
This was the scene from whence our skill
Display'd so far its power to kill;
Our mixtures did their work more sure
Than all the plagues we came to cure.
Myself have given the poison draught,
And seen them perish as they quaff'd,
And live to hear their kindred shed
Their blessings on the murderer's head.

"An account of the feeling of his insatiable curiosity, which soon follows, is full of beautiful and lofty poetry. It is one of the gems of the book."

FAUST.

"Happy in error's sea who finds the land,
Or o'er delusion's waves his limbs can buoy;
We use the arts we cannot understand—
And what we know, we know not to employ.
But let us not, in fancy's moody play,
The moment's present raptures waste away.
See how, from tufted trees, in evening's glow,
Ere daylight sets, the cottage casements glow
It sinks, the sun has lived another day,
And yields to death but to recruit his fires;
Alas! no wing may bear me on my way,
To track the monarch, as his orb retires.

I watch'd him, as he sought the west;
Beneath his feet creation slept,
Each summit blood-red bright, each vale at rest,
The waveless streams like golden serpents crept.
In vain yon mountain's arrowy pinnacle
To the mind's flight opposed its precipice.
Ocean himself retired, his billows fell,
And for my path disclosed his huge abyss.
The vision ceased, the sun's glad reign was o'er,
Yet the wish died not with returning night.
Darkness behind me, and the day before,
On rush'd my soul to drink the eternal light.
Seas roll'd beneath, and skies above me rose.
Blest dream! It vanish'd in its loveliest prime.
Alas! no mortal wings may succour those
Which lift the mind upon its flight sublime.
Yet nourish'd in the bosom's core
The impulse dwells which bids us onward press.
When the lark mounts till it can mount no more,
To wake its thrilling song of happiness,
When o'er the pines the eagle soaring
On poising wing appears to rest,
When marshy wastes and seas exploring,
The crane speeds to his native nest.

WAGNER.

" I have had fancies, but for such as these
They never troubled me, as I remember;
I soon have gazed my fill at fields and trees,
Envying no bird his wings, or any member.
A different joy the learned finds at home,
From page to page, from book to book to roam.
Life from such task runs warm through every limb,
And winter's blasts are gales of spring to him.
And when some parchment is unroll'd by you,
Heaven, like the prophet's scroll, seems open'd too.

FAUST.

" One impulse you have left alone.
Oh ! let the other rest unknown.
Alas ! in me two souls at variance dwell,—
Could they but separate, for both 'twere well.
One, ever wedded to the grosser earth,
Clings to the soulless clay that gave it birth;
The other feels that somewhere lie
Glad realms, to which it fain would fly;
Spirits (if such unearthly forms there be)
To whom the reign of middle air is given,
From clouds of downy gold descend, to free
A soul that pines for your transparent heaven.
Oh, were a magic mantle mine,
O'er foreign climes at will to range,
No emperor's robe, of sables fine,
Should tempt my avarice to exchange !

WAGNER.

" For mercy's sake, invoke no more
The troop whose being is known too well !
Too near at hand those viewless agents soar,
Too ready to obey the spell.
When the north blows, I know whose frosty fang
Vexes, who fret me with their arrowy tongues,
While others ride the arid east, and hang
Upon the panting chest, and husky lungs.
When mid-day from the desert has despatch'd
The swarm that cauterize the maddening brain,
Far in the west their opposites are hatch'd,
Who calm the fever and refresh the plain;
Prompt listeners to what heard shall make us grieve—
Prompt slaves to serve their masters, and deceive."

" While they are thus discoursing, a black hound is seen circling inwards, nearer and nearer, around them."

"The next scene is in the study of Faust, the dog is with him. Why Lord Francis should have called the hell-hound poodle, I cannot imagine. It tends to make the reader believe that it was some new apparition,—but there is poetry and beauty in what passes."

FAUST.

"While gloomy night o'erspreads the plain,
I leave the shadowy waste behind,
Where darkness rouses not in vain
The better genius of the mind;
Each impulse wild its rest is taking,
Each passion slumbers in its den,
Nought but the love of God is waking,
And love as pure for fellow-men.

"Rest thee, poodle. Why runnest thou so,
On the threshold wandering to and fro?
Lay thee down the stove beneath,
Stop thy whining, and still thy breath.
Poor dog, thou hast merrily cheer'd my way
With thy wanton springs and thy frolicsome play:
But welcome then here as an innocent guest,
Still thy whining, and take thy rest.

"Ah! when again within our cell
We bid the lamp of midnight glow,
The inward light is trimm'd as well
In hearts that learn themselves to know:
While reason's voice adorns its theme,
And hope blooms brighter than at first,
The soul springs onward to the stream
Which flows to quench our mortal thirst.

Howl not, poodle! thy fiendish cries
  Disturb the bosom's celestial tone,
  Which accords but ill with thy yelling moan.
But aught that is hid from human eyes,
Human folly will oft condemn,
  They will murmur at all that is fair and good,
  If its fairness be hard to be understood.
Would the critical hound but imitate them?
But already, will I what I may,
Joy's brief star has quench'd its fickle ray.
Why must the stream so soon be dried,
Ere my thirst be satisfied?
How oft such fortune has been mine:
  And yet by each blessing the world denies
  We are taught the things of heaven to prize,
And for revelation's light to pine.
And nowhere brighter it was sent
Than in our Saviour's Testament.
Great is my wish to labour o'er
My version of its holy lore;
And, with a Christian's good design,
To make it German line by line.

"In the beginning was the Word, I write,
  And straight erase what fails to satisfy;
I cannot rate the Word sufficient quite;
  A worthier version I must try.
Will not the spirit guide me such to find?
I write, in the beginning was the Mind.
But let me, ere the opening line be done,
Consider if the pen the sense outrun.
Did Mind work all things in creation's hour?
No, thus: in the beginning was the power.
Yet, while I write it down, a warning voice
Still makes me discontented with my choice

'Tis done! the spirit helps me at my need,
And writes, in the beginning was the Deed.

In my chamber would you rest,
Be silent, poodle—you had best.
Cease to bellow!
For with such a clamorous fellow,
Truly, I could well dispense:
One incontinent must hence.
Though patient, I can bear no more,
Though to a guest I ope the door.
But, what wonders do I see!
Natural sight it cannot be!
Long and broad my poodle grows,
And a wondrous shape he shows,
Such the limbs and such the force
Of the Delta's river-horse;
Half-begotten brood of hell,
Solomon's key shall fit him well.

" Less than five, and more than three,
Fit the beast whate'er he be.
Salamanders, burn and glow;
Water-spirits, twine and flow;
Up, ye sylphs, in æther blue;
Earthly goblins, down with you.

" He who could not win consent
From each subject element,
Could not govern at his will
Spirits, be they good or ill.

" Salamanders, mix in flame;
In your waters, sprites, the same;
Sylphs, shine out in meteor beauty;
Goblins, help to do your duty.

Incubus, Incubus,
Make the spell complete for us.

" None of the four
Stand in the door,
He lies and he grins at me calmly still:
And yet I have not work'd him ill;
But the spell he shall hear
Shall shake him with fear.

" Art thou, tell,
An exile of hell?
Then look at this sign,
At the sight of which all
The fallen must fall.
His form swells out and bristles his hair.
Son of a fallen line,
Say, canst thou read the sign?

" Swelling like an elephant,
He will make the chamber scant.
Rise not to the ceiling's crown:
At my bidding lay thee down.
You see that I threaten never in vain;
Be still ere I vex thee with fiery pain.
Wait not till the fiery light
From its third eclipse be bright:
Wait not the force of the deadliest flame,
And the terrible sound of the Holiest name.
[MEPHISTOPHELES *appears from behind the stove, dressed as a travelling Student.*"

" The dialogue between Faust and Mephistopheles is not good—it is trifling for the most part, though here and there one meets with touches—mediocre enough—of poetry. The conversation between the

devil and a scholar is quite contemptible. The scene which follows in the public-house in Leipzig is as bad, and not superior to the carousals in any ordinary melo-drama: compared with the same sort in Marlowe's tragedy it is truly despicable. Here is one of the devil's songs."

"Upon a time there lived a king,
This king he had a flea,
So much he loved the little thing,
That like his son was he.
His tailor he beseeches,
The tailor to him goes,
Now measure my flea for breeches,
And measure him for hose.

"In satin and in laces,
Straitway this flea was drest;
He had buckles to his braces,
And a cross upon his breast.
He govern'd then the nation,
With a star his coat to grace,
And he gave each poor relation
A pension or a place.

"He set the ladies scoffing,
The lords were sore distress'd;
The queen too, and the dauphin,
Could neither eat nor rest;
And yet they dared not stifle,
And crush the flea outright;
We reckon it but a trifle
To crush one if he bite.

CHORUS.

We reckon it, &c. &c.

* * * *

Very good song, very well sung,
Jolly companions every one!"

"The witch's kitchen is also a grotesque absurdity, to which the author has been indebted to some picture of the temptations of St Anthony. I shall only amuse you with this "horror" by the stage-directions."

"*A great caldron is boiling on a fire, which is seen blazing on a low hearth. In the smoke that rises from it various figures are ascending. A meerkatze (an animal between a cat and a monkey) sits by the caldron, skimming it so that it may not boil over. The male, with his family, is warming himself. The walls and roof are hung round with all the strange and fantastic apparatus of witchcraft.*"

"The interlocutors in the scene are worthy of this. The monkey-cats sing a trio, and he that was skimming the pot rubs fondly up against Mephistopheles and sings a solo. This, according to German taste, is sublime—a high fancy of German genius. The whole trash is a sad caricature of the incantation in Macbeth. The proper business of the drama, however, now commences. Neither the sublime nor the horrible belong to Goethe; his forte is the pathetic, and with the entrance of Margaret, the true spirit of his genius descends into his pen; but the manner in which he accomplishes the seduction of that pretty and simple maiden is vile. He puts jewels in her box, for no other purpose, it would seem, than to

draw forth an anathema on the greed of the priesthood—a crafty monk having contrived to possess himself of the jewels. He thus represents Margaret so sweet,—so gentle and confiding,—as really a mercenary wench. The whole idea of her seduction is poorly conceived, and executed in poverty. Even the simplicity with which she is made to poison her mother is without any effect. But the account of her antipathy to Mephistopheles is beautifully written."

MARGARET.

"The man who still your steps attends,
That man, my deepest, inmost soul offends.
I never knew a feeling dart
So like a dagger through my heart,
As when his evil features cross my sight,

FAUST.

My foolish Margaret, why this causeless fright?

MARGARET.

His presence chills my blood through every vein;
Ill-will to man I never entertain,
But, howsoe'er on you I love to gaze,
Still on that man my eye with horror strays;
To a bad race I hold him to belong.
May God forgive me, if I do him wrong!

FAUST.

He is not lovely, but such men must be.

MARGARET.

Heaven keep me far from such a mate as he!
If at our door he chance to knock,
His very lip seems curl'd to mock,

Yet furious in his very sneers.
He takes no part in aught he sees or hears.
Written it stands his brow above—
No thing that lives that man may love.
Abandon'd to your circling arm,
I feel so blest, so free from harm—
And he must poison joys so pure and mild.

FAUST.

Thou loveliest, best, but most suspecting child.

MARGARET.

My nerves so strongly it comes o'er,
I feel, whene'er he joins us on our way,
As if I did not love you as before;
As if I could not raise my voice to pray.
That fancy makes me tremble through my frame;
Say what you will, yourself must feel the same."

"The idea of Margaret placing flowers before the image of the Mater Dolorosa is delicately conceived, and the explanation given of the reason which led her to do this is also finely insinuated in the sorrow of her brother."

VALENTINE.

"When in some camp I joined the crowd,
Where jests went round, and boasting loud,
And many a clamorous voice proclaim'd
The charms and worth of maids they named,
And pledged, in mantling cups, the toast,
With elbows squared, I kept my post;
Let all their tongues at freedom run,
Nor utter'd, till the tale was done.
Then 'twas my turn my beard to stroke—
I fill'd my glass, and smiled, and spoke.

Each to his mind—I gainsay none—
But this I say, there is not one
Like my poor Margaret, or who
Is fit to tie my sister's shoe!
The merry glasses clang'd consent;
They clapp'd, they shouted—round it went—
'She is the queen of all her race!'
The praise of others died apace,
And now!—my best resource remains,
Against the wall to dash my brains.
For I am one each knave who meets
May curl his nose at in the streets.
Nail'd like a felon by the ear,
Sweating each scurril jest to hear;
And though I smash'd them, low and high,
And gave the fiend their souls to fry,
I could not give one wretch the lie!
Who slinks this way?—who passes there?
Now, by my sister's shame I swear,
Should it be he whose blood I crave,
The miscreant treads upon his grave!"

"A very noble scene is that also in which Margaret is described in the cathedral taunted by an evil spirit. But the triumph of the author is the catastrophe, in which, after Margaret has been seized and condemned for the murder of her child, Faust goes to deliver her. I said that the horrible was beyond the powers of Goethe; but he has, in this exquisite passage, attained to something more rare and worthier of imitation, and which, for want of a better term, I would call the pathetic of horror."

FAUST.

"Strength to my limbs my fainting soul denies,
Sick with the sense of man's collected wo;

Behind this dungeon's dripping wall she lies,
Frenzy the crime for which her blood must flow.
Traitor, thou darest not enter in
To face the witness of thy sin.
Forward, thy cowardice draws down the blow.

MARGARET (*within*) *sings.*

Now shame on my mother
Who brought me to light,
And foul fall my father
Who nursed me in spite.

FAUST (*unlocking the door*).

She dreams not that her lover hears the strain,
The straw's sad rustling, and the clinking chain.

MARGARET (*hiding herself in the straw on which she lies*).

Wo, wo! they wake me! bitter fate!

FAUST.

Hush, hush! I come to give thee means to fly.

MARGARET.

Art thou a man? then be compassionate.

FAUST.

Soft! thou wilt wake thy jailers with that cry.
[*He seizes the chains to unlock them.*

MARGARET (*on her knees*).

Who gave the hangman power
So soon to wake and slay?
Why callest thou me at midnight's hour?—
Oh! let me live till day!
Is it not time when morn has sprung?
[*She stands up.*

And I am yet so young—so young!
And yet so soon to perish by your laws.
Once I was fair too—that is just the cause.
One friend was near me then; he too is fled.
My flowers are wither'd, and my garland dead.
Seize me not thus! it gives me pain.
Have I e'er wrong'd thee? why then bind me so?
Let not my woman's voice implore in vain—
Can I have hurt one whom I do not know?

FAUST.

Can I outlive this hour of wo!

MARGARET.

Ah! I am now within thy power;
Yet let me clasp my only joy,
My child! I nursed it many an hour,
But then they took it from me to annoy,
And now they say the mother kill'd her boy.
'And she shall ne'er be happy more.'—
That is the song they sing to give me pain;
It is the end of an old strain,
But never meant me before.

FAUST.

He whom you deem'd so far, before you lies,
To burst your chains, and give the life you prize.

MARGARET.

Oh! raise we to the saints our prayer!
For see, beneath the stair,
Beneath the door-stone swell
The penal flames of hell.
The evil one,
In pitiless wrath,
Roars for his prey.

FAUST (*aloud*).

Margaret! Margaret!

MARGARET (*starting*).

That was *his* voice!

[*She springs up; her chains fall off.*]

Where is he? for I know 'twas he.
None, none shall stay me; I am free!
'Tis to his bosom I will fly,
In his embraces I will lie.
His Margaret he calls, on the threshold he stands,
'Mid the laughter and howls of the fiendish bands;
Through the shouts of their malice, their hissings of scorn,
How sweetly his voice of affection was borne!

FAUST.

'Tis I.

MARGARET.

Oh, say it, say it, once again,
My friend, my lover! Where is now my pain?
Where is my chain, my dungeon, and my grave?
He comes himself to comfort and to save.
I see the church's aisle, the street,
Where first we dared to gaze, to meet:
The garden blooms before me now,
Where first we shared the kiss, the vow.

FAUST.

Away! away!

MARGARET.

Oh, not so fast!
Time is with you so sweetly past.

FAUST.

Haste, Margaret, haste!
For if thou lingerest here,
We both shall pay it dear.

MARGARET.

What, thou canst kiss no more!
Away so short a time as this,
And hast so soon forgot to kiss!
Why are my joys less ardent than they were?
Once in those folding arms I loved to lie,
Clung to that breast, and deem'd my heaven was there,
Till, scarce alive, I almost long'd to die!
Those lips are cold, and do not move,
Alas! unkind, unkind!
Hast thou left all thy love,
Thy former love, behind?

FAUST.

Follow me! follow, Margaret! be not slow:
With twice its former heat my love shall glow.
Margaret, this instant come, 'tis all I pray.

MARGARET.

And art thou, art thou, he for certain, say?

FAUST.

I am; come with me.

MARGARET.

Thou shalt burst my chain,
And lay me in thy folding arms again.
How comes it, tell me, thou canst bear my sight?
Know'st thou to whom thou bring'st the means of flight?

FAUST.

Come, come!—I feel the morning breeze's breath.

MARGARET.

This hand was guilty of a mother's death!
I drown'd my child! And thou canst tell
If it was mine, 'twas thine as well.
I scarce believe, though so it seem—
Give me thy hand—I do not dream—
That dear, dear hand. Alas, that spot!
Wipe it away, the purple clot!
What hast thou done? Put up thy sword:
It was thy Margaret's voice implored.

FAUST.

Oh Margaret! let the past be past:
Forget it, or I breathe my last.

MARGARET.

No; you must live till I shall trace
For each their separate burial place.
You must prepare betimes to-morrow
Our home of sorrow.
For my poor mother keep the best:
My brother next to her shall rest.
Me, Margaret, you must lay aside,
Some space between, but not too wide.
On the right breast my boy shall be;
Let no one else lie there but he.
'Twere bliss with him in death to lie,
Which, on this earth, my foes deny.
'Tis all in vain—you will not mind,
And yet you look so good, so kind.

FAUST.

Then be persuaded—come with me.

MARGARET.

To wander with you?

FAUST.

To be free.

MARGARET.

To death: I know it—I prepare—
I come: the grave is yawning there!
The grave, no farther—'tis our journey's end.
You part. Oh! could I but your steps attend.

FAUST.

You can! But wish it, and the deed is done.

MARGARET.

I may not with you: hope for me is none!
How can I fly? They glare upon me still!
It is so sad to beg the wide world through,
And with an evil conscience too!
It is so sad to roam through stranger lands,
And they will seize me with their iron hands!

FAUST.

I will be with you.

MARGARET.

Quick! fly!
Save it, or the child will die!
Through the wild wood,
To the pond!
It lifts its head!
The bubbles rise!

It breathes!
Oh save it, save it!

FAUST.

Reflect, reflect!
One step, and thou art free!

MARGARET.

Had we but pass'd the hillside lone—
My mother there sits on a stone.
Long she has sat there, cold and dead,
Yet nodding with her weary head.
Yet winks not, nor signs, other motion is o'er;
She slept for so long, that she wakes no more.

FAUST.

Since words are vain to rouse thy sleeping sense,
I venture, and with force I bear thee hence.

MARGARET.

Unhand me! leave me! I will not consent!
Too much I yielded once! too much repent!

FAUST.

Day! Margaret, day! your hour will soon be past.

MARGARET.

True, 'tis the day; the last—the last!
My bridal day!—'twill soon appear.
Tell it to none thou hast been here.
We shall see one another, and soon shall see—
But not at the dance will our meeting be.
We two shall meet
In the crowded street:
The citizens throng—the press is hot,
They talk together—I hear them not:

The bell has toll'd—the wand they break—
My arms they pinion till they ache!
They force me down upon the chair!
The neck of each spectator there
Thrills, as though itself would feel
The headsman's stroke—the sweeping steel!
And all are as dumb, with speechless pain,
As if they never would speak again!

FAUST.

Oh, had I never lived!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*appears in the door-way*).

Off! or your life will be but short:
My coursers paw the ground, and snort!
The sun will rise, and off they bound.

MARGARET.

Who is it rises from the ground?
'Tis he!—the evil one of hell!
What would he where the holy dwell?
'Tis me he seeks!

FAUST.

To bid thee live.

MARGARET.

Justice of Heaven! to thee my soul I give!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUST).

Come! come! or tarry else with her to die.

MARGARET.

Heaven, I am thine! to thy embrace I fly!
Hover around, ye angel bands
Save me! defy him where he stands.
Henry, I shudder! 'tis for thee.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She is condemn'd!

VOICES FROM ABOVE.

Is pardon'd!

MEPHISTOPEHLES (*to* FAUST).

Hence, and flee!

[*Vanishes with* FAUST.

MARGARET (*from within*).

Henry! Henry!"

"I admit," said Benedict, wiping his eyes, when the Nymph had finished, "that there is considerable power in some passages, and also that the scene you have just read is truly solemn and affecting; but still the whole drama is a very ill-constructed piece of work, and has faults that would have sunk it in England at the launching, and covered its author with irredeemable ridicule. Cats singing, and a hecat rubbing the devil's legs as if it had been a bachelor's Tom!"

"Hush!" exclaimed the Nymph, laughing, "recollect what you are yourself. Besides, bear in mind that the devil is a bachelor, and the first that was. To be serious, however, it cannot be questioned that, although there are in the productions of German genius, passages of the very highest order, and conceptions too of great originality, yet that, generally speaking, taking this drama as an admired work, absurdity and silliness are probably so superabundant in them, that the same things which please the

Germans, and obtain honours and patronage among them, would be consigned to laughter among us.

CHAP. XXXII.

FALLS OF NIAGARA.

"You were speaking to me lately," said the Bachelor," of the Falls of Niagara, as described by Mr Howison, in his Sketches of Upper Canada. I do not recollect the passage, indeed I may say that I have scarcely looked at the book."

"Then you have a treat to receive which you are not aware of," replied the Nymph: "it is a pleasing work, written with considerable taste and great purity of feeling, and no one who is not possessed of the same delicate sense of physical grandeur, and of the beauties of nature, should write about America. I never read a book relative to that country but which reminded me of the new-built suburbs of some of our great manufacturing towns. There is a traffic-like something about every description of the inhabitants, by which one is brought to think only of profits and of labour,—good and very necessary things, and highly essential to the prosperity of a state, but not just the sort of topics that delight in books of travels. Mr Howison, however, is an exception to the generality of travellers in America,—he gives us little of what, in the course of business and of political economy, is called valuable information, but he gives a great deal of very pleasing description;—now it is

description which I long for. Every body has heard and read of the vast scale on which nature has formed the scenery of America;—but few accounts of its appearance present any image to the mind. It is easy to conceive, from the dimensions of the American mountains, lakes, and rivers, that they prodigiously exceed every thing of the kind in this country; but the moral excitement which they produce, when first seen, has never been well described. The best that I have almost ever met with is certainly Mr Howison's sketch of the Falls of Niagara. I had never before any just idea of their might and majesty; but he makes one feel something of what he himself experienced in beholding the magnificence of that unequalled scene. As you say you do not recollect the passage, I will read it to you."

"Now that I propose to attempt a description of the Falls of Niagara, I feel myself threatened with a return of those throbs of trembling expectation, which agitated me on my first visit to these stupendous cataracts, and to which every person of the least sensibility is liable, when he is on the eve of seeing any thing that has strongly excited his curiosity, or powerfully affected his imagination. I fear I will not be able to convey a correct idea of the scene I mean to describe. Yet, anxious as I am that you should have just conceptions of it, I would not willingly have accepted your company when I first visited Niagara Falls,—as any object that did not enter into the real composition of the mighty scene, would have proved a source of painful interruption to me while engaged in contemplating its magnificent features.

"The form of Niagara Falls is that of an irregular semicircle, about three quarters of a mile in extent.

This is divided into two distinct cascades by the intervention of Goat Island, the extremity of which is perpendicular, and in a line with the precipice over which the water is projected. The cataract on the Canada side of the river is called the Horseshoe, or Great Fall, from its peculiar form—and that next the United States the American Fall.

"Three extensive views of the Falls may be obtained from three different places. In general, the first opportunity travellers have of seeing the cataract is from the high-road, which, at one point, lies near the bank of the river. This place, however, being considerably above the level of the Falls, and a good way beyond them, affords a view that is comparatively imperfect and unimposing.

"The Table Rock, from which the Falls of the Niagara may be contemplated in all their grandeur, lies on an exact level with the edge of the cataract on the Canada side, and indeed forms a part of the precipice over which the water gushes. It derives its name from the circumstance of its projecting beyond the cliffs that support it like the leaf of a table. To gain this position, it is necessary to descend a steep bank, and to follow a path that winds among shrubbery and trees, which entirely conceal from the eye the scene that awaits him who traverses it. When near the termination of this road, a few steps carried me beyond all these obstructions, and a magnificent amphitheatre of cataracts burst upon my view with appalling suddenness and majesty. However, in a moment the scene was concealed from my eyes by a dense cloud of spray, which involved me so completely, that I did not dare to extricate myself. A mingled and thundering rushing filled my ears. I could see nothing except when the wind made a chasm in the spray, and then tremendous cataracts seemed to encompass me on every side, while below, a raging and

foamy gulf of undiscoverable extent lashed the rocks with its hissing waves, and swallowed, under a horrible obscurity, the smoking floods that were precipitated into its bosom.

"At first the sky was obscured by clouds, but after a few minutes the sun burst forth, and the breeze subsiding at the same time, permitted the spray to ascend perpendicularly. A host of pyramidal clouds rose majestically, one after another, from the abyss at the bottom of the Fall; and each, when it had ascended a little above the edge of the cataract, displayed a beautiful rainbow, which in a few moments was gradually transferred into the bosom of the cloud that immediately succeeded. The spray of the Great Fall had extended itself through a wide space directly over me, and, receiving the full influence of the sun, exhibited a luminous and magnificent rainbow, which continued to over-arch and irradiate the spot on which I stood, while I enthusiastically contemplated the indescribable scene.

"Any person, who has nerve enough (as I had) may plunge his hand into the water of the Great Fall after it is projected over the precipice, merely by lying down flat, with his face beyond the edge of the Table Rock, and stretching out his arm to its utmost extent. The experiment is truly a horrible one, and such as I would not wish to repeat; for, even to this day, I feel a shuddering and recoiling sensation when I recollect having been in the posture above described.

"The body of water which composes the middle part of the Great Fall is so immense, that it descends nearly two-thirds of the space without being ruffled or broken, and the solemn calmness with which it rolls over the edge of the precipice is finely contrasted with the perturbed appearance it assumes after having reached the gulf below. But the water towards each side of the Fall is shattered the moment it drops over the rock, and

loses as it descends, in a great measure, the character of a fluid, being divided into pyramidal-shaped fragments, the bases of which are turned upwards. The surface of the gulf below the cataract presents a very singular aspect; seeming, as it were, filled with an immense quantity of hoar frost, which is agitated by small and rapid undulations. The particles of water are dazzlingly white, and do not apparently unite together, as might be supposed, but seem to continue for a time in a state of distinct comminution, and to repel each other with a thrilling and shivering motion which cannot easily be described.

"The noise made by the Horseshoe Fall, though very great, is infinitely less than might be expected, and varies in loudness according to the state of the atmosphere. When the weather is clear and frosty, it may be distinctly heard at the distance of ten or twelve miles; but much further when there is a steady breeze: however, I have frequently stood upon the declivity of the high bank that overlooks the Table Rock, and distinguished a low thundering only, which at times was altogether drowned amidst the roaring of the Rapids above the cataract. In my opinion, the concave shape of the Great Fall explains this circumstance. The noise vibrates from one side of the rocky recess to the other, and a little only escapes from its confinement; and even this is less distinctly heard than it would otherwise be, as the profusion of spray renders the air near the cataract a very indifferent conductor of sound.

"The road to the bottom of the Fall presents many more difficulties than that which leads to the Table Rock. After leaving the Table Rock, the traveller must proceed down the river nearly half a mile, where he will come to a small chasm in the bank, in which there is a spiral staircase enclosed in a wooden building. By descending the stair, which is seventy or eighty feet

perpendicular height, he will find himself under the precipice on the top of which he formerly walked. A high but sloping bank extends from its base to the edge of the river, and on the summit of this there is a narrow slippery path, covered with angular fragments of rock, which leads to the Great Fall. The impending cliffs, hung with a profusion of trees and brushwood, overarch this road, and seem to vibrate with the thunders of the cataract. In some places they rise abruptly to the height of one hundred feet, and display, upon their surfaces, fossil shells, and the organic remains of a former world; thus sublimely leading the mind to contemplate the convulsions which nature has undergone since the creation. As the traveller advances, he is frightfully stunned by the appalling noise; clouds of spray sometimes envelope him, and suddenly check his faltering steps,—rattlesnakes start from the cavities of the rocks, and the screams of eagles soaring among the whirlwinds of eddying vapour which obscure the gulf of the cataract, at intervals announce that the raging waters have hurled some bewildered animal over the precipice. After scrambling among piles of huge rocks that obstruct his way, the traveller gains the bottom of the Fall, where the soul can be susceptible only of one emotion, —that of uncontrollable terror.

"It was not until I had, by frequent excursions to the Falls, in some measure familiarized my mind with their sublimities, that I ventured to explore the *penetralia* of the Great Cataract. The precipice over which it rolls is very much arched underneath, while the impetus which the water receives in its descent projects it far beyond the cliff, and thus an immense Gothic arch is formed by the rock and the torrent. Twice I entered this cavern, and twice I was obliged to retrace my steps, lest I should be suffocated by the blast of dense spray that whirled around me; however, the third

time, I succeeded in advancing about twenty-five yards. Here darkness began to encircle me; on one side, the black cliff stretched itself into a gigantic arch far above my head, and on the other, the dense and hissing torrent formed an impenetrable sheet of foam, with which I was drenched in a moment. The rocks were so slippery, that I could hardly keep my feet, or hold securely by them; while the horrid din made me think the precipices above were tumbling down in colossal fragments upon my head.

"It is not easy to determine how far an individual might advance between the sheet of water and the rock; but were it even possible to explore the recess to its utmost extremity, scarcely any one, I believe, would have courage to attempt an expedition of the kind.

"A little way below the Great Fall, the river is, comparatively speaking, so tranquil, that a ferry-boat plies between the Canada and American shores, for the convenience of travellers. When I first crossed, the heaving flood tossed about the skiff with a violence that seemed very alarming; but as soon as we gained the middle of the river, my attention was altogether engaged by the surpassing grandeur of the scene before me. I was now within the area of a semicircle of cataracts, more than three thousand feet in extent, and floated on the surface of a gulf, raging, fathomless, and interminable. Majestic cliffs, splendid rainbows, lofty trees, and columns of spray, were the gorgeous decorations of this theatre of wonders, while a dazzling sun shed refulgent glories upon every part of the scene.—Surrounded with clouds of vapour, and stunned into a state of confusion and terror by the hideous noise, I looked upwards to the height of one hundred and fifty feet, and saw vast floods, dense, awful, and stupendous, vehemently bursting over the precipice, and rolling down, as if the windows of heaven were opened to pour ano-

ther deluge upon the earth. Loud sounds, resembling discharges of artillery or volcanic explosions, were now distinguishable amidst the watery tumult, and added terrors to the abyss from which they issued. The sun, looking majestically through the ascending spray, was encircled by a radiant halo; whilst fragments of rainbows floated on every side, and momentarily vanished only to give place to a succession of others more brilliant. Looking backwards, I saw the Niagara river, again become calm and tranquil, rolling magnificently between the towering cliffs that rose on either side, and receiving showers of orient dew-drops from the trees that gracefully overarched its transparent bosom. A gentle breeze ruffled the waters, and beautiful birds fluttered around, as if to welcome its egress from those clouds and thunders and rainbows, which were the heralds of its precipitation into the abyss of the cataract."

CHAP. XXXII.

MOSCOW.

"Dr Edward Daniel Clarke," said Egeria one morning as the first part of his voluminous Travels happened to be lying on the table before the Bachelor; "Dr Edward Daniel Clarke is about the most interesting and accomplished traveller that England has yet produced. He is, I admit, occasionally dogmatical,—and, I would almost say, also superstitiously credulous; but still he has brought a mind of very respectable endowment, and superior, per-

haps extraordinary, acquirements to bear upon all and every thing that he has described. His opinion of the Russians, however, is mere angry prejudice: he must have suffered, either in his interests or in his vanity, probably in both, before he could have fallen into the error of supposing that the world would believe the following description to be in any degree correct, founded, as it evidently is, on hearsay and individual follies: even, prior to the time of Peter the Great, the manners of the Russian nobility could not have been so gross and abominable as these monstrosities."

NOBILITY.

"Some of the nobles are much richer than the richest of our English peers; and a vast number, as may be supposed, are very poor. To this poverty, and to these riches, are equally joined the most abject meanness, and the most detestable profligacy. In sensuality they are without limits of law, conscience, or honour. In their amusement always children; in their resentment, women. The toys of infants, the baubles of French fops, constitute the highest object of their wishes. Novelty delights the human race; but no part of it seek for novelty so eagerly as the Russian nobles. Novelty in their debaucheries; novelty in gluttony; novelty in cruelty; novelty in whatever they pursue. This is not the case with the lower class, who preserve their habits unaltered from one generation to another. But there are characteristics in which the Russian prince and the Russian peasant are the same: they are all equally barbarous. Visit a Russian, of whatever rank, at his country seat, and you will find him lounging about, uncombed, unwashed, unshaven, half-naked, eating raw turnips, and drinking *quass*. The raw turnip is handed

about in slices, in the first houses, upon a silver salver, with brandy, as a whet before dinner. Their hair is universally in a state not to be described; and their bodies are only divested of vermin when they frequent the bath. Upon those occasions, their shirts and pelisses are held over a hot stove, and the heat occasions the vermin to fall off. It is a fact too notorious to admit dispute, that from the Emperor to the meanest slave, throughout the vast empire of all the Russias, including all its princes, nobles, priests, and peasants, there exists not a single individual in a thousand, whose body is destitute of vermin. An English gentleman of Moscow, residing as a banker in the city, assured me, that, passing on horseback through the streets, he has often seen women of the highest quality, sitting in the windows of their palaces, divesting each other of vermin;—another trait, in addition to what I have said before, of their resemblance to the Neapolitans.

"The true manners of the people are not seen in Petersburgh, nor even in Moscow, by entering the houses of nobility only. Some of them, and generally those to whom letters of recommendation are obtained, have travelled, and introduce refinements, which their friends and companions readily imitate. The real Russian rises at an early hour, and breakfasts on a dram with black bread. His dinner at noon consists of the coarsest and most greasy viands, the scorbutic effects of which are counteracted by salted cucumbers, sour cabbage, the juice of his *vaccinium*, and his nectar, *quass*. Sleep, which renders him unmindful of his abject servitude and barbarous life, he particularly indulges: sleeping always after eating, and going early to his bed. The principal articles of diet are the same every where; grease and brandy. A stranger, dining with their most refined and most accomplished princes, may in vain expect to see his knife and fork changed. If he sends

them away, they are returned without even being wiped. If he looks behind him, he will see a servant spit in the plate he is to receive, and wipe it with a dirty napkin, to remove the dust. If he ventures (which he should avoid, if he is hungry) to inspect the soup in his plate with too inquisitive an eye, he will doubtless discover living victims in distress, which a Russian, if he saw, would swallow with indifference. Is it not known to all, that Potemkin used to take vermin from his head, and kill them on the bottom of his plate at table? and beauteous princesses of Moscow do not scruple to follow his example. But vermin unknown to an Englishman, and which it is not permitted even to name, attack the stranger who incautiously approaches too near the persons of their nobility, and visit him from their sophas and chairs. If at table he regards his neighbour, he sees him picking his teeth with his fork, and then plunging it into a plate of meat which is brought round to all. The horrors of a Russian kitchen are inconceivable; and there is not a bed in the whole empire, which an English traveller, aware of its condition, would venture to approach.—There is, in fact, no degree of meanness to which a Russian nobleman will not condescend. To enumerate the things of which we were eye-witnesses, would only weary and disgust the reader. I will end with one.

"A hat had been stolen from our apartments. The servants positively asserted, that some young noblemen, who had been more lavish of their friendship and company than we desired, had gained access to the chambers in our absence, and had carried off the hat, with some other moveables, even of less value. The fact was inconceivable, and we gave no credit to it. A few days after, being upon an excursion to the convent of the New Jerusalem, forty-five versts north of Moscow, a party of the nobles, to whom our intention was made

known the preceding evening at the Club de Noblesse, overtook us on horseback. One of them, mounted on an English racer, and habited like a Newmarket jockey, rode up to the side of the carriage, but his horse being somewhat unruly, he lost his seat, and a gust of wind carried off his cap. My companion immediately descended, and ran to recover it for its owner; but what was his astonishment to perceive his own name, and the name of his hatter, on the lining! It was no other than the identical hat which one of the party had stolen from our lodgings, now become a cap, and which, under its altered shape, might not have been recognised, but for the accident here mentioned."

"This is amusing. The feeling it excites is similar to that which the excessive abuse of an angry man transported beyond the occasion sometimes produces. One, however, is not sure whether such extravagance deserves contempt or derision, nevertheless it is cleverly told.

"In his description of Moscow, he has had plainly in his mind the idea of the French prince, who said of that celebrated capital, that it looked like an assemblage of old chateaux come in from the country, each attended by its own particular village; but still it is very good, though here and there heightened by the general splenetic humour into which the doctor falls as often as he treats of any thing concerning the Russian nobility."

THE CITY.

"We arrived at the season of the year in which this city is most interesting to strangers. Moscow is in every thing extraordinary; as well in disappointing expectation as in surpassing it; in causing wonder and derision, pleasure and regret. Let me conduct the reader

back with me to the gate by which we entered, and thence through the streets. Numerous spires glittering with gold, amidst burnished domes and painted palaces, appear in the midst of an open plain, for several vrests before you reach this gate. Having passed, you look about and wonder what is become of the city, or where you are; and are ready to ask once more, How far is it to Moscow? They will tell you, 'This is Moscow!' and you behold nothing but a wide and scattered suburb, huts, gardens, pigsties, brick walls, churches, dunghills, palaces, timber-yards, warehouses, and a refuse, as it were, of materials sufficient to stock an empire with miserable towns and miserable villages. One might imagine all the states of Europe and Asia had sent a building, by way of representative, to Moscow; and under this impression the eye is presented with deputies from all countries holding congress: timber huts from regions beyond the Arctic—plastered palaces from Sweden and Denmark, not whitewashed since their arrival—painted walls from the Tyrol—mosques from Constantinople—Tartar temples from Bucharia—pagados, pavilions and virandas from China—cabarets from Spain—dungeons, prisons, and public offices from France—architectural ruins from Rome—terraces and trellisses from Naples—and warehouses from Wapping.

"Having heard accounts of its immense population, you wander through deserted streets. Passing suddenly towards the quarter where the shops are situated, you might walk upon the heads of thousands. The daily throng is there so immense, that, unable to force a passage through it, or assign any motive that might convene such a multitude, you ask the cause, and are told that it is always the same. Nor is the costume less various than the aspect of the buildings; Greeks, Turks, Tartars, Cossacks, Chinese, Muscovites, English, French,

Italians, Poles, Germans, all parade in the habits of their respective countries.

"We were in a Russian inn; a complete epitome of the city itself. The next room to ours was filled by ambassadors from Persia. In a chamber beyond the Persians lodged a party of Kirgisians,—a people yet unknown, and any one of whom might be exhibited in a cage, as some newly-discovered species. They had bald heads covered by conical embroidered caps, and wore sheeps' hides. Beyond the Kirgisians lodged a nidus of Bucharians, wild as the asses of Numidia. All these were ambassadors from their different districts, extremely jealous of each other, who had been to Petersburg to treat of commerce, peace, and war. The doors of all our chambers opened into one gloomy passage, so that sometimes we all encountered and formed a curious masquerade. The Kirgisians and Bucharians were best at arm's length; but the worthy old Persian, whose name was *Orazai*, often exchanged visits with us. He brought us presents, according to the custom of his country; and was much pleased with an English pocket knife we had given him, with which he said he should shave his head. At his devotions, he stood silent for an hour together on two small carpets, bare-footed, with his face towards Mecca; holding, as he said, intellectual converse with Mahomet.

"Ambassadors of other more Oriental hordes drove into the court-yard of the inn, from Petersburg. The emperor had presented each of them with a barouche. Never was any thing more ludicrous than their appearance.—Out of respect to the sovereign, they had maintained a painful struggle to preserve their seat, sitting cross-legged like Turks. The snow having melted, they had been jolted in this manner over the trunks of trees, which form a timber causeway between Petersburg and

Moscow: so that when taken from their fine new carriages, they could hardly crawl, and made the most pitiable grimaces imaginable. A few days after coming to Moscow, they ordered all the carriages to be sold for whatever sum any person would offer."

CHAP. XXXIV.

HIGH MASS IN ST PETER'S.

When the Nymph had concluded, Benedict reached his hand to a shelf behind him, and took down Eustace's Tour in Italy.

"With all Dr Clarke's merits as a traveller," said he, "he has produced no two such volumes as these."

"Yes," replied Egeria, "I agree with you; but then many of the topics which the doctor has handled freely and philosophically, Mr Eustace would not have ventured to touch. Besides, you will allow that much of the Tour in Italy derives its interest and beauty from the religious faith of the traveller. No Protestant can feel in that country like a Catholic;—he will see only mummery and pageants in those rites and mysteries which elevate the other into the ecstasies of holiness and adoration. But although Mr Eustace, in this respect, often awakens the sympathy even of Protestant readers, by descriptions of sights and shows which a less reverential pilgrim to the shrine of St Peter would either have passed by unheeded or scoffingly, his good taste has

always preserved him from launching into extravagance in describing those scenes and solemnities, which, it is natural to suppose, he must have witnessed with the greatest awe and enthusiasm. His account of the celebration of High Mass, by the Pope in St Peter's, is a remarkable instance of this. It has the air of a simple historical statement, and yet breathes throughout a repressed spirit of devotional reverence, that renders the effect far more impressive than if the author had indulged the warmth and elevation of sentiment with which, it is not to be doubted, he was himself affected during so august and so imposing a ceremony."

"When the Pope celebrates divine service, as on Easter Sunday, Christmas day, Whit Sunday, St Peter and St Paul, &c., the great or middle doors of the church are thrown open at ten, and the procession, formed of all the persons mentioned above, preceded by a beadle carrying the Papal cross, and two others bearing lighted torches, enters and advances slowly, in two long lines, between two ranks of soldiers, up the nave. This majestic procession is closed by the Pontiff himself, seated in a chair of state, supported by twenty valets, half concealed in the drapery that falls in loose folds from the throne. He is crowned with his tiara, and bestows his benediction on the crowds that kneel on all sides as he is borne along. When arrived at the foot of the altar, he descends, resigns his tiara, kneels, and, assuming the common mitre, seats himself in the episcopal chair on the right side of the altar, and joins in the psalms and prayers that precede the solemn service. Towards the conclusion of these preparatory devotions, his immediate attendants form a circle around him, clothe him in his pontifical robes, and place the

tiara on his head; after which, accompanied by two deacons and two sub-deacons, he advances to the foot of the altar, and bowing reverently, makes the usual confession. He then proceeds in great pomp through the chancel, and ascends the pontifical throne, while the choir sing the *Introitus*, or psalm of entrance, the *Kyrie Eleison* and *Gloria in excelsis*, when the Pontiff lays aside his tiara, and, after having saluted the congregation in the usual form, *the Lord be with you*, reads the collect in an elevated tone of voice, with a degree of inflection just sufficient to distinguish it from an ordinary lecture. The epistle is then read, first in Latin, then in Greek; and after it some select verses from the Psalms, intermingled with Alleluiahs, are sung, to elevate the mind, and prepare it for the gospel. The Pontiff then rises, gives his benediction to the two deacons that kneel at his feet with the book of the gospels, and, resigning his tiara, stands while the gospel is sung in Latin and in Greek; after which he commences the Nicene creed, which is continued in music by the choir. When the creed and the psalm that follows it are over, he descends from his throne, and approaching the altar, with the same attendants and the same pomp as in the commencement of the service, he receives, and offers up the usual oblations, fumes the altar with frankincense from a golden censer, and then washes his hands, —a ceremony implying purity of mind and body. He then turns to the people, and, in an humble and affectionate address, begs their prayers; and shortly after commences that sublime form of adoration and praise called the Preface, because it is an introduction to the most solemn part of the liturgy, and chaunts it in a tone supposed to be borrowed from the ancient tragic declamation, and very noble and impressive. The last words, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of armies," &c., are uttered in a posture of profound adoration, and sung by the

choir in notes of deep and solemn intonation. All music then ceases, all sounds are hushed, and an awful silence reigns around; while, in a low tone, the Pontiff recites that most ancient and venerable invocation which precedes, accompanies, and follows the consecration, and concludes with great propriety in the Lord's Prayer, chaunted with a few emphatical inflections.

"Shortly after the conclusion of this prayer, the Pontiff salutes the people in the ancient form, "May the peace of the Lord be always with you," and returns to his throne, while the choir sing thrice the devout address to the Saviour, taken from the gospel, "Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us." When he is seated, the two deacons bring the holy sacrament, which he first reveres humbly on his knees, and then receives in a sitting posture: the anthem after communion is sung, a collect follows, and the deacon dismisses the assembly.

"The Pope then offers up his devotions on his knees at the foot of the altar, and borne along in the same state as when he entered, passes down the nave of the church, and ascends by the Scala Regia to the grand gallery in the middle of the front of St Peter's. His immediate attendants surround his person, the rest of the procession draws up on each side. The immense area and colonnade before the church are lined with troops, and crowded with thousands of spectators. All eyes are fixed on the gallery, the chaunt of the choir is heard at a distance, the blaze of numberless torches plays round the columns, and the Pontiff appears elevated on his chair of state under the middle arch. Instantly the whole multitude below fall on their knees, the cannons from St Angelo give a general discharge, while, rising slowly from his throne, he lifts his hands to heaven, stretches forth his arm, and thrice gives his benediction to the crowd, to the city, and to all man-

kind; a solemn pause follows, another discharge is heard, the crowd rises, and the pomp gradually disappears. This ceremony is, without doubt, very grand, and considered by most travellers as a noble and becoming conclusion to the majestic service that precedes it. In fact, every thing concurs to render it interesting; the venerable character of the Pontiff himself, the first bishop of the Christian church, issuing from the sanctuary of the noblest temple in the universe, bearing the holiness of the mysteries, which he has just participated, imprinted on his countenance, offering up his supplication in behalf of his flock, his subjects, his brethren, his fellow-creatures, to the Father of all, through the Saviour and Mediator of all. Surely such a scene is both edifying and impressive."

CHAP. XXXIII.

MISS BAILLIE'S SONGS.

"THE genius of Miss Baillie," said Egeria, "dilates as we become more and more intimately acquainted with her works. There is a retired truth and secret sentiment in her poetry, which is not obvious at the first reading. Passion with her takes more of the character of sensibility than of energy. It bears, suffers, and sustains, but seldom breaks out into any vehemence of action,—had she, instead of writing dramas on the passions, been contented with the less ambitious walk of odes and songs, her muse would have been more popular. I suspect she would even

have ranked higher, high as she is in literature. But what I most admire in her poetry is, a certain quaint something of antiquity, simple and picturesque, both in the language and the thought, reminding one, I know not wherefore, of mossy trees and ivied towers, curious carvings, and all sorts and scenes of olden imagery.

"There is an original song by her on a trite subject, but so prettily expressed, as to have all the newness that can be desired, even in the most excellent new song."

"When clouds on high are riding,
The wintry moonshine hiding,
The raging blast abiding,
O'er mountain waves we go.

With hind on dry land creeping,
With town's men shelter keeping,
With lord on soft down sleeping,
Change we our lot?—Oh, no.

O'er stormy main careering,
Each sea-mate sea-mate cheering,
With dauntless helms-man steering,
Our steady course we hold.

Their sails with sunbeams whiten'd,
Themselves with glory brighten'd,
From care their bosoms lighten'd,
Who shall return?—The bold."

"But the songs in her delightful little drama of "the Beacon" surpass all her other lyrical pieces.

I know not indeed the rhythm of any verse that comes so richly to the ear as the following *reveillée* :—

" Up! quit thy bower, late wears the hour;
Long have the rooks caw'd round thy tower;
On flower and tree, loud hums the bee;
The wilding kid sports merrily:
A day so bright, so fresh, so clear,
Shineth when good fortune's near.

Up! Lady fair, and braid thy hair,
And rouse thee in the breezy air;
The lulling stream, that sooth'd thy dream,
Is dancing in the sunny beam;
And hours so sweet, so bright, so gay,
Will waft good fortune on its way."

" And this too reminds one of Milton's L'Allegro :"

" Wish'd-for gales the light vane veering,
Better dreams the dull night cheering;
Lighter heart the morning greeting,
Things of better omen meeting;
Eyes each passing stranger watching,
Ears each feeble rumour catching,
Say he existeth still on earthly ground,
The absent will return, the long, long lost be found.

In the tower the ward-bell ringing,
In the court the carols singing;
Busy hands the gay board dressing,
Eager steps the threshold pressing,
Open'd arms in haste advancing,
Joyful looks through blind tears glancing;

The gladsome bounding of his aged hound,
See he in truth is here, our long, long lost is found.

Hymned thanks and beedsmen praying,
With sheath'd sword the urching playing;
Blazon'd hall with torches burning,
Cheerful morn in peace returning;
Converse sweet that strangely borrows
Present bliss from former sorrows;
O who can tell each blessed sight and sound,
That says, he with us bides, our long, long lost is found!"

"There is another still better, though perhaps not so concisely expressed; but what it may want of that antique air, which I so much like, is amply made up by the greater unity of the subject, and the brief and beautiful description in the second stanza:"

"Where distant billows meet the sky,
A pale dull light the seamen spy,
As spent they stand and tempest-tost,
Their vessel struck, their rudder lost;
While distant homes where kinsmen weep,
And graves full many a fathom deep,
By turns their fitful, gloomy thoughts pourtray:
'Tis some delusion of the sight,
Some northern streamer's paly light.'
'Fools!' saith roused Hope with gen'rous scorn,
'It is the blessed peep of morn,
And aid and safety come when comes the day.'

And so it is; the gradual shine
Spreads o'er heaven's verge its lengthen'd line:
Cloud after cloud begins to glow
And tint the changeful deep below;

Now sombre red, now amber bright,
Till upward breaks the blazing light;
Like floating fire the gleamy billows burn:
Far distant on the ruddy tide,
A black'ning sail is seen to glide;
Loud bursts their eager joyful cry,
Their hoisted signal waves on high,
And life and strength and happy thoughts return."

CHAP. XXXV.

PRINCE EUGENE.

"GENERAL history is, after all that may be said about its dignity, but the index to biography," was the observation with which Egeria laid down the Memoirs of Prince Eugene. "In this little work, the great affairs in which the Prince bore so distinguished a part appear now but as the incidents of his personal adventures. One thinks as little of the battles of Blenheim and Oudenarde in these pages, as of the frolics of Tom Jones, or of Roderick Random, in the novels of Fielding and Smollett."

"I have heard it surmised," replied the Bachelor, "that the book is not authentic."

"In the strictest sense of the term," said the Nymph, "perhaps it may be so, but, philosophically speaking, I would say, that, by whomsoever it may have been written or compiled, it is assuredly authentic. The spirit and vivacity with which it is drawn up are so admirably conceived, that the

author seems to have possessed himself of the very nature and character of the Prince—if he was not the Prince himself. But however that may have been, this is an excellent piece of personal history. It is written with a cheerful and masterly candour. Every thing is treated with freedom and energy; and there is throughout a tone of decision, as well as of enthusiasm, which I think particularly engaging. Can any thing be more brisk and worldly, yet withal, simple, than the preface?"

"Somê historians, good or bad, will probably take the trouble of entering into the details of my youth; which I no longer remember. At all events, they will speak of my mother; a little too intriguing, to be sure; driven from the Court, exiled from Paris, and suspected, I believe, of sorcery, by people who were no great conjurers. They will tell, too, how I was born in France, and how I left it, burning with fury against Louis XIV. who refused me a company of cavalry, because, he said, I had too weak a constitution; and an abbey, because he pretended (on I do not know what stories respecting me, current in the gallery of Versailles) that my vocation was rather to pleasure than piety. But, however that was, no Huguenot, banished by the revocation of the edict of Nantes, ever cherished a stronger hatred against him: and when Louvois said, on hearing of my departure, 'It is all the better, he will never see France again,'—I vowed that I never would, except as a conquering enemy—and I KEPT MY WORD. I have seen it on more sides than one; and it has not been my fault if I have not penetrated farther. But for the English, I should have given law in the capital of the Grand Monarque, and shut up his MAINTENON in a convent for life!"

"The same gay nonchalance pervades the whole work. Take, for example, his account of the battle of Staffarde :"

"The ministers of the Emperor had promised to let me have seven thousand men, to support Victor Amadeus. I knew the slowness with which every thing is decided and ordered at Vienna; and, eager to engage the French, whom I had never yet seen opposed to me, I went to join the Duke of Savoy at his camp of Villa Franca. 'You are in good time,' said he; 'I am just going to give battle to Catinat.'—'Then you must take care of your movements,' said I; 'he is an excellent general, and commands the old troops, the flower of the French infantry. Your's are new levies, and mine are not yet come up.'—'What does that signify?' said the Duke; 'I know the country better than Catinat: to-morrow I shall advance with my army to the Abbey of Staffarde.' Instead of making the attack, however, we had to sustain it. The right wing, where the Duke was placed, was attacked in front. The French wing crossed marshes which were believed to be impracticable; and after having turned, and beaten ours, both their wings united, and fell upon our left, where I commanded. I made my retreat in as good order as I could; and in the rear-guard, composed of gendarmes, and the lifeguards of Savoy, I was slightly wounded by a spent ball. I did not choose to remind my dear cousin of his presumption, or my prediction; but I endeavoured to repair matters a little, at least in point of glory; for, some time after, I had the good fortune to cut off a large detachment, which had pillaged Tivoli. It fell into an ambuscade, from which, hearing the French coming, who sung to the utmost stretch of their throats, I sallied out to fall upon them. I scolded my soldiers for treating the prisoners *à la Turque*. But they had been so

long on that service, that they had forgot that it was usual to give quarter to Christians."

"But the description of Oudenarde is still better: it makes one an actor in the bustle and the business of the battle:"

"The French had 100,000 men in the Low Countries; Marlborough had only 60,000. I received orders to march to his assistance. I pushed on my troops by forced marches, and rode post myself, fearing that a battle might be fought without me. Cadogan came to compliment me at Maestrich. He told me that the French had surprised Ghent, Bruges, and Plaskendael, and that I was wanted. I passed through Brussels, where my interview with my mother, after a separation of twenty-five years, was very touching, but very short. I found Marlborough encamped at Asch, between Brussels and Alost; and, learning that the enemy had their left on the other side of the Dender, I asked Marlborough, on arriving, whether he did not intend to give battle? 'It is my intention,' said he, 'immediately; and I see with pleasure, but without surprise, that the same reflection has occurred to us both, that, without fighting, they might cut off our communication with Brussels. I should like, however, to wait for your troops." 'I would not advise it,' replied I; 'for the French would have time to retreat.'

"Vendome wished to oppose our passage of the Dender. He said to the Duke of Burgundy, whom bad advisers inclined to march towards Ghent, 'When you let Prince Eugene see that you wish to avoid an action, he knows how to force you to it.' I saw this phrase in his justificatory letter, which he printed on his return to Paris.

"Cadogan went to Oudenarde; and, in a few hours,

threw a bridge across the Scheldt. 'It is still time,' said Vendome to the Duke of Burgundy, 'to countermand your march, and to attack, with the troops we have here, that part of the enemy's army which has passed the river.' The Duke hesitated,—stopped on the height of Garves,—lost time,—wished to turn back,—sent twenty squadrons to dispute the passage,—recalled them, and finally said, 'Let us march to Ghent.'—'It is now too late,' said Vendome; 'you cannot move at present,—in half an hour you will have the enemy upon your hands.'—'Why did you stop me then?' said the Duke of Burgundy.—'In the hope that you would attack immediately,' replied he; 'but there is Cadogan already master of the village of Hurne with six battalions. Let us draw up at least as well as we can.' Rantzaw began the attack. He overthrew a column of cavalry, and would have been defeated in his turn, but for the electoral Prince of Hanover, who, in the charge, had his horse killed under him. Grimaldi ordered a charge too early and unskilfully. 'What are you doing?' cried Vendome, who came up at full speed,—'you are wrong.'—'The Duke of Burgundy has ordered it,' replied he.—'Ah! the Duke is angry at having been contradicted, and only thinks of contradicting others.' Vendome wished the left to charge. 'What are you doing?' said the Duke of Burgundy,—'I forbid it,—there is a ravine, and an impassable marsh.' One may imagine the anger of Vendome, who had passed over the ground a moment before. Without this misunderstanding, we should perhaps have been beaten; for our cavalry was more than half an hour in order of battle before the infantry could join. For this reason, I abandoned the village of Hurne to send the battalions to support the squadrons on the right wing. But the Duke of Argyle came up, with all possible speed, at the head of the

English infantry—afterwards the Dutch, though much more slowly. 'Now,' said I to Marlborough, 'we are at last ready to fight.' It was six o'clock in the evening, on the 11th of July, so that we had still three hours of daylight. I was on the right at the head of the Prussians. Some battalions turned their backs on being attacked with unexampled fury. They rallied, and repaired their fault, and we regained the ground we had lost. The battle then began along the whole of the line. The sight was superb,—it was one sheet of fire. Our artillery produced a vast effect. That of the French, by the uncertainty which prevailed in their army, from the disunion of the commanders, was very ill posted, and did little execution. With us it was very different,—we loved and esteemed each other. Even Marshal Ouverkerke, venerable for his age and services, an old friend of mine and Marlborough, obeyed us, and fought ardently.

"As a proof of our good harmony, affairs were going ill on the right, where I commanded. Marlborough perceived it, and sent me a reinforcement of eighteen battalions, without which I could scarcely have supported myself. I then advanced, and made the first line give way; but I found, at the head of the second, Vendome on foot, with pike in hand, encouraging his soldiers. He made so vigorous a resistance, that I should never have succeeded, but for Natzmer, who, at the head of the Prussian gendarmes, pierced, broke the enemy, and gave me a complete victory. Marlborough purchased his success more dearly on the left, where he attacked in front. While Ouverkerke dislodged the enemy from the hedges and villages, Nassau, Fries, and Oxenstiern, pushed their infantry beyond the defiles, but were roughly handled by the household troops who came to its assistance. I now returned my obligation to the Duke, I sent Tilly, who, making a great cir-

cuit, took the brave household troops in the rear, when they had almost snatched the victory from us; but at length it was decided. The darkness of the night hindered our pursuit, and suggested to me a method of increasing the number of prisoners. I sent drums to different places, with orders to beat the French retreat; and I placed my French refugee officers to call, on all sides, *Here, Picardy!—Here, Champagne!—Here, Piedmont!* The French soldiers flocked in, and I made a good harvest of them; we took seven thousand in all."

CHAP. XXXVI.

MILTON'S COTTAGE.

One afternoon, as the Nymph and the Bachelor were comparing ideas with respect to the durability of human fame, Egeria remarked, that popularity was undoubtedly the most agreeable sort of renown. "All celebrity," said she, "is more or less but temporary. The fame of a modern, such is the haste with which all things are now rushing forward, can hardly be expected to survive himself above twenty years. Authors are the only persons who acquire posthumous celebrity;—heroes and statesmen belong to their own time; when they have made their exit, they all naturally cease to be remembered; and were it not for the literary merits of those who choose to commemorate their exploits, they would soon be utterly forgotten. But nothing is more curious than the difference between literary popularity and posthumous

fame: the former is the opinion of contemporaries, formed upon their own knowledge; the latter is the decision of posterity, formed upon a comparison with the merits of those who have been from age to age admired. 'Thomson,' says Gray, in one of his letters, 'has lately published a poem called the Castle of Indolence, in which there are some good stanzas.' Who would have expected such a cold sentence from Gray on such a poem as the masterpiece of one of the most exquisite and original poets in the language? And the celebrated Waller also tells one of his friends, that 'the old blind schoolmaster, John Milton, hath published a tedious poem on the fall of man;—if its length be not considered as merit, it has no other.' Such is the taste and spirit of contemporary criticism; such the admonition with which, through the opinions of the existing time, the spirit of posterity at once rebukes the overweening conceits of popularity, and encourages conscious genius amidst neglect, contumely, and solitude.

"The odour of few names was at one time more diffused than that of Sir William Jones;—of a renown so general there is scarcely an example of a comparative oblivion so sudden. This eclipse of a luminary, once regarded as of the first magnitude, is very mortifying to every one who happens to enjoy any particular share of public interest, and it is vain to palliate the harshness of the truth, by saying, that Sir William Jones was overrated. Few men of genius have, from the beginning of their career, been more justly estimated. He was never considered as endowed with a remarkable degree of original talent of any kind; but always, only as an accomplished

and finished gentleman, in what related to taste and learning: besides, it could not be said that he was a popular author,—his works in general are not for the million. That he might, however, have easily become popular, I think admits of little doubt; and perhaps, were a judicious selection made from his works, a volume might yet be compiled that the world would not willingly let perish. I say this partly from the pleasure with which I remember his description of Milton's country house, which give me leave to read:"

"I set out in the morning, in company with a friend, to visit a place where Milton spent some part of his life, and where, in all probability, he composed several of his earliest productions. It is a small village, situated on a pleasant hill, about three miles from Oxford, and called Forest Hill, because it formerly lay contiguous to a forest, which has since been cut down. The poet chose this place of retirement after his first marriage; and he describes the beauties of his retreat in that fine passage of his L'Allegro—

'Strait mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures:
Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast,
The lab'ring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees,
Bosom'd high in tufted trees.
* * * * * *
Hard by a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,' &c.

"It was neither the proper season of the year, nor time of the day, to hear all the rural sounds, and see all the objects mentioned in this description; but, by a pleasing concurrence of circumstances, we were saluted, upon our approach to the village, with the music of the mower and his scythe; we saw the ploughman intent upon his labour, and the milkmaid returning from her country employment.

'As we ascended the hill, the variety of beautiful objects, the agreeable stillness and natural simplicity of the whole scene, gave us the highest pleasure. We at length reached the spot whence Milton undoubtedly took most of his images: it is on the top of the hill, from which there is a most extensive prospect on all sides. The distant mountains that seemed to support the clouds, the villages and turrets, partly shaded with trees of the finest verdure, and partly raised above the groves that surrounded them; the dark plains and meadows of a greyish colour, where the sheep were feeding at large; in short, the view of the streams and rivers—convinced us that there was not a single useless or idle word in the above-mentioned description, but that it was a most exact and lively representation of nature. Thus will this fine passage, which has always been admired for its elegance, receive an additional beauty from its exactness. After we had walked, with a kind of poetical enthusiasm, over this enchanted ground, we returned to the village.

"The poet's house is close to the church; the greatest part of it has been pulled down, and what remains belongs to an adjacent farm. I am informed that several papers, in Milton's own hand, were found by the gentleman who was last in possession of the estate. The tradition of his having lived there is current among the villagers: one of them showed us a ruinous wall that made part of his chamber, and I was much pleased with

another, who had forgotten the name of Milton, but recollected him by the title of The Poet.

"It must not be omitted, that the groves near this village are famous for nightingales, which are so elegantly described in the Pensieroso. Most of the cottage windows are overgrown with sweet-briars, vines, and honeysuckles: and that Milton's habitation had the same rustic ornament, we may conclude from his description of the lark bidding him good-morrow,

Through the sweetbriar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:

for it is evident that he meant a sort of honeysuckle by the eglantine, though that word is commonly used for the sweetbriar, which he could not mention twice in the same couplet."

CHAP. XXXVII.

THE BATTLE OF CRESSY.

"I REMEMBER," said the Bachelor, in speaking of the military achievements of the English nation,—"I remember to have heard a remark once made which struck me at the time as having something in it of novelty; and yet, though I have often since turned and turned it over and over again in my mind, I have never been able to discover that it has any foundation in fact, or, in truth, any meaning at all. It was made in a party where the conversation was about the superior poetical circumstances of an-

cient warfare compared with those of modern battle. 'The poetry is not in the circumstances,' said one of the gentlemen, 'but in the more animated way in which our ancestors were accustomed to consider the details of bravery and adventure.' Why our ancestors should have done so I cannot understand, nor do I believe they did; but still there is no denying that the incidents of knightly enterprise belonging to their times possess a degree of interest which I doubt if it be possible to confer on the military exploits of any modern hero; and all this I conceive to be chiefly owing to the panoply and paraphernalia of their warfare affording scope for livelier sallies of fancy in description."

"Perhaps," replied Egeria, after pondering some time, "there is something in the observation, if we could but know what was passing in the gentleman's mind when he made it. In the battle-tales of antiquity there is a degree of vivacity arising from the narrations having been chiefly gathered from actors in the scenes, very different from the calm official formality of our gazette-accounts, which, though also from actors, are yet written, as it were, in a uniform and prescribed style. Buonaparte is almost the only modern who has stampt the impress of his own mind on the reports of his transactions. His bulletin, after his return from the Russian campaign, is quite poetical. Lord Nelson also, on one or two great occasions, broke out from the Whitehall-style, and betrayed the depth of his feelings.—You should therefore bear in mind, that the tameness of modern history, with respect to military achievements, arises, beyond all doubt, from the

official forms in which the information concerning them is conveyed.

"As to the panoply and paraphernalia of ancient battles being more picturesque than those of modern warfare, I am not inclined to admit. The sea-fights of our own time have been immeasurably more magnificent, both in outline and detail, than any possible combustion that could arise among the galleys of the ancients; and if there was of old the sounding of shields, have we not added the thunder of cannon and bombs, and rockets too as frightful as comets, to say nothing of the explosion of mines and magazines? The grandeur of the battles of the ancients and of our ancestors consists in the exertions of individual valour; every thing is particular, and the art of the poet in describing them lies in the interest with which he invests the enterprises of single warriors. But modern war is a superb generality—all is shrouded in smoke—each particular battle is a thunder-cloud, wherein one sees but the glancing of fires, and hears but the rattling of successive peals; the interest, therefore, of modern war in description must lie in something very different from those sort of minute details and individual exploits which constitute the charm and sublimity of Homeric battles. In the battle of Waterloo, it is not to be doubted that the men felt as proudly as ever their forefathers did at Cressy or at Agincourt; but it would not be easy to give an account of their disciplined fortitude that would possess the spirit and liveliness of Froissart's picture of the renowned field of Cressy. Look at Lord Berner's translation of the passage, and I think you will agree with me that it is not by such details that a modern battle is to be described."

"When the French king saw the Englishmen, his blood changed; and he said to his marshals, 'Make the Genoese go on before and begin the battle, in the name of God and St Denis.' There were of the Genoese cross-bows about a fifteen thousand, but they were so weary of going a-foot that day, a six leagues, armed with their cross-bows, that they said to their constables, 'We be not well ordered to fight this day, for we be not in the case to do any great deed of arms; we have more need of rest.' These words came to the Earl of Alençon, who said, 'A man is well at ease to be charged with such a sort of rascals, to be faint and fail now at most need.' Also, the same season, there fell a great rain, and an eclipse, with a terrible thunder; and, before the rain, there came flying over the battles a great number of crows for fear of the tempest coming. Then anon the air began to wax clear, and the sun to shine fair and bright, the which was right in the Frenchmen's eyen, and on the Englishmen's back. When the Genoese were assembled together, and began to approach, they made a great leap and cry to abash the Englishmen, but they stood still and stirred not for all that. Then the Genoese again, the second time, made another leap and a fell cry, and stepped forward a little, and the Englishmen removed not one foot.—Thirdly, again they leaped and cried, and went forth till they came within shot; then they shot fiercely with their cross-bows. Then the English archers stepped forth one pace, and let fly their arrows so wholly and thick that it seemed snow. When the Genoese felt the arrows piercing through heads and arms and breasts, many of them cast down their cross-bows, and did cut their strings, and returned discomfited. When the French king saw them flee away, he said, 'Slay these rascals, for they shall let and trouble us without reason.' Then ye should have seen the men-at-arms dash in among them and killed a great number of them, and ever still

the Englishmen shot whereas they saw the thickest press; the sharp arrows ran into the men-at-arms and into their horses; and many fell horse and men among the Genoese; and when they were down, they could not relieve again; the press was so thick that one overthrew another. And also, among the Englishmen, there were certain rascals that went on foot with great knives, and they went in among the men-at-arms, and murdered many as they lay on the ground, both earls, barons, knights, and squires, whereof the King of England was after displeased, for he had rather they had been taken prisoners."

CHAP. XXXVIII.

SHAKSPEARE'S DRAMAS.

THERE were two subjects on which the Bachelor and his Egeria seldom agreed,—the comparative merits of the ancients and moderns, and the genius of Shakspeare. In the course of the foregoing pages we have had occasion, at different times, to advert to their sentiments with regard to the former, and we now intend to shew something of what they severally thought respecting the latter.

The Nymph, one evening after they had returned home from the theatre, said, somewhat petulantly,

"Well! let the players and play-going gentry say what they will, the dramas of that same glorified

Shakspeare are heavy and improbable spectacles. I do not dispute that they contain beautiful passages. I am not going, don't be afraid, to deny his merits, but only to say, that he has been more praised, not, perhaps, than he may be found to deserve, but than he has been read. His plots are quite extravagant, his characters are often caricatures, and the stars of his poetry are so involved amidst clouds of mediocrity, that a stranger, without a guide, migh look for them all the livelong night of the shortest day, and probably not find one of them."

"When I see you so inclined to be peremptory," replied Benedict, "I think it is always best to let you have the argument your own way. But surely, my love, you do not intend to maintain that Shakspeare is not the greatest genius among the moderns?"

"Of the comparative greatness of his genius I was saying nothing," cried the Nymph more sharply than was consistent with conjugal subordination, "but only that his dramas are very dull; yea, and very absurdly constructed. Can any thing be worse, as a piece of art, than "Hamlet," which we have this evening endeavoured to endure throughout? I say endeavoured; for, notwithstanding your affected adoration of the few and far between passages of nature and poetry which it contains, I was often under more apprehension for the consequences of your yawning, than for the dramatic result of any one incident."

"Why," exclaimed the Bachelor, "nobody goes to see a play of Shakspeare from any curiosity with respect to the result of the scenes, as connected with the story, but to consider how far the personations of

the actors come up to the ideas we form of the characters by having studied them in our closets."

"Now look ye, friend," said the Nymph briskly, "does not that proceed from a preconceived, or preadopted, opinion of some superior excellence in his delineation of character? and yet, find me two critics who are agreed whether Hamlet is to be considered as serious, or half-mad, or pretending to be so? Look how lame and impotent the conclusion of the plot is, compared to what was to be expected from the introduction of a prelude so solemn as the appearance of a ghost! But I will not make a stand merely on the mechanical part of his dramas—the construction of the fable;—some of his noblest passages are not superior to similar passages in the plays of his contemporaries. Take down his works, and give me those of Beaumont and Fletcher, and I will match you."

Benedict, as all obedient husbands should do, when so required, to keep peace in the house, acquiesced; and when the books were arranged before them, he opened Cymbeline, and said,—"Here is a description of the military enthusiasm of a boy,—match it if you can."

——— "This Paladour (whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius) Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I've done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say thus mine enemy fell,
And thus I set my foot on's neck—even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words."———

"Good," said Egeria, "very good," turning over the leaves of the Maid's Tragedy; but here is Melantius' account of the heroic aspirations of Amintor while a boy, and it is better:"—

——————— "When he was a boy,
As oft as I returned (as, without beast,
I brought home conquest), be would gaze upon me,
And view me round, to find in what one limb
The virtue lay to do those things he heard;
Then would he wish to see my sword, and feel
The quickness of the edge, and in his hand
Weigh it.—He oft would make me smile at this;
His youth did promise much, and his ripe years
Will see it all performed."

"But," exclaimed the Bachelor, opening As You like It, "find me any thing half so touching and romantic as the moralizing of Jaques?"

"To-day my lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
To the which place a poor sequestered stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?
1 *Lord.* Oh, yes, into a thousand similes:
First, for his weeping in the needless stream;
Poor deer, quoth he, thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much; then being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends:
'Tis right, quoth he, thus misery doth part
The flux of company: Anon a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him: Ay, quoth Jaques,
Sweep on, ye fat and greasy citizens,
'Tis just the fashion," &c.

"I am quite as sensible as you can be," said Egeria, "to all the beauty of that passage; but it is not so romantic as this in Philaster,—nor so poetical, nor withal more pathetic:"—

——————"I have a boy
Sent by the gods I hope to this intent,
Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the buck
I found him sitting by a fountain-side,
Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears;
A garland lay by him, made by himself
Of many several flowers, bred in the bay,
Stuck in that mystic order that the rareness
Delighted me: but ever when he turn'd
His tender eyes upon them, he would weep,
As if he meant to make them grow again.
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story;
He told me, that his parents gentle died,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,

Which gave him roots, and of the crystal springs
Which did not stop their courses; and the sun
Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his light.
Then took he up his garland, and did shew,
What every flower, as country people hold,
Did signify; and how all, order'd thus,
Express'd his grief; and to my thoughts did read
The prettiest lecture of his country art
That could be wish'd, so that methought I could
Have studied it."—

"There is, however, nothing in all Beaumont and Fletcher," said Benedict, "half so tender, innocent, and delicate as the answer of Julia, when disguised as a boy, on being asked how tall Julia was:"—

"About my stature; for at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown.
And at that time I made her weep a-good,
For I did play a lamentable part.
Madam, 'twas Ariadne passioning
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly, and would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow."

"In the Maid's Tragedy," replied Egeria, "I have an allusion to the same story of Ariadne. Aspatia, forsaken by her lover, finds her maid Antiphila working a picture of Ariadne, and says,"—

"But where's the lady?
Ant. There, madam.

Asp. Fy, you have miss'd it here, Antiphila,
These colours are not dull and pale enough,
To shew a soul so full of misery
As this sad lady's was; do it by me;
Do it again by me, the lost Aspatia,
And you shall find all true.—Put me on th' wild island.
I stand upon the sea-beach now, and think
Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown by the wind,
Wild as that desert, and let all about me
Be teachers of my story: do my face
(If thou hadst ever feeling of a sorrow),
Thus, thus, Antiphila; strive to make me look
Like Sorrow's monument; and the trees about me
Let them be dry and leafless; let the rocks
Groan with continual surges, and behind me
Make all a desolation; see, see, wenches,
A miserable life of this poor picture."

"But," resumed Egeria, "if we go on at this rate, the night will not suffice for our comparison; I shall therefore give you a few hints of which hereafter you may chew the cud. Compare the frenzy and the whole gentle character of the Jailer's Daughter in the Two Noble Kinsmen to Ophelia in Hamlet,—say which is the best. Look also at the deaths of Pontius and Aëcius in Valentinian: I uphold them against the deaths of Cassius, Brutus, and their friends, in Julius Cæsar. Is the character and passions of Cleopatra in the False One inferior to Shakspeare's serpent of old Nile? Not a jot. Is the pious and grief-mingled rage of Edith, in the Bloody Brother, less skilfully conceived, or less powerfully executed, than the passion of Macduff on hearing of the massacre of his wife and children? Is there any personage in all Shakspeare to compare with

Juliana in the Double Marriage, and her death? Does the scene of old Lear, with Cordelia in his arms, surpass it?"

"I will argue no more with you to-night," said the Bachelor coldly, rising and gathering the books, which he replaced on the shelves.

CHAP. XXXIX.

OLD ENGLISH MANNERS.

"WHAT have you got in your Album since I last looked at it?" said the Bachelor one morning, seeing the Nymph busily engaged in copying from several scraps of paper on the table before her.

"Not much," replied Egeria; "I have of late been reading but new books, and there is a great dearth of curious or of interesting passages in them all. Modern authors scribble so fast, that they have no time to compress their thoughts into proper quotable passages. But here are several notes illustrative of old English manners that are worthy of being reduced into some consistent form. This one is a description of an old English hall, which still remains as it existed in the days of Queen Elizabeth. It is the more curious on account of the story tacked to it, which might be easily worked up into an interesting three-volume novel—of the Scottish or Scott's school: it is from the notes to Sir Walter's Rokeby."

LITTLECOTE-HOUSE.

"LITTLECOTE-HOUSE stands in a low and lonely situation. On three sides it is surrounded by a park that

spreads over the adjoining hill; on the fourth, by meadows which are watered by the river Kennet. Close on one side of the house is a thick grove of lofty trees, along the verge of which runs one of the principal avenues to it through the park. It is an irregular building of great antiquity, and was probably erected about the time of the termination of feudal warfare, when defence came no longer to be an object in a country-mansion. Many circumstances in the interior of the house, however, seem appropriate to feudal times. The hall is very spacious, floored with stones, and lighted by large transom windows, that are clothed with casements. Its walls are hung with old military accoutrements, that have long been left a prey to rust. At one end of the hall is a range of coats-of-mail and helmets, and there is on every side abundance of old-fashioned pistols and guns, many of them with matchlocks. Immediately below the cornice hangs a row of leathern jerkins, made in the form of a shirt, supposed to have been worn as armour by the vassals. A large oak-table, reaching nearly from one end of the room to the other, might have feasted the whole neighbourhood, and an appendage to one end of it made it answer at other times for the old game of shuffle-board. The rest of the furniture is in a suitable style, particularly an arm-chair of cumbrous workmanship, constructed of wood, curiously turned, with a high back and triangular seat, said to have been used by Judge Popham in the reign of Elizabeth. The entrance into the hall is at one end by a low door, communicating with a passage that leads from the outer door, in the front of the house, to a quadrangle within; at the other it opens upon a gloomy staircase, by which you ascend to the first floor, and, passing the doors of some bed-chambers, enter a narrow gallery, which extends along the back front of the house from one end to the other of it, and looks upon an old garden.

This gallery is hung with portraits, chiefly in the Spanish dresses of the sixteenth century. In one of the bed-chambers, which you pass in going towards the gallery, is a bedstead with blue furniture, which time has now made dingy and threadbare, and in the bottom of one of the bed-curtains you are shewn a place where a small piece has been cut out and sown in again,—a circumstance which serves to identify the scene of the following story:—

"'It was a dark rainy night in the month of November, that an old midwife sate musing by her cottage fire-side, when on a sudden she was startled by a loud knocking at the door. On opening it she found a horseman, who told her that her assistance was required immediately by a person of rank, and that she should be handsomely rewarded, but that there were reasons for keeping the affair a strict secret, and, therefore, she must submit to be blindfolded, and to be conducted in that condition to the bed-chamber of the lady. After proceeding in silence for many miles through rough and dirty lanes, they stopped, and the midwife was led into a house, which, from the length of her walk through the apartment, as well as the sounds about her, she discovered to be the seat of wealth and power. When the bandage was removed from her eyes, she found herself in a bed-chamber, in which were the lady on whose account she had been sent for, and a man of haughty and ferocious aspect. The lady was delivered of a fine boy. Immediately the man commanded the midwife to give him the child, and, catching it from her, he hurried across the room, and threw it on the back of the fire, that was blazing in the chimney. The child, however, was strong, and by its struggles rolled itself off upon the hearth, when the ruffian again seized it with fury, and, in spite of the intercession of the midwife, and the more piteous entreaties of the mother, thrust it under the

grate, and raking the live coals upon it, soon put an end to its life. The midwife, after spending some time in affording all the relief in her power to the wretched mother, was told that she must be gone. Her former conductor appeared, who again bound her eyes, and conveyed her behind him to her own home; he then paid her handsomely, and departed. The midwife was strongly agitated by the horrors of the preceding night, and she immediately made a deposition of the fact before a magistrate. Two circumstances afforded hopes of detecting the house in which the crime had been committed: one was, that the midwife, as she sate by the bed-side, had, with a view to discover the place, cut out a piece of the bed-curtain, and sown it in again; the other was, that as she had descended the staircase, she had counted the steps. Some suspicions fell upon one Darrell, at that time the proprietor of Littlecote-house, and the domain around it. The house was examined, and identified by the midwife, and Darrell was tried at Salisbury for the murder. By corrupting his judge he escaped the sentence of the law; but broke his neck by a fall from his horse in hunting in a few months after. The place where this happened is still known by the name of Darrell's Hill,—a spot to be dreaded by the peasant whom the shades of evening have overtaken on his way.'"

"Harrison," resumed Egeria, "who wrote about 1580, gives several curious particulars relative to the manners and habits of the country gentlemen of Queen Elizabeth's time, when it would appear that the old complaint was not new of the proneness among the English to ape French fashions. 'Neither was it merrier,' says he, 'with England, than when an Englishman was knowne abroad by his owne cloth, and contented himselfe at home

with his fine carsie hosen, and a meane slop: his coat, gowne, and cloak of browne, blue, or puke, with some pretie furniture of velvet or furre, and a doublet of sad, tawnie, or black velvet, or other comelie silke, without cuts and gawrish colours as are worne in these daies, and never brought in but by the consent of the French, who thinke themselves the gaiest men when they have most diversities of jagges and change of colours about them.' And look here," continued the Nymph, "what a pretty picture Drayton gives of the vocations and breeding of a squire's daughter in those days;—no harps, no pianos, no painting velvet cushions:"—

THE SQUIRE'S DAUGHTER.

"He had, as antique stories tell,
A daughter cleaped Dawsabel,
A maiden fair and free:
And for she was her father's heir,
Full well she was ycond the leir
Of mickle courtesy.

"The silk well couth she twist and twine,
And make the fine march-pine,
And with the needle-work:
And she couth help the priest to say
His mattins on a holy day,
And sing a psalm in kirk.

"She wore a frock of frolic green,
Might well become a maiden queen,
Which seemly was to see;
A hood to that so neat and fine,
In colour like the columbine,
Ywrought full featously.

" Her features all as fresh above,
As is the grass that grows by Dove,
And lythe as lass of Kent.
Her skin as soft as Lemster wool,
As white as snow on Peakish Hull,
Or swan that swims in Trent.

" This maiden in a morn betime,
Went forth when May was in the prime,
To get sweet setywall,
The honey-suckle, the harlock,
The lily, and the lady-smock,
To deck her summer-hall."

" But the great storehouse for sketches of the manners of the period referred to, is Bishop Earle's Miscrocosmography: some of his limnings are quite admirable. Take, for example, this scrap, which contains his description of

THE UPSTART OF ELIZABETH'S TIME.

" He is a holiday clown, and differs only in the stuff of his clothes, not the stuff of himself, for he bare the king's sword before he had arms to wield it; yet being once laid o'er the shoulder with a knighthood, he finds the herald his friend. His father was a man of good stock, though but a tanner or usurer; he purchased the land, and his son the title. He has doffed off the name of a country-fellow, but the look not so easy, and his face still bears a relish of churne-milk. He is guarded with more gold lace than all the gentlemen of the county, yet his body makes his clothes still out of fashion. His housekeeping is seen much in the distinct families of dogs, and serving-men attendant on their kennels, and the deepness of their throats is the depth of his discourse. A hawk he esteems the true burden of nobility, and is

exceeding ambitious to seem delighted in the sport, and have his fist gloved with his jesses. A justice of peace he is to domineer in his parish, and do his neighhour wrong with more right. He will be drunk with his hunters for company, and stain his gentility with droppings of ale. He is fearful of being sheriff of the shire by instinct, and dreads the assize-week as much as the prisoner. In sum, he's but a clod of his own earth, or his land is the dunghill and he the cock that crows over it: and commonly his race is quickly run, and his children's children, though they scape hanging, return to the place from whence they came."

"To this let me add a sketch of the squire about the period of the Revolution, from Hutchin's History of Dorsetshire."

A SQUIRE OF THE REVOLUTION.

"Mr Hastings was low of stature, but strong and active, of a ruddy complexion, with flaxen hair. His cloaths were always of green cloth, his house was of the old fashion; in the midst of a large park, well stocked with deer, rabbits, and fish-ponds. He had a long narrow bowling-green in it, and used to play with round sand-bowls. Here, too, he had a banquetting-room built, like a stand, in a large tree. He kept all sorts of hounds that ran buck, fox, hare, otter, and badger; and had hawks of all kinds, both long and short-winged. His great hall was commonly strewed with marrow-bones, and full of hawk-perches, hounds, spaniels, and terriers. The upper end of it was hung with fox-skins of this and the last year's killing. Here and there a pole-cat was intermixed; and hunter's poles in great abundance. The parlour was a large room, completely furnished in the same style. On a broad hearth, paved with brick, lay some of the choicest terriers, hounds and

spaniels. One or two of the great chairs had litters of cats in them, which were not to be disturbed. Of these, three or four always attended him at dinner, and a little white wand lay by his trencher, to defend it, if they were too troublesome. In the windows, which were very large, lay his arrows, cross-bows, and other accoutrements. The corners of the room were filled with his best hunting and hawking poles. His oyster table stood at the lower end of the room, which was in constant use twice a day all the year round; for he never failed to eat oysters both at dinner and supper, with which the neighbouring town of Pool supplied him. At the upper end of the room stood a small table with a double desk; one side of which held a CHURCH BIBLE, the other the BOOK OF MARTYRS. On different tables in the room lay hawks' hoods, bells, old hats, with their crowns thrust in, full of pheasant eggs; tables, dice, cards, and store of tobacco pipes. At one end of this room was a door which opened into a closet, where stood bottles of strong beer and wine, which never came out but in single glasses, which was the rule of the house; for he never exceeded himself, nor permitted others to exceed. Answering to this closet was a door into an old chapel, which had been long disused for devotion; but in the pulpit, as the safest place, was always to be found a cold chine of beef, a venison pasty, a gammon of bacon, or a great apple-pye, with thick crust well baked. His table cost him not much, though it was good to eat at. His sports supplied all but beef and mutton; except on Fridays, when he had the best of fish. He never wanted a London pudding; and he always sang it in with, '*My part lies therein-a.*' He drank a glass or two of wine at meals, put syrup of gilly-flowers into his sack, and had always a tun glass of small-beer standing by him, which he often stirred about with rosemary. He lived to be an hundred, and

never lost his eye-sight nor used spectacles. He got on horseback without help, and rode to the death of the stag till he was past four score."

"But this you will say is the portrait of an individual, one Mr Hastings; take, however, another sketch of his general contemporary. It is from Grose's Olio."

A SQUIRE OF QUEEN ANNE'S TIME.

"The little independent gentleman of three hundred pounds per annum, who commonly appeared in a plain drab or plush coat, large silver buttons, a jockey cap, and rarely without boots. His travels never exceeded the distance of the county town, and that only at assize and session time, or to attend an election. Once a week he commonly dined at the next market town, with the attornies and justices. This man went to church regularly, read the Weekly Journal, settled the parochial disputes between the parish officers at the vestry, and afterwards adjourned to the neighbouring alehouse, where he usually got drunk for the good of his country. He never played at cards but at Christmas, when a family pack was produced from the mantle-piece. He was commonly followed by a couple of greyhounds and a pointer, and announced his arrival at a neighbour's house by smacking his whip, or giving the view-halloo. His drink was generally ale, except on Christmas, the fifth of November, or some other gala days, when he would make a bowl of strong brandy punch garnished with a toast and nutmeg. A journey to London was, by one of these men, reckoned as great an undertaking as is at present a voyage to the East Indies, and undertaken with scarce less precaution and preparation.

"The mansion of one of these 'squires was of plaister striped with timber, not unaptly called callimanco work,

or of red brick, large casemented bow windows, a porch with seats in it, and over it a study; the eaves of the house well inhabited by swallows, and the court set round with holly-hocks. Near the gate a horse-block for the conveniency of mounting.

"The hall was furnished with flitches of bacon, and the mantle-piece with guns and fishing rods of different dimensions, accompanied by the broad sword, partizan, and dagger, borne by his ancestor in the civil wars. The vacant spaces were occupied by stag's horns. Against the wall was posted King Charles's Golden Rules, Vincent Wing's Almanack, and a portrait of the Duke of Marlborough; in his window lay Baker's Chronicle, Fox's Book of Martyrs, Glanvil on Apparitions, Quincey's Dispensatory, the Complete Justice, and a Book of Farriery.

"In the corner, by the fire side, stood a large wooden two-armed chair with a cushion; and within the chimney corner were a couple of seats. Here, at Christmas, he entertained his tenants assembled round a glowing fire made of the roots of trees, and other great logs, and told and heard the traditionary tales of the village respecting ghosts and witches, till fear made them afraid to move. In the mean time the jorum of ale was in continual circulation.

"The best parlour, which was never opened but on particular occasions, was furnished with Turk-worked chain, and hung round with portraits of his ancestors; the men in the character of shepherds, with their crooks, dressed in full suits and huge full-bottomed perukes; others in complete armour or buff coats, playing on the base viol or lute. The females likewise as shepherdesses, with the lamb and crook, all habited in high heads and flowing robes.

"Alas! these men and these houses are no more!

"This is both a lively and amusing picture, to which let me subjoin Holinshed's description of the Yeomen in Elizabeth's time, taken from Harrison."

YEOMEN.

"This sort of people have a certaine preheminence, and more estimation than labourers and the common sort of artificers, and these commonlie live wealthilie, kéepe good houses, and travell to get riches. They are also for the most part farmers to gentlemen, or at the leastwise artificers, and with grazing, frequenting of markets, and kéeping of servants (not idle servants, as the gentlemen doo, but such as get both their owne and part of their masters living) do come to great welth, in somuch that manie of them are able and doo buie the lands of unthriftie gentlemen, and often setting their sonnes to the schooles, to the universities, and to the Ins of the court; or otherwise leaving them sufficient lands whereupon they may live without labour, doo make them by those meanes to become gentlemen: these were they that in times past made all France afraid. And albeit they be not called master, as gentlemen are, or sir as to knights apperteineth, but onelie John and Thomas, &c.: yet have they beene found to have doone verie good service: and the kings of England in foughten battels, were woont to remaine among them (who were their footmen) as the French kings did amongst their horssemen: the prince thereby shewing where his chiefe strength did consist."

"These notes, you see," continued Egeria, "are very curious illustrations of national history, and will prove highly useful to you, when, inspired by me, you undertake to write a historical novel; but the following is still better. It is also by Harrison,

who, speaking of the additional splendour of gentlemen's houses in Elizabeth's time, remarks"—

THE GROWTH OF LUXURY.

" In times past the costlie furniture staied *there*, whereas now it is descended yet lower, even unto manie farmers, who, by vertue of their old and not of their new leases, have for the most part learned also to garnish their cupbords with plate, their ioined beds with tapistrie and silke hangings, and their tables with carpets and fine naperie, whereby the wealth of our countrie (God be praised therefore, and give us grace to imploie it well) dooth infinitlie appeare. Neither doo I speake this in reproch of anie man, God is my judge, but to shew that I do rejoise rather, to see how God hath blessed us with his good gifts; and whilest I behold how that in a time wherein all things are growen to most excessive prices, and what commoditie so ever is to be had, is daily plucked from the commonaltie by such as looke in to everie trade, we doo yet find the means to obtein and atchive such furniture as here to fore hath beene unpossible. There are old men yet dwelling in the village where I remaine, which have noted three things to be marvellouslie altered in England within their sound remembrance; and other three things too too much encreased. *One* is, the multitude of chimnies latelie erected, whereas in their yoong daies there were not above two or three, if so manie, in most uplandish townes of the realme, (the religious houses and manor places of their lords alwaies excepted, and peradventure some great personages) but ech one made his fire against a rere dosse in the hall, where he dined and dressed his meat.

" The *second* is the great (although not generall) amendment of lodging, for (said they) our fathers (yea and wee ourselves also) have lien full oft upon straw

" This is both a lively and amusing picture, to which let me subjoin Holinshed's description of the Yeomen in Elizabeth's time, taken from Harrison."

YEOMEN.

" This sort of people have a certaine preheminence, and more estimation than labourers and the common sort of artificers, and these commonlie live wealthilie, kéepe good houses, and travell to get riches. They are also for the most part farmers to gentlemen, or at the leastwise artificers, and with grazing, frequenting of markets, and kéeping of servants (not idle servants, as the gentlemen doo, but such as get both their owne and part of their masters living) do come to great welth, in somuch that manie of them are able and doo buie the lands of unthriftie gentlemen, and often setting their sonnes to the schooles, to the universities, and to the Ins of the court; or otherwise leaving them sufficient lands whereupon they may live without labour, doo make them by those meanes to become gentlemen: these were they that in times past made all France afraid. And albeit they be not called master, as gentlemen are, or sir as to knights apperteineth, but onelie John and Thomas, &c.: yet have they beene found to have doone verie good service: and the kings of England in foughten battels, were woont to remaine among them (who were their footmen) as the French kings did amongst their horssemen: the prince thereby shewing where his chiefe strength did consist."

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they were oft inforced to give a penie for the exchange of an angell) it was verie likelie that all the rest could not laie downe so much against it: whereas in my time, although peradventure foure poundes of old rent be improved to fortie, fiftie, or an hundred pounds, yet will the farmer as another palme or date trée thinke his gaines verie small toward the end of his terme, if he have not six or seven yeares rent lieing by him, therewith to purchase a new lease, beside a faire garnish of pewter on his cupbord, with so much in od vessell going about the house, thrée or foure feather beds, so manie coverlids and carpets of tapistrie, a silver salt, a bowle for wine (if not an whole neast) and a dozzen of spoones to furnish up the sute."

"To this let me add a quotation from a pastoral of a shepherd youth, which is in itself not only a choice morsel of poetry, but an historical portrait."

"Sweet growte, or whig, his bottle had
As much as it might hold:

A sheeve of bread as browne as nut,
And cheese as white as snowe,
And wildings, or the season's fruite,
He did in scrip bestow:

And whil'st his py-bald curre did sleepe,
And sheep-hooke lay him by,
On hollow quilles of oten strawe
He piped melody:—

- - - - - - With the sun
He doth his flocke unfold,
And all the day on hill or plaine
He merrie chat can hold:

And with the sun doth folde againe;
Then jogging home betime,
He turnes a crab, or tunes a round,
Or sings some merrie ryme:

Nor lackes he gleeful tales to tell,
Whil'st round the bole doth trot;
And sitteth singing care away,
Till he to bed hath got.

Theare sleeps he soundly all the night,
Forgetting morrow cares,
Nor feares he blasting of his corne,
Nor uttering of his wares,

Or stormes by seas, or stirres on land,
Or cracke of credite lost,
Not spending franklier than his flocke
Shall still defray the cost.

Wel wot I, sooth they say that say:
More quiet nightes and daies
The shepheard sleepes and wakes than he
Whose cattel he doth graize."

"As a contrast to this picture of the shepherd lad, let me read to you his companion, from Bishop Earle's work, which I have already quoted."

THE CLOWN.

"The plain country fellow is one that manures his ground well, but lets himself lye fallow and untilled. He has reason enough to do his business, and not enough to be idle or melancholy. He seems to have the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar, for his conversation is among beasts, and his tallons none of the shortest, only he eats

not grass, because he loves not sallets. His hand guides the plough, and the plough his thoughts, and his ditch and land-mark is the very mound of his meditations. He expostulates with his oxen very understandingly, and speaks gee, and ree, better than English. His mind is not much distracted with objects; but if a good fat cow come in his way, he stands dumb and astonished, and though his haste be never so great, will fix here half an hour's contemplation. His habitation is some poor thatched roof, distinguished from his barn by the loop-holes that let out smoak, which the rain had long since washed through, but for the double ceiling of bacon on the inside, which has hung there from his grandsire's time, and is yet to make rashers for posterity. His dinner is his other work, for he sweats at it as much as at his labour; he is a terrible fastner on a piece of beef, and you may hope to stave the guard off sooner. His religion is a part of his copy-hold, which he takes from his land-lord, and refers it wholly to his discretion: yet if he give him leave he is a good Christian to his power, (that is,) comes to church in his best cloaths, and sits there with his neighbours, where he is capable only of two prayers, for rain and fair weather. He apprehends God's blessings only in a good year, or a fat pasture, and never praises him but on good ground. Sunday, he esteems a day to make merry in, and thinks a bag-pipe as essential to it as evening prayer, where he walks very solemnly after service with his hands coupled behind him, and censures the dancing of his parish. His compliment with his neighbour is a good thump on the back, and his salutation commonly some blunt curse. He thinks nothing to be vices, but pride and ill husbandry, from which he will gravely dissuade the youth, and has some thrifty hob-nail proverbs to clout his discourse. He is a niggard all the week, except only market-day, where, if his corn sell well, he thinks he may be drunk

with a good conscience. He is sensible of no calamity but the burning a stack of corn, or the overflowing of a meadow, and thinks Noah's flood the greatest plague that ever was, not because it drowned the world, but spoiled the grass. For death he is never troubled, and if he get in but his harvest before, let it come when it will, he cares not."

CHAP. XL.

SCOTTISH SCENERY.

"THE Scotch," said Egeria, with the volume of 'Lights and Shadows' in her hand, "seem resolved to write up their manners, their scenery, and their annals. There is nothing in the whole course of literary history so extraordinary as the earnestness with which the descriptive authors of Scotland have devoted their pens and powers to the illustration of their beloved country. In the Gentle Shepherd, and songs of Allan Ramsay, we have the feelings and the pastoral life of the south-country swains expressed and delineated with an easy simplicity and truth that beggars in comparison all the pastoral poetry written since the Song of Solomon; and Burns has done quite as much for the manners, habits, and amusements of the farmers. We shall look in vain, among all the other literature of Europe, for any thing so truly national, worthy of being compared with the pictures which they have intro-

duced of rustic Scottish life, or with the correct expressions which they have given to the sentiments of the shepherds and the hinds of Scotland.

"In this volume, the author has obviously chosen a different strain of the same subjects. He has not attempted to describe individual scenes nor particular persons, nor the peculiar sentiments of any of the various classes into which the lower orders of the Scottish people are still divided, but has selected, with a poetical eye, certain graces and beauties that may here and there be found scattered among them all, and formed them into compositions of singular elegance and pathos. There are, indeed, few passages in descriptive poetry more finely conceived than this sketch of a snowy morning."

"It was on a fierce and howling winter day that I was crossing the dreary moor of Auchindown, on my way to the manse of that parish, a solitary pedestrian. The snow, which had been incessantly falling for a week past, was drifted into beautiful but dangerous wreaths, far and wide, over the melancholy expanse—and the scene kept visibly shifting before me, as the strong wind that blew from every point of the compass struck the dazzling masses, and heaved them up and down in endless transformation. There was something inspiriting in the labour with which, in the buoyant strength of youth, I forced my way through the storm—and I could not but enjoy those gleamings of sunlight that ever and anon burst through some unexpected opening in the sky, and gave a character of cheerfulness, and even warmth, to the sides or summits of the stricken hills. Sometimes the wind stopt of a sudden, and then the air was as silent as the snow—not a murmur to be heard from spring or stream, now all frozen up over those high

moorlands. As the momentary cessations of the sharp drift allowed my eyes to look upwards and around, I saw here and there up the little opening valleys, cottages just visible beneath the black stems of their snow-covered clumps of trees, or beside some small spot of green pasture kept open for the sheep. These intimations of life and happiness came delightfully to me in the midst of the desolation; and the barking of a dog, attending some shepherd in his quest on the hill, put fresh vigour into my limbs, telling me, that, lonely as I seemed to be, I was surrounded by cheerful though unseen company, and that I was not the only wanderer over the snows.

"As I walked along, my mind was insensibly filled with a crowd of pleasant images of rural winter life, that helped me gladly onwards over many miles of moor. I thought of the severe but cheerful labours of the barn—the mending of farm-gear by the fire-side—the wheel turned by the foot of old age, less for gain than as a thrifty pastime—the skilful mother making 'auld claes look amaist as weel's the new'—the ballad unconsciously listened to by the family all busy at their own tasks round the singing maiden—the old traditionary tale told by some wayfarer hospitably housed till the storm should blow by—the unexpected visit of neighbours on need or friendship—or the footstep of lover undeterred by snow-drifts that have buried up his flocks;—but, above all, I thought of those hours of religious worship that have not yet escaped from the domestic life of the peasantry of Scotland—of the sound of psalms that the depth of snow cannot deaden to the ear of Him to whom they are chanted—and of that sublime Sabbath-keeping which, on days too tempestuous for the kirk, changes the cottage of the shepherd into the temple of God.

"With such glad and peaceful images in my heart, I

travelled along that dreary moor, with the cutting wind in my face, and my feet sinking in the snow, or sliding on the hard blue ice beneath it—as cheerfully as I ever walked in the dewy warmth of a summer morning, through fields of fragrance and of flowers. And now I could discern, within half an hour's walk before me, the spire of the church, close to which stood the manse of my aged friend and benefactor. My heart burned within me as a sudden gleam of stormy sunlight tipt it with fire—and I felt, at that moment, an inexpressible sense of the sublimity of the character of that grey-headed shepherd who had, for fifty years, abode in the wilderness, keeping together his own happy little flock."

"And here is another of a summer-storm in the Highlands still more highly wrought; indeed, so very poetical, that the language in several places has all the sweetness and rhythm of verse."

"An enormous thunder cloud had lain all day over Ben-Nevis, shrouding its summit in thick darkness, blackening its sides and base, wherever they were beheld from the surrounding country, with masses of deep shadow, and especially flinging down a weight of gloom upon that magnificent Glen that bears the same name with the mountain, till now the afternoon was like twilight, and the voice of all the streams was distinct in the breathlessness of the vast solitary hollow. The inhabitants of all the straths, vales, glens, and dells, round and about the monarch of Scottish mountains, had, during each successive hour, been expecting the roar of thunder and the deluge of rain; but the huge conglomeration of lowering clouds would not rend asunder, although it was certain that a calm blue sky could not be restored till all that dreadful assemblage had melted away into torrents, or been driven off by a

strong wind from the sea. All the cattle on the hills, and on the hollows, stood still or lay down in their fear,—the wild deer sought in herds the shelter of the pine-covered cliffs—the raven hushed his hoarse croak in some grim cavern, and the eagle left the dreadful silence of the upper heavens. Now and then the shepherds looked from their huts, while the shadow of the thunder-clouds deepened the hues of their plaids and tartans; and at every creaking of the heavy branches of the pines, or wide-armed oaks, in the solitude of their inaccessible birth-place, the hearts of the lonely dwellers quaked, and they lifted up their eyes to see the first wide flash—the disparting of the masses of darkness—and paused to hear the long loud rattle of heaven's artillery shaking the foundation of the everlasting mountains. But all was yet silent.

"The peal came at last, and it seemed as if an earthquake had smote the silence. Not a tree—not a blade of grass moved, but the blow stunned, as it were, the heart of the solid globe. Then was there a low, wild, whispering, wailing voice, as of many spirits all joining together from every point of heaven,—it died away—and then the rushing of rain was heard through the darkness; and, in a few minutes down came all the mountain torrents in their power, and the sides of all the steeps were suddenly sheeted, far and wide, with waterfalls. The element of water was let loose to run its rejoicing race—and that of fire lent it illumination, whether sweeping in floods along the great open straths, or tumbling in cataracts from cliffs overhanging the eagle's eyrie.

"Great rivers suddenly flooded—and the little mountain-rivulets, a few minutes before only silver threads, and in whose fairy basins the minnow played, were now scarcely fordable to shepherds' feet. It was time for the strongest to take shelter, and none now would

have liked to issue from it; for while there was real danger to life and limb in the many raging torrents, and in the lightning's flash, the imagination and the soul themselves were touched with awe in the long re- sounding glens, and beneath the savage scowl of the angry sky.

"It was not a time to be abroad; yet all by herself was hastening down Glen-Nevis, from a shealing far up the river, a little girl, not more than twelve years of age—in truth, a very child. Grief and fear, not for herself, but for another, bore her along as upon wings, through the storm; she crossed rivulets from which, on any other occasion, she should have turned back trembling; and she did not even hear many of the crashes of thunder that smote the smoking hills. Sometimes at a fiercer flash of lightning she just lifted her hand to her dazzled eyes, and then, unappalled, hurried on through the hot and sulphureous air. Had she been a maiden of that tender age from village or city, her course would soon have been fatally stopt short; but she had been born among the hills, had first learned to walk among the heather, holding by its blooming branches, and many and many a solitary mile had she tripped, young as she was, over moss and moor, glen and mountain, even like the roe that had its lair in the coppice beside her own beloved shealing."

CHAP. XLI.

CYCLES OF LITERATURE.

"I HAVE often thought," said the Bachelor one evening, "that there are cycles of particular literature. One age excels in the drama, another in history, another in general poetry, the present seems to be that of novels."

"And it is natural that it should be so," replied the Nymph. "After epochs of action and enterprise, in which individual peculiarities are called into impassioned exercise, we should expect the drama to thrive: the history of English literature shows as much. The conflicts of the York and Lancaster wars; the controversies of the Reformation; the vicissitudes of fortune, arising from the changes induced by them; the struggles and conspiracies of faction; the wrongs done to private affection by the same causes, all combined to prepare the way in England for some extraordinary display of dramatic power; and accordingly we find in Shakspeare, and his illustrious contemporaries, such a stupendous store of talent for that species of writing as never was seen at any one period in the world before.

"The dramatic age was followed by the historical. The compilations in that sort of composition, both in the latter part of Elizabeth's reign, and

throughout the whole of King James the First's time, are still the most valuable and important that have yet been made in English literature. The literature of no other country possesses any thing to be put into comparison with the Chronicles of these kingdoms.

"After the historical cycle came that of general poetry, the genius of which addressed itself not to the description of scenes or of feelings, but almost exclusively to the associations which constitute the basis of rational knowledge. Pope may be said to have been the chief in this species of composition, and I am not sure that, since his time till the present, the literature of this country has had any decided character, or made any important progress. It has been classical, correct, moral and philosophical, perhaps beyond the attainments of the existing epoch, but it has been general, and, in some respects, I may almost say, featureless. It has consisted rather of compendious views of what had been done and established in preceding times, than of additions to our knowledge respecting the recesses of nature and of passion.

"We are now, I think, evidently entered into a new cycle. All the past has become, in some degree, obsolete, or is only drawn on to furnish illustrations to characters, possessing something in common with that high state of excitement into which we have ourselves been raised by the vast and wonderful events of the age. The theatre, owing to the general ignorance and conceit of the players, being, in the management, so much under the common level of the taste and knowledge of the

time, has gone out of fashion, and the consequence is, that the talent, which would otherwise have been directed in another state of things to furnish the empty stage with life, energy, and truth, is now engaged in providing a similar sort of entertainment in the shape of tales and romances, so highly imbued with poetical ornament, and the emphatic disclosures of sentiment and passion, that they bear scarcely any likeness to the compositions which, during the earlier part of the late reign, were called novels, while they have much of the air and complexion of the works of the old dramatists.

"When this cycle is run out, then we shall have another historical period, and what themes for eloquence, aphorisms, and description, await the pen of the unborn Humes, and Robertsons, and Gibbons, in the gorgeous calamities and magnificent crimes and enterprises of the Revolutionary war!—a subject in itself, from the beginning to the end, the most complete and epic which the whole history of mankind affords.

"In the meantime, we may expect to meet with occasional preparatory passages, treated with discrimination and ability, and which will serve the future historian as materials for his "imperial theme." Of this kind I consider Southey's History of the Peninsular War,—a work, so far as it has gone, highly creditable to his industry and talents, and, indeed, one of the most favourable specimens of narration which has yet appeared on the greatest of subjects; I speak of the whole conflict, of which the peninsular war, like the Egyptian expedition, can only be considered as a chapter."

"I have not yet read his volume, "said Benedict,"

"Then I advise you to do so with all possible speed," replied Egeria. "What I will read to you,—his sketch of the siege of Zaragoza,—is a picture which wanted but the circumstantial pencil of Josephus to have been none inferior in interest to the unparalleled description of the destruction of Jerusalem:"

"On the 4th of August the French opened their batteries within pistol-shot of the church and convent of St Eugracia.

"The mud walls were levelled at the first discharge; and the besiegers rushing through the opening, took the batteries before the adjacent gates in reverse. Here General Mori, who had distinguished himself on many former occasions, was made prisoner. The street of St Eugracia, which they had thus entered, leads into the Cozo, and the corner buildings where it thus terminated, were, on the one hand, the convent of St Francisco, and, on the other, the general hospital. Both were stormed and set on fire; the sick and the wounded threw themselves from the windows to escape the flames, and the horror of the scene was aggravated by the maniacs, whose voices, raving or singing in paroxysms of wilder madness, or crying in vain to be set free, were heard amid the confusion of dreadful sounds. Many fell victims to the fire, and some to the indiscriminating fury of the assailants. Those who escaped were conducted as prisoners to the Torrero; but when their condition had been discovered, they were sent back on the morrow, to take their chance in the siege. After a severe contest and dreadful carnage, the French forced their way into the Cozo, in the very centre of the city, and before the day closed, were in possession of one half of Zaragoza. Lefebvre now believed that he had effected

his purpose, and required Palafox to surrender, in a note containing only these words:—

'Head-quarters, St Eugracia.—Capitulation!'

"The heroic Spaniard immediately returned this reply:—

'Head-quarters, Zaragoza.—War at the knife's point!'

"The contest which was now carried on is unexampled in history.—One side of the Cozo, a street about as wide as Pall-Mall, was possessed by the French; and in the centre of it, their general, Verdier, gave his orders from the Franciscan convent. The opposite side was maintained by the Arragonese, who threw up batteries at the openings of the cross streets, within a few paces of those which the French erected against them. The interveniug space was presently heaped with dead, either slain upon the spot, or thrown out from the windows. Next day the ammunition of the citizens began to fail. It was almost certain death to appear, by daylight, within reach of those houses which were occupied by the other party. But under cover of the darkness, the combatants frequently dashed across the street to attack each other's batteries; and the battles which began there, were often carried on into the houses beyond, where they fought from room to room, and floor to floor. The hostile batteries were so near each other, that a Spaniard in one place made way under cover of the dead bodies, which completely filled the space between them, and fastened a rope to one of the French cannons; in the struggle which ensued, the rope broke, and the Zaragosans lost their prize at the very moment when they thought themselves sure of it. . . . . .

. . . . . "A new horror was added to the dreadful circumstances of war in this ever-memorable siege. In general engagements the dead are left upon the field of battle, and the survivors remove to clear ground, and an untainted atmosphere; but here—in Spain, and in the month of August, there where the dead lay the

struggle was still carried on, and pestilence was dreaded from the enormous accumulation of putrifying bodies. Nothing in the whole course of the siege so much embarrassed Palafox as this evil. The only remedy was to tie ropes to the French prisoners, and push them forward amid the dead and dying, to remove the bodies, and bring them away for interment. Even for this necessary office there was no truce, and it would have been certain death to the Arragonese who should have attempted to perform it; but the prisoners were in general secured by the pity of their own soldiers, and in this manner the evil was, in some degree, diminished."

CHAP. XLII.

BÜRGER, THE GERMAN POET.

THE Bachelor, one evening on returning home, found his Nymph in a state of tremour amounting almost to alarm. Her countenance was pale, and her eyes bright and startled; a hectic flush now and then passed over her cheek, and in the same moment her lips became livid. Her dark hair fell in pythian disorder over her shoulders, and the whole apparition was sublime and mystical. "What has happened? What has terrified you?" cried the kind and affectionate Benedict. She, however, made him no immediate answer; but, flinging back her hair, took a paper which was lying before her on the table, and said,—"Have you ever read the ballads of Bürger, the German poet?"

"No; neither the poets nor the prosers of that nation, you know, are favourites of mine."

"Then," exclaimed Egeria, "you deny yourself the high sensations of delightful horror, an impassioned sentiment, which the writers of no other language have so effectually succeeded in exciting.—Here have I, for the last hour, been in a state of agitation which I know not how to describe. I have felt something like what I conceive to be the rapture of the bard in the paroxysms of his inspiration. It is quite astonishing what effect a man of genius may produce, when he happens to employ the proper current of his powers; I say happens, because I am of opinion, that authors are not always aware of the peculiarities in which the real pith of their talent lies; and Bürger is an instance of how much a man may write without lighting upon his proper vein.—He may be said to be the father of our taste for German literature, and yet he owes all his fame amongst us to these two simple ballads: the translations have indeed been executed with a degree of felicity and energy that gives them the force and spirit of originality; I never read them but with renewed and augmented interest,"—and, with these words, she began to read"—

LENORA.

At break of day, with frightful dreams
Lenora struggled sore;
'My William, art thou slane,' said she;
'Or dost thou love no more?'

He went abroade with Richard's host,
The Paynim foes to quell;

But he no word to her had writt,
An he were sick or well.

With sowne of trump, and beat of drum,
His fellow-soldyers come;
Their helmes bydeckt with oaken boughs,
They seeke their long'd-for home.

And ev'ry road and ev'ry lane
Was full of old and young,
To gaze at the rejoicing band,
To hail with gladsome toung.

'Thank God!' their wives and children saide,
'Welcome!' the brides did saye:
But greete or kiss Lenora gave
To none upon that daye.

She askte of all the passing traine,
For him she wisht to see:
But none of all the passing traine
Could tell if lived hee.

And when the soldyers all were bye,
She tore her raven haire,
And cast herself upon the growne
In furious despaire.

Her mother ran and lyfte her up,
And clasped in her arme,
'My child, my child, what dost thou ail?
God shield thy life from harm!'

'O mother, mother! William's gone!
What's all besyde to me?

There is no mercye, sure, above!
All, all were spar'd but hee!'

'Knell downe, thy paternoster saye,
'Twill calm thy troubled spright;
The Lord is wyse, the Lord is good:
What hee hath done is right.'

'O mother, mother! say not so;
Most cruel is my fate:
I prayde, and prayde; but watt avayl'd!
'Tis now, alas! too late.'

'Our Heavenly Father, if we praye,
Will help a suff'ring childe;
Go take the holy sacrament:
So shall thy grief grow milde.'

'O mother, what I feel within,
No sacrament can staye;
No sacrament can teche the dead
To bear the sight of daye.'

'May be, among the heathen folk
Thy William false doth prove,
And puts away his faith and troth,
And takes another love.

'Then wherefore sorrow for his loss?
Thy moans are all in vain:
And when his soul and body parte,
His falsehode brings him paine.'

'O mother, mother! gone is gone:
My hope is all forlorne;

The grave mie only safeguard is—
O, had I ne'er been borne!

'Go out, go out, my lampe of life:
In grislie darkness die;
There is no mercye, sure, above!
For ever let me die.'

'Almighty God! O do not judge
My poor unhappy childe;
She knows not what her lips pronounce,
Her anguish makes her wilde.

'My girl, forget thine earthly woe,
And think on God and bliss;
For so, at least, shall not thy soule
Its heavenly bridegroom miss.'

'O mother, mother! what is blisse,
And what the fiendis celle?
With him 'tis heaven any where,
Without my William, helle.

'Go out, go out, my lampe of life;
In endless darkness die:
Without him I must loathe the earth,
Without him scorn the skye.'

And so despaire did rave and rage
Athwarte her boiling veins;
Against the Providence of Heaven
She hurlde her impious strains.

She bet her breaste, and wrung her hands,
And rollde her tearlesse eye,

From rise of morne, till the pale stars
Again did freeke the skye.

When, harke! abroade she hearde the trampe
Of nimble-hoofed steed;
She hearde a knighte with clank alighte,
And climb the stair in speede.

And soon she herde a tinkling hande,
That twirled at the pin;
And thro' her door, that open'd not,
These words were breathed in.

'What ho! what ho! thy dore undoe;
Art watching or asleepe?
My love, dost yet remember mee,
And dost thou laugh or weep?'

'Ah! William, here so late at night!
Oh! I have watchte and wak'd:
Whence dost thou come? For thy return
My herte has sorely ak'd.'

'At midnight only we may ride;
I come o'er land and seas:
I mounted late, but soon I go;
Aryse, and come with mee.'

'O William, enter first my bowre,
And give me one embrace:
The blasts athwarte the hawthorn hiss;
Awayte a little space.'

'The blasts athwarte the hawthorn hiss,
I may not harboure here;

My spurre is sharpe, my courser pawes,
My houre of flighte is nere.

'All as thou lyest upon thy couch,
Aryse, and mount behinde;
To-night we'le ride a thousand miles,
The bridal bed to finde.'

'How! ride to-night a thousand miles?
Thy love thou dost bemocke:
Eleven is the stroke that still
Rings on within the clocke.'

'Looke up; the moone is bright, and we
Outstride the earthlie men:
I'll take thee to the bridal bed,
And night shall end but then.'

'And where is, then, thy house and home?
And where thy bridal bed?'
''Tis narrow, silent, chilly, dark;
Far hence I rest my head.'

'And is there any room for mee,
Wherein that I may creepe?'
'There's room enough for thee and mee,
Wherein that wee may sleepe.

'All as thou ly'st upon thy couch,
Aryse, no longer stop;
The wedding guests thy coming waite,
The chamber door is ope.'

All in her sarke, as there she lay,
Upon his horse she sprung;

And with her lily hands so pale
About her William clung.

And hurry-skurry forth they go,
Unheeding wet or dry;
And horse and rider snort and blow,
And sparkling pebbles fly.

How swift the flood, the mead, the wood,
Aright, aleft, are gone!
The bridges thunder as they pass,
But earthlie swoone is none.

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede;
Splash, splash, across the see:
'Hurrah! the dead can ride apace:
Dost feare to ride with mee?

'The moone is bryghte, and blue the nyghte;
Dost quake the blast to stem?
Dost shudder, mayde, to seek the dead?'
'No, no, but what of them?'

'How glumlie sownes yon dirgye song!
Night-ravens flappe the wing.
What knell doth slowlie toll ding-dong?
The psalmes of death who sing?

'It creeps, the swarthie funeral traine,
The corse is onn the beere;
Like croke of todes from lonely moors,
The chaunte doth meet the eere.

'Go, bear her corse, when midnight's past,
With song, and tear, and wayle;

I've got my wife, I take her home,
My howre of wedlocke hayl.

'Lead forth, O clarke, the chaunting quire,
To swell our nuptial song:
Come, preaste, and reade the blessing soone;
For bed, for bed we long.'

They heede his calle, and husht the sowne;
The biere was seen no more;
And followde him ore feeld and flood
Yet faster than before.

Halloo! halloo! away they goe,
Unheeding wet or drye;
And horse and rider snort and blowe,
And sparkling pebbles flye.

How swifte the hill, how swifte the dale,
Aright, aleft, are gone?
By hedge and tree, by thorpe and towne,
They gallop, gallop on.

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede;
Splash, splash, acrosse the see:
'Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;
Dost fear to ride with me?

'Look up, look up, an airy crewe
In roundel daunces reele:
The moone is bryghte, and blue the nyghte,
Mayst dimlie see them wheele.

'Come to, come to, ye ghostlie crewe,
Come to, and follow mee,
And daunce for us the wedding daunce,
When we in bed shall be.'

And brush, brush, brush, the ghostlie crewe
Come wheeling ore their heads,
All rustling like the wither'd leaves
That wyde the wirlwind spreads.

Halloo! halloo! away they goe,
Unheeding wet or drye;
And horse and rider snort and blowe,
And sparkling pebbles flye.

And all that in the moonshyne lay,
Behynde them fled afar;
And backwarde scudded overhead
The sky and every star.

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede;
Splash, splash, across the see:
'Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;
Dost fear to ride with mee?

'I weene the cock prepares to crowe:
The sand will soon be runne;
I snuffe the earlye morning aire:
Downe, downe! our work is done.

'The dead, the dead can ride apace!
Our wed-bed here is fit;
Oure race is ridde, our journey ore,
Our endlesse union knitt.'

And lo! an yren-grated gate
Soon biggens to their viewe:
He crackte his whyppe; the clangynge boltes,
The doores asunder flewe.

They pass, and 'twas on graves they trode;
'Tis hither we are bounde:'

And many a tombstone ghostlie white
Lay in the moonshyne round.

And when hee from his steede alytte,
His armour, black as cinder,
Did moulder, moulder all awaye,
As were it made of tinder.

His head became a naked scull;
Nor haire nor eyne had hee:
His body grew a skeleton,
Whilome so blythe of blee.

And att his drye and boney heele
Nor spur was left to be;
And inn his witherde hande you might
The scythe and houre-glasse see.

And lo! his steede did thin to smoke,
And charnel fires outbreathe;
And pal'd, and bleach'd, then vanish'd quite
The mayde from underneathe.

And hollow howlings hung in aire,
And shrekes from vaults arose.
Then knew the mayde she mighte no more
Her living eyes unclose.

But onwarde to the judgment-seat,
Thro' myste and moonlight dreare,
The ghostlie crewe their flyghte persewe,
And hollowe inn her eare:—

'Be patient; tho' thyne herte shoulde breke,
Arrayne not Heaven's decree;
Thou nowe art of thie bodie refte,
Thie soule forgiven bee!'

"It is said," resumed the Nymph, "that when Bürger first wrote this poem, he was a very young man, and read it to his companions with such spirit and vehemence, that they started from their seats in horror at the impassioned accent with which he uttered the expression in the original, which is so happily rendered by 'he crackte his whyppe.' I have also heard it stated, that he is considered among his countrymen as Coleridge and Wordsworth are among us, not so much for genius as for rejecting what is called the conventual phraseology of regular poetry, in favour of popular forms of expression, gathered from the simple and energetic utterance of the common people. Imitative harmony he pursues almost to excess,—the onomatopœia is his prevailing figure,—the interjection his favourite part of speech,—arrangement, rhythm, sound, rhyme, are always with him an echo to the same. The hurrying vigour of his poetical diction is unrivalled, yet it is so natural, even in its sublimity, that his poetry is singularly fitted to become national with the people. Of these two ballads some prefer 'The Parson's Daughter' to Lenora. It has been no less happily translated than the other, under the title of"

THE LASS OF FAIR WONE.

Beside the parson's bower of yew,
Why strays a troubled spright,
That peaks and pines, and dimly shines
Thro' curtains of the night?

Why steals along the pond of toads
A gliding fire so blue,
That lights a spot where grows no grass,
Where falls no rain nor dew?

The parson's daughter once was good,
And gentle as the dove,
And young and fair,——and many came
To win the damsel's love.

High o'er the hamlet, from the hill,
Beyond the winding stream,
The windows of a stately house
In sheen of evening gleam,

There dwelt, in riot, rout, and roar,
A lord so frank and free,
That oft, with inward joy of heart,
The maid beheld his glee.

Whether he met the dawning day,
In hunting trim so fine,
Or tapers, sparkling from his hall,
Beshone the midnight wine.

He sent the maid his picture, girt
With diamond, pearl, and gold;
And silken paper, sweet with musk,
This gentle message told:

'Let go thy sweethearts, one and all;
Shalt thou be basely woo'd,
That worthy art to gain the heart
Of youths of noble blood?

'The tale I would to thee bewray,
In secret must be said:
At midnight hour I'll seek thy bower;
Fair lass, be not afraid.

'And when the amorous nightingale
Sings sweetly to his mate,

I'll pipe my quail-call from the field:
Be kind, nor make me wait.'

In cap and mantle clad he came,
At night, with lonely tread;
Unseen, and silent as a mist,
And hush'd the dogs with bread.

And when the amorous nightingale
Sung sweetly to his mate,
She heard his quail-call in the field,
And, ah! ne'er made him wait.

The words he whisper'd were so soft,
They won her ear and heart;
How soon will she, who loves, believe!
How deep a lover's art!

No lure, no soothing guise, he spar'd,
To banish virtuous shame;
He call'd on holy God above,
As witness to his flame.

He clasp'd her to his breast, and swore
To be for ever true:
'O yield thee to my wishful arms,
Thy choice thou shalt not rue.'

And while she strove, he drew her on,
And led her to the bower
So still, so dim—and round about
Sweet smelt the beans in flower.

There beat her heart, and heaved her breast,
And pleaded every sense;
And there the glowing breath of lust
Did blast her innocence.

But when the fragrant beans began
Their fallow blooms to shed,
Her sparkling eyes their lustre lost;
Her cheek, its roses fled;

And when she saw the pods increase,
The ruddier cherries stain,
She felt her silken robe grow tight,
Her waist new weight sustain.

And when the mowers went afield,
The yellow corn to ted,
She felt her burden stir within,
And shook with tender dread.

And when the winds of autumn hist
Along the stubble field;
Then could the damsel's piteous plight
No longer be conceal'd.

Her sire, a harsh and angry man,
With furious voice revil'd:
'Hence from my sight! I'll none of thee—
I harbour not thy child.'

And fast, amid her fluttering hair,
With clenched fist he gripes,
And seiz'd a leathern thong, and lash'd
Her side with sounding stripes.

Her lily skin, so soft and white,
He ribb'd with bloody wales;
And thrust her out, though black the night,
Though sleet and storm assails.

Up the harsh rock, on flinty paths,
The maiden had to roam;

On tottering feet she grop'd her way,
And sought her lover's home.'

'A mother thou hast made of me,
Before thou mad'st a wife:
For this, upon my tender breast,
These livid stripes are rife:

'Behold;' and then with bitter sobs,
She sank upon the floor—
'Make good the evil thou has wrought;
My injur'd name restore.'

'Poor soul,—I'll have thee hous'd and nurs'd;
Thy terrors I lament.
Stay here; we'll have some further talk—
The old one shall repent—'

'I have no time to rest and wait;
That saves not my good name,—
If thou with honest soul hast sworn,
O leave me not to shame;

'But at the holy altar be
Our union sanctified;
Before the people and the priest
Receive me for thy bride.'

'Unequal matches must not blot
The honours of my line;
Art thou of wealth or rank for me,
To harbour thee as mine?

'What's fit and fair I'll do for thee;
Shalt yet retain my love—
Shalt wed my huntsman, and we'll then
Our former transports prove.'

'Thy wicked soul, hard-hearted man,
May pangs in hell await!
Sure, if not suited for thy bride,
I was not for thy mate.

'Go, seek a spouse of nobler blood,
Nor God's just judgments dread—
So shall, ere long, some base-born wretch
Defile thy marriage-bed.—

'Then, traitor, feel how wretched they
In hopeless shame immerst;
Then smite thy forehead on the wall,
While horrid curses burst.

'Roll thy dry eyes in wild despair—
Unsooth'd thy grinning wo;
Through thy pale temples fire the ball,
And sink to fiends below.'

Collected, then, she started up,
And, through the hissing sleet,
Through thorn and briar, through flood and mire,
She fled with bleeding feet.

'Where now,' she cried, 'my gracious God!
What refuge have I left?'
And reach'd the garden of her home,
Of hope in man bereft.

On hand and foot she feebly crawl'd
Beneath the bower unblest;
Where withering leaves, and gathering snow,
Prepar'd her only rest.

There rending pains and darting throes
Assail'd her shuddering frame;

And from her womb a lovely boy,
With wail and weeping came.

Forth from her hair a silver pin
With hasty hand she drew,
And prest against its tender heart,
And the sweet babe she slew.

Erst when the act of blood was done,
Her soul its guilt abhorr'd:
'My Jesus! what has been my deed?
Have mercy on me, Lord!'

With bloody nails, beside the pond,
Its shallow grave she tore;
'There rest in God,—there shame and want
Thou can'st not suffer more;

'Me vengeance waits. My poor, poor child,
Thy wound shall bleed afresh,
When ravens from the gallows tear
Thy mother's mould'ring flesh.'—

Hard by the bower her gibbet stands,
Her skull is still to show;
It seems to eye the barren grave,
Three spans in length below.

That is the spot where grows no grass;
Where falls no rain nor dew,—
Whence steals along the pond of toads
A hovering fire so blue.

And nightly when the ravens come,
Her ghost is seen to glide;
Pursues and tries to quench the flame,
And pines the pool beside.

CHAP. XLIII.

BISHOP WARBURTON AND DR JOHNSON.

"We were talking the other evening of reviewers; since that time I have met with a clever article in Blackwood's Magazine relative to the two most distinguished critics of the last century, Bishop Warburton and Dr Johnson. Boswell has immortalized the latter in such a manner, has so softened his dogmatism and rudeness by the friendly admiration with which, if I may use the expression, he has enambered him, that it is impossible to read his work without being persuaded that the Doctor was a very learned, and something too of a wise as well as a good man. As for the Bishop, I suspect it would puzzle you to find a person now alive who, from his own knowledge, can tell you either of the powers or the productions by which he arrogated, while alive, so much pre-eminence to himself. Without the work of Boswell, the fame of the Doctor would rest almost entirely on his own Dictionary, which, though a compilation of considerable industry and acumen, cannot be regarded as any very extraordinary achievement. A few of the Lives of the Poets are highly respectable; Rasselas is a sonorous enough thing of its kind; and some of the papers in the Rambler would obtain insertion in the magazines of the present day. His Tour to the

Hebrides might also be spoken of as a very creditable work."

"My love," exclaimed the Bachelor, "what blasphemy is that you are uttering! I shudder with the idea of what might be our fortune, were it possible for "the colossus of learning" to hear you speaking in such a strain."

"'And knock that fellow and that woman down,'

as Peter Pindar makes him say, would, I doubt not, be the gentlest thing we should hear from him," replied Egeria; "but, for all that, we ought not to be deterred from speaking the truth, and what I have said is the plain fact. Nevertheless, such is the impression of the Doctor's character, left by the perusal, many years ago, of Boswell's unequalled and matchless piece of biography, that I have a strong affection for his surly merits; for in that work I count him, as it were, a living friend, whom I can occasionally consult. But Warburton,—peace to his manes!—I am really malicious enough to wish he were now alive, and subject to the irreverent spirit of modern criticism. How delightful to see such a plethory of arrogance subjected to the bleeding and blistering of the reviews! With all his overweening presumption, however, it would seem that he did possess talent as well as learning; and the ingenious author of the dissertation before me has estimated his abilities, as compared with those of Johnson, with a degree of tact and discrimination that will, perhaps, do as much for his fame as any thing that he himself has or could have written. Of such bugbears it is pleasant to speak

contemptuously. One feels, in so doing, as if one avenged the insolence with which they tyrannized over their contemporaries."

"The two greatest men of the last century in our national literature, the greatest in comprehensiveness of mind and variety of talent, were undoubtedly Bishop Warburton and Dr Johnson. For a long period of time, they exercised a kind of joint domination over the republic of letters—a dominion which, in the former, chiefly arose from the bardy and unshrinking defiance of public opinion he exhibited, backed by extraordinary intellectual force and vigour; and, in the latter, had its origin in the universal awe and veneration his genius and character had excited. In the one, it was a tribute which fear of an immediate consequent castigation compelled all to pay; in the other, it was an homage more voluntary, because less enforced, to powers of the highest magnitude, and virtue of the most unblemished purity. The one, accounting dissent from his favourite theories as a crime of the blackest dye, punished all non-conformists to the idol he had set up with a most merciless measure of pains and penalties; while the latter, possessing, indeed, not less of haughtiness and irritability, but more of prudence, had the good sense to leave to public opinion his justification against the attacks of his enemies. This joint and equal literary supremacy, notwithstanding that it was occasionally disturbed by frequent murmurings of jealousy in the former, and growlings of fearless opposition in the latter, continued, without being shaken by intestine division, till the former had lost, in inanity and dotage, his great mental acuteness and strength,—and thus the latter had, by the departure of his rival, become the sole literary potentate of his country. Time, however, which as frequently consigns to neglect the meritorious

productions of literature, as it showers down an increase of fame on the compositions of deserving genius, has long since quieted the bustle which the pen of Warburton always excited in his lifetime; and his name, once numbered amongst the mighty of the earth, has been for some time subjected to a partial if not total neglect. As the Roman Catholic church treated the bones of Wickliffe with contumely, whom, living, they could not overcome; so the public seem determined to revenge upon Warburton, when dead, the contempt they experienced from his haughtiness, and the unwillingly-paid devotion which he enforced to his powers when living. And in the length of time which has elapsed from the period of his decease to the present day, many a kick has been inflicted on the dead lion by animals who could not have dared to approach him while capable of defending and revenging himself. Popular hostility, as well as private, ought, however, to give place to candid examination and allowance; and when exercised against a deserving subject, will only, in the end, reflect disgrace upon itself for an unworthy exercise of power. The fame of Warburton must, therefore, at length experience a renewal of its brightness; and though perhaps shorn of some of its beams, will receive its merited due at the hands of posterity. A very different effect has time had over the fame of his great competitor: its only influence has been in showering down additional lustre on the name of Samuel Johnson, and giving to it that fixed and permanent basis and foundation, which it is only for posterity to bestow. The best proof which can be given of the extensive circulation of his writings, is the visible effect which they have had over literature and criticism; and the incontestable assistance they have afforded to the great march of the human mind: while the works of Warburton stand unnumbered amongst the standard productions

in theology and criticism; and his great work, the Divine Legation, remains, to use the words of Gibbon, "a monument, crumbling in the dust of the vigour and weakness of the human mind." As there is, I believe, no writing extant in which the merits of these extraordinary men have been made the subject of comparative criticism, though certainly the most alike in the peculiarities of their mental character of any of the literary worthies of their age, the most equal in force of intellect and universality of power,—an examination and inquiry into their respective talents and characters may not be without its particular benefit. It will, at least, be of use in displaying how far it is possible for abilities the most splendid to seduce their possessor to extravagance in the search for originality; and how transient and momentary is the fame of paradoxical ingenuity, when compared with that which rests on the immobility of established truth!

"To the peculiar education of Warburton may be ascribed most of the peculiarities of his character. Himself, at first, an obscure provincial attorney, undisciplined in the regular course of academical study; and refused, when he had even risen to celebrity, a common academical honour; owing none of the varied exuberance of his knowledge to professors or professorships, to universities or colleges; he naturally cherished a secret dislike to the regular disciplinarians of learning; and it was at once his delight and his pride, to confound the followers of the beaten path of study, by recondite and variously sparkling erudition—to oppose himself to whole cohorts of the standard corps of literature, in the confidence of his own individual power; to strike out new paths in learning, and open new vistas in knowledge, with the rapidity of an enchanter; to demolish the old and stationary structures of theology and literature, and overturn them from their foun-

dations, for the purpose of erecting his own novelties in their stead, which supplied what they wanted of solidity, by speciousness and splendour; and to dazzle and astound the supporters of established principles and maxims, by combating them with a force of reason, and strength of logic, which was, perhaps, as unexampled as it was audacious. His learning and his mental powers were equally established without assistance, and his haughtiness loved to shew how his inbred mental vigour had triumphed over difficulties. From the same source arose both the excellencies and defects of his character. No pruning hand had ever been exerted to remove the excrescencies which had been generated in his mind, and to tame and sober the wildness and extravagance with which it was so often overshadowed. Thus his intellect rose up in rough and unshorn mightiness, and with it the pullulating seeds of sophistical ingenuity, which grew with its growth and strengthened with its strength, till at last he became an inveterate and radicated system-monger, and his mind a repositary, where every subject in theology, criticism, or literature, had an hypothesis ready prepared for it. Nor less powerful in its influence on his character, was the first reception he met with in literature,—in the universal war, which seemed, at his first rise, to be proclaimed against him. That his innovating and paradoxical spirit should procure him many adversaries, was hardly to be doubted; but, as if the hypotheses he advanced were matter of established belief, he resented every departure from them, as a departure from truth itself; and his ungovernable haughtiness, and impatience of contradiction, flamed out in angry defiance against his opposers, and overwhelmed them with an overpowering torrent of scurrility and abuse, which was served by an inexpungable force of argument, and strengthened by an unequalled promp-

titude of wit. From these primary circumstances, his mind received an indelible impression; and from his first advance to greatness, to his last approach to imbecility, he was the same, and unchanged; the same constructor of systems, the same desperate controversialist, the same dogmatical decider, the same determined oppugner of whatever authority had sanctioned in theology, or common sense established in taste. The resources of his ingenuity were not exhausted by time—the severity of his pen was not composed by age—and Lowth, on whom his last attack was made, was no less fated than his first antagonist, Tillard, to receive the overflowings of his gall.

"The character of Dr Johnson was, perhaps, not less influenced by external circumstances, but they had much less influence on the purely intellectual part of it. If the early difficulties through which he struggled, in conjunction with the original irritability of his system, gave a strong tinge of morosity to his character, that morosity was not communicated entire and unsoftened to his writings. It did not form a constituent and essential part of his compositions—a kind of perpetual and inseparable quality of the mind; nor was the same itch for controversy so completely engrafted into, and connected with it. He had not any of that foolish knight-errantry, which leads forth its votaries to renew, in the intellectual arena, the ancient feats of personal prowess and individual strength; and which would sally forth, manfully dealing its blows to the right hand and to the left, careless on whom they fell, and regardless what side they injured, for no certain purpose, or visible design, save to manifest the mightiness of its own strength. He did not vainly and ridiculously oppose himself to the world; for he well knew, that he who takes the world for his opponent, is sure, in the end, not to win; and that, at last, his consolation will

only be that of Nathaniel Lee in the madhouse,—"The world thinks me mad, and I think them so; but numbers have prevailed over right." He did not concern himself to answer every trifling and foolish attack, which ignorance and malignity might make upon him; for he well knew, that to do so, is but to give duration to objects in themselves insignificant, and which, otherwise, would be speedily forgotten. The only controversial compositions he has left behind, are his letters to Jonas Hanway; and in these, there is such a spirit of good-humoured placidity, as completely to prove, that controversial rancour formed no part of his disposition. Possessing, from his long intercourse with mankind, and deep insight into manners and men, much more practical good sense than his great rival, and entertaining a much greater habitual regard for established institutions, he was not so desirous of leading the multitude from the road they had frequented to new-formed paths of his own. He had too much reverence for what bore the semblance of truth, to wish to discredit its supporters; or, by making attempts to beautify its outward appearance, to run the hazard of undermining its foundation in the end. With an equal portion of that ingenuity and novelty of fancy, which gives new colours to every subject, and brings to every theme new and unhackneyed accessions of mind, he had too much intellectual solidity to delight in framing hypotheses which could not communicate to the mind that satisfaction on which he loved to repose—and without the power of giving which all theories are but empty triflings. He had too much soundness in his taste to split into systems, and quarter into subtleties, the unchanged and unchangeable principles of nature; or to convert into intricate and interwoven propositions, the plain and unerring dictates of reason. His devotion to truth was too strong to suffer him to deceive others

—his judgment too sound to allow him to be deceived himself—whether the deceit was introduced by the reveries of a fervid imagination, or the insinuating dexterity of self-love. He is once reported to have said, "How great might have been my fame, had not my sole object been truth;" and the fixed foundation on which his fame now stands, may be considered as some reward for his immediate self-denial.

"If we proceed to compare their respective intellects, it will, perhaps, be rather difficult to adjust the balance of superiority. In the first, great characteristics of genius, unbounded comprehension of mind, and receptability of images—in the power of communicating, to mental matter, that living energy and alimental nourishment—that intellectual leaven, which gives it the capacity of being kneaded and worked up into an exhaustless diversity of shapes and figurations—in the power of extracting and drawing forth all that human reason, when bent to any given point, can educe—in the power of conceiving mighty plans in the mind, without destroying, in the grasp of the whole, the beauty and the symmetry of the parts—in these first and foremost requisites of genius, the endowments of both seem very evenly divided, though the balance, if at all, preponderates on the side of Johnson. He had, certainly, more of the vivifying mind of a poet—more of that brightness of imagination, which clothes all objects in a vesture of splendour—more of that fervid fulness, which deepens and swells the current of thought—but not more of the boundless expansion and versatility of mind—not more of the variegated exuberance of imagery, or expatiating ubiquity of fancy. He had, perhaps, not so much of that wide sweep of intellect, which, like a drag-net, draws all within its reach into its capacious reservoir of illustration, and which diminishes and contracts the resources of ingenuity by its

extraordinary power of exhaustion; nor had he any part of that fiery fervour, that indomitable vehemence, which blazed forth in Warburton; with which he could burst through every bondage, and overcome every obstacle; which it was impossible to withstand in its attacks, or delay in its course; and which, like the burning simoom of the Arabian deserts, absolutely devastated and laid waste the regions of literature, with the sultriness of its ardour and the unquenchableness of its flame.

"In logical strength and acuteness—in the faculty of seeing immediately the weak side of an argument, and exposing its fallacy with clearness and force—in those powers which Dr Johnson has called the grappling-irons of the understanding—each was superlatively pre-eminent; and it would be difficult to decide which is the superior. Both great masters of the science of reasoning—endowed with that penetration of discernment, which in a moment pierces through the sophistications of argumentation, and unravels the mazes of subtlety with intuitive quickness and precision—they were yet considerably different in the manner in which those talents were displayed. In Johnson, the science of reasoning has the appearance of being more a natural faculty; and in Warburton, more an artificial acquirement. The one delighted in exhibiting it in its naked force and undivided power—the other was fonder of dividing it into distinctions, and reducing it into parts. The one delighted to overwhelm and confound—the other rather to lead into intricacies, and puzzle with contradictions. The one wielded his weapons with such overpowering strength, that skill was useless, and art unnecessary—the other made use of them as an experienced fencing-master, whom great natural strength, joined with much acquired skill, render irresistible. In the one, the first blow was generally the decider of

the combat—in the other, the contest was often more protracted, though the success in the end not less sure. It was the glory of the one, to evince at once his power, and, by a mighty blow, to destroy the antagonist who assailed him—while it was at once the delight and pride of the other, to deprive his opponent gradually of every particle of armour and weapon of defence; and when he had riven away every obstacle and protection, exultingly and mercilessly to despatch him.

"In real and true taste, Johnson was unquestionably superior. Discarding all those systems of criticism which had so long fettered and confined the efforts of talent, he first established criticism on the basis and foundation of common sense; and thus liberated our future Shakspeares from those degrading chains and unworthy shackles, which custom had so long allowed the weak to impose upon the strong. His critical decisions—wherever personal hostility did not interfere, and wherever his want of the finer and more delicate perception of inanimate or intellectual beauty did not incapacitate him from judging correctly—are, and ever will be, incontestable for their truth, and unequalled for their talent, and carry with them that undeniable authority and weight, which nothing can question or withstand. Had he been, perhaps, a little less prejudiced, and a little more largely gifted with that fine feeling, which is as necessary to form a great critic as a great poet, he would certainly have been entitled to take a higher place in the province of criticism than any man who went before, or shall hereafter succeed him. Of this true taste, in Warburton there was a most lamentable deficiency; with an equal lack of the more delicate and imaginative qualifications for critical judgment, he possessed none of that sound discriminative power, and unerring rectitude of tact, which so eminently distinguished Johnson. The bias of his mind in criticism

seems totally perverted and warped, and the obliquity of his critical judgment is often as unaccountable as it is amazing. A great part of this is owing to the bigoted adherence which he placed in the systems of the French critics, so popular in England in the beginning of the last century; and a much greater, to his own unconquerable propensity for adjusting and fashioning every thing according to the decrees of some standard hypothesis which had taken possession of his mind, and on which, like the bed of Procrustes, he racked and tortured every unfortunate subject till he had reduced it, by a process of dislocation, into some conformity with his theories. His fondness for Dr Bentley, and Dr Bentley's style of criticism, was also another drawback in his qualifications: from him he derived that inextinguishable rage for emendation, which has descended, like the prophet's mantle, from critic to critic in succession; and, indeed, what Bentley has performed upon Milton, Warburton has no less scrupulously performed upon Shakspeare, though, perhaps, with much more acuteness and ingenuity in the exercise of his editorial capacity. For wanting this emandatory ardour—or, as he would call it, this critical *vous*—he despised Dr Johnson; though, for his superabundance of it, Dr Johnson might much more justly have despised him. To Warburton, criticism was little else than ingenuity in inventing fresh varieties of the text, and dexterity and plausibility in their explanation. An author, chosen for the subject of critical illustration, was to him nothing else than a lamb led out to the slaughter, for the purpose of trying the sharpness of his knife; or an anvil, by frequently striking which his commentator might elicit scintillations and sparkles of his own. If he ever shines, it is always at the expense of his author. He seems utterly incapable of entering into the spirit of his text—of identifying himself with his subject—of losing his own individu-

ality and consequence in his author and his author's beauties. He had none of that true and refreshing spirit of criticism which pours down a fresh radiance on the withering beauties of antiquity, and discloses new graces wherever its illuminating resplendences are thrown, and which, like the skilful varnisher of some ancient painting, renews and renovates, in the subject, its brilliancy and richness of colouring, without altering the character of its loveliness, or impairing the symmetry of its proportions.

"With the power of wit, both were almost equally gifted; and the precise nature and description of that wit was in both pretty nearly the same. It was not that delicately gentle and refined species which distinguished Addison, and which gave an almost evanescent air to the humour of his pages—but that coarse and forcible strength of wit, or rather humour, which it is impossible to withstand, and which breaks upon an adversary as a torrent impetuous and overwhelming—absolutely stunning and confounding with its vehemente, its energy, and its force. Those who wish to see this species of wit in its highest perfection, cannot be better referred than to the controversial writings of Warburton, or of Dr Bentley, from whom Warburton adopted his style in controversy. It was this overflowing and vigorous possession of wit, which rendered Johnson so powerful in conversation, and enabled Warburton in controversy to defy the hosts of enemies who assailed him. Of those enemies, many were more exactly learned as to the point in question than himself—many equally sound reasoners—and, what is of no small advantage in reasoning, had a much better cause to defend; but they were all in the end worsted, defeated, and put to flight, by the auxiliary sallies of his wit, which came forth in volleys as unexpected as they were irresistible. That this species of wit should frequently

be coupled with scurrility, was what might readily be anticipated—it was totally destitute of delicacy, and had no refinement or polish. It perhaps cannot better be described, than by comparing it with the wit of Addison, to which it was, in all its shapes, totally dissimilar. The one was a weapon infinitely more powerful—though the other required much more of dexterity and science in its application. The former was much more the instrument of a barbarian—the latter of a civilized combatant. The one was more fitted for the lighter skirmishes of intellectual warfare, and softened courtliness of social intercourse—the other more adapted for those contests, where no quarter is given, and no indulgence is expected. In the one, wit was so highly polished as frequently to lose its effect—in the other, it was often so coarse and personal, as to defeat its very purpose. In the one, it is the arch smile of contemptuous scorn—in the other, the loud horse-laugh of ferocious defiance. The one was more fitted for the castigation of manners—the other better adapted for the concussion of minds. The wit of the former was, like the missile of the Israelite, often overcoming from the skill with which it was thrown—and that of the latter, the ponderous stone of Ajax laid hold of with extraordinary strength, and propelled with extraordinary fury. In short, the wit of Addison, when compared with that of Warburton and Johnson, was what the polished sharpness of the rapier is to the ponderous weight of the battle-axe, or as the innocuous brilliancy of the lightning to the overpowering crash of the thunderbolt.

"In poetical genius and capability, it would perhaps be unfair to compare them. What Warburton has written in verse, was merely the first juvenile trying of his pen, and therefore hardly could hope to rival the mature and laboured poetical compositions of Johnson; yet we may doubt whether, if Warburton had written

more of poetry, he would have written better, or ever risen above mediocrity in the efforts of poetical talent. Of those higher qualifications of imagination and sensibility, which every true poet must possess, he was, as well as Johnson, utterly destitute; but he had not, like Johnson, a mind stored with a rich fund of poetical images, or a nice perception of harmony in sound, or melody in versification. His translations are merely the productions of a school-boy, and such productions as many a school-boy would be ashamed to own. He seems to have possessed no ear attuned to the harmony of numbers—no fondness for the music of rhyme, or the march of periods. In this department of genius, therefore, he was utterly inferior to Johnson, who, if he did not possess the fine eye and highest exaltation of a poet, could clothe every subject he descanted upon with sonorous grandeur of verse, and gorgeous accompaniments of fancy.

"In the beauty of style, and the ornaments of language, Johnson, it is well known, was most immeasurably superior. His writings have given an increase of correctness and purity, a transfusion of dignity and strength to our language, which is unexampled in the annals of literature, and which corrected, in their influence on our dialect, the diffused tameness of Addison, and the colloquialism of Swift. Whatever nearer approaches have been made to perfection in our language, have all been established on the foundation of his writings; and, perhaps, it would not be exceeding the bounds of justice to affirm, that more is due to him in the refinement of the English tongue, than to any man in any language or in any country, with the single exception of Cicero. If his own style itself is not the best model in our language, it is from it certainly that the best model must be formed; and whoever shall in the end attain that summit of perfection, it will be from the copious

fountain of Johnson that his materials must be supplied. Of the graces and elegancies of diction, Warburton, on the contrary, had no conception,—his thoughts were turned out in the dress which lay nearest to his hand; and often their multiplicity was too great to allow him time to find for each a proper and suitable covering of expression. To harmony in the structure of cadences, or splendour in the finishing of sentences, he was utterly void of pretension, and was, moreover, totally destitute of the power of selection or choice of words. Yet he cannot justly be accused of neglect or contempt of the beauties of style, for no one altered more incessantly, or altered to less purpose, than Warburton. In one of his letters he acknowledges, that there are many thousand corrections and alterations merely of language in the second edition of his Julian; and, to my own knowledge, there are no less than 20,000 verbal corrections in the several editions of his Divine Legation, almost every one of which has no other effect than to render that worse which before was bad. He compared himself, in his alterations, to the bear who licks into form its shapeless offspring; but, with little felicity of comparison, for his alterations, though they always bring down and reduce to tameness the original nervous force of the expression, have seldom the effect of adding to its elegance or removing its infirmities. Very different, in this respect, was Johnson's character in writing, who is, like Shakspeare, hardly ever known to have altered or corrected his productions after publication; and whose mastery of diction was such, that it immediately brought, at his command, the best and most appropriate language which his subject required. The answering powers of his expression were always exactly proportioned to the demand of his thought: there is never any incongruity of this kind perceptible in his writings; what he thought strongly, he could express forcibly

and well; and what he had once written became fixed, and fixed, because it was impossible for alteration to improve, or correction to amend it. The greatest fault, perhaps, in his style, is the want of flexibility—the want of variety adapted for every varying occasion; it was too uniform to alter—it was too stiff to bend—its natural tone was too high to admit of a graceful descent—the same was the expression, and the same the pompousness of language, whether he descanted as a moralist, or complained as an advertiser; whether he weighed in his balance the intellects of Shakspeare and Milton, or denounced, with threats of punishment, against the person or persons, unknown, who had pirated a paper of his Idler. In Warburton's diction, which was uniformly faulty, it is needless to expatiate on any particular faults; we may, however, mention, that it was overrun with foreign idioms, and exotic phraseology, and that it particularly abounds in Gallicisms, which almost disgrace every sentence. In both, the style doubtless took its tincture from the peculiar complexion of their minds; and while in the one it swelled into majestic elegance and dignified strength, in the other it broke out into uncouth harshness and uncultivated force.

"In extent of learning, in profundity and depth of erudition, Warburton may justly claim the superiority. Nothing more illustrates the different characters of these great men, than the different manner in which their reading was applied. In Johnson, acquired learning became immediately transmuted into mind—it immediately was consubstantiated with its receiver; it did not remain dormant, like a dull and inert mass in the intellect, unaltered and unalterable, but entered, if I may use the expression, into the very core and marrow of the mind, and became a quality and adjunct of the digestive power; it was instantaneously concocted into intellectual chyle—his mind had more the quality of a

grinding engine than a receiver; every particle it absorbed became instinct with vital life—like the power of flame it consumed all approximating substances. In Warburton, the power of digestion was certainly disproportioned to the insatiability of appetite,—what he could not retain, he was therefore obliged immediately again to eject, and he did again eject it, but not in its received and original state, but altered in its outward form and semblance, and mouldered up into some glittering and fantastical hypothesis, some original and more alluring shape, as different from its first condition as is the crawling caterpillar from the butterfly which expands its golden wings in the air. The defects of his digestive faculty were amply supplied by his power of assimilation, which, spider-like, had the faculty of weaving innumerable webs and phantasms out of the matter which was presented to it, and disguising and recasting into some other outward appearance those morsels which were too hard to retain, and too ponderous to swallow. Such, indeed, was the voracity of his appetite, that he refused nothing which offered itself; and the wide gulf of his intellectual appetite often reminds us of the boa constrictor, after it has swallowed the rhinoceros, as it lies in gorged and torpid fulness, stretched out in all its giant-length on the ground. This difference in the perception and application of knowledge was distinguishable in every production of these great men; it is perceptible from their earlier works to their latest; and being occasioned by the peculiar construction and formation of their mental faculties, it formed the character of their minds; and, therefore, continued, without receiving alteration, from their first years of authorship to their last. In Johnson, therefore, learning, when received, might more properly be called knowledge, it was stripped of its superfluous and unnecessary parts—it was winnowed of its chaff, and deposited in the re-

ceptacles of thought, while, in Warburton, it was like clay thrown into a mould ready prepared for it, for the purpose of forming materials for building up to their measureless height the countless edifices of his fancy.

"In that practical knowledge of, and insight into human nature, which forms the chief qualification for the moralist and the writer on men and manners, Johnson was greatly superior to Warburton. The former had acquired his knowledge in the tutoring school of adversity; and the long and dreary probation he had to serve before he attained to competence and success, had given him a sound and piercing view into life and human nature; while the haughtiness of the latter formed a kind of circle about him, which prevented his mingling with the crowd, and deriving, by universal converse and acquaintance, an universal and comprehensive knowledge of man. He was also a more prejudiced and less unbiassed spectator of mankind, continually referring their causes of action, not to the acknowledged principles of experience, but to some preconceived and ready-fashioned theory of his own, with which he made every deduction to square in and quadrate, and to whose decision he referred the settlement of all the various anomalies and phenomena which distract the inquirer into human nature. Otherwise was the knowledge of Johnson formed: he was no speculatist in his views of mankind; what he had learned, he learned from practical experience; commented upon with extraordinary acuteness and penetration of discernment; and what he had once learned, his judgment was too sound to permit him to warp, and his love of truth too great to allow him to conceal.

"In private life, the character of Warburton was distinguished by the same kind of bold openness and unshrinking cordiality; the same livid warmth in his enmities and friendships; and the same impatient haugh-

tiness and dogmatical resolution which stood forth displayed in his writings. No one communicated to his productions more of his own personal character, or drew his own full-length so admirably in his works. After a perusal of what he has written, his character lies in all its native colours before our eyes, and we hardly want the intimacy of a personal acquaintance to be fully and thoroughly masters of his peculiarities. What he thought, he dauntlessly and fearlessly expressed. Disguise he hated, and subterfuge he despised. He who was the enemy of Warburton was sure of bold, honest, and manly hostility; he who was his friend was equally certain of the full participation of all the benefits of assistance and protection. It was one of his maxims, both in his public and private character, 'He who is not with me is against me.' He hated a neutral worse even than an enemy; to him indifference was worse than decided dislike; imperturbable placidity more disagreeable than a storm. Pass over his opinions or his productions, without giving any decided opinion as to their justice or their merits, and he would immediately number you amongst the list of his foes, and let loose upon you all the torrent of his mingled scurrility and wit. This fervid warmth of temper frequently overpowered the cooler dictates of his reason, and to this we may perhaps ascribe that high and overstrained excess of praise which he showered down upon the productions of his friends; for of flattery we cannot justly accuse him: he would have disdained what he conceived implied fear. One exception, however, must be made to this remark, and that is, the case of Bishop Sherlock, whom, during his life, Warburton extravagantly praised, and after the death of that prelate, not only expunged from his writings every syllable of commendation, but paragraphed him in the Dunciad of his Divine Legation with the utmost contumely and contempt. For neglect of his

clerical duties, Warburton has been lashed by the unsparing hand of a relentless satirist, whose pictures are often less of true resemblances than hideous caricatures; but the suffrages of many must overpower the testimony of one; and it has been almost universally agreed, that in the discharge of the social relations of life, his conduct was equally faultless and exemplary. The character of Johnson has been so often pourtrayed, and, through the admirable delineations of his biographers, is now so well known, that it would be useless to attempt to describe it. He had certainly more habitual reverence for what he conceived to be truth; was more rigid in his morality, more fervid in his piety, than Warburton. He had not less perhaps of pride and haughtiness, but his pride was more lofty, his haughtiness more independent. He could not bend to greatness, nor stoop to rise as Warburton certainly could do, and sometimes did. His character, while it was much more dignified than that of Warburton, had not the same mixture of impetuosity and warmth, and thus he was prevented from falling into those excesses which the former could hardly avoid. Both had a certain portion of intolerance in their dispositions, but in Johnson that intolerance was exerted against the oppugners of that creed he had received from others, while in Warburton it was directed against the questioners of theories of his own. In the one, it was prejudice unmixed—in the other, it was always prejudice co-operating with vanity. Upon the whole, perhaps, the character of Warburton, notwithstanding its dictating and dogmatical insolence, was the most attracting of the two. There is, notwithstanding all its effervescences and excesses, a generous fervour, a kindliness of soul, an enthusiastic warmth about it, which induces us to like him in spite of ourselves, and to which we can forgive what-

[redacted]

"The mind of Johnson, on the contrary, was utterly devoid of all that intellectual activity and elasticity which Warburton possessed. There was about it an habitual and dogged sluggishness, an inert and listless torpor, a reluctance to call forth its energies and exercise its powers; it slumbered, but its slumbers were those of a giant. With more of positive force when called into action, it had not the same principle of motion, the same continual beat, the same sleepless inquietude and feverish excitement. It lay there like the leviathan, reposing amidst the depths of the ocean, till necessity drove it out to display the magnitude of his strength. The one waited quietly in its den for food, while the other prowled about continually for prey. To the latter, inaction was impossible; to the former, voluntary exertion was unknown. Solidity and condensation were the qualities of the one; continued vigour and pliability the characteristics of the other. The one, as a machine, was more clumsy in its movements; the other, more light and unencumbered, but less effectual in its operation; the forces of the one were more scattered, the resources of the other less alert. In Warburton, there was a boundless fertility of vigour, which ripened up into all the rankness of rich luxuriance. In Johnson, the harvest of intellect was not so spontaneous, nor perhaps its fertility so great; but when once raised, it never required the hand of the weeder, but rose unmixed with tares. The genius of the one, like a cascade, threw up its water in the air, which glistened in the sun, and shone with the variety of ten thousand hues and colourings; while the talents of the other never exerted themselves, without joining at the same time utility with splendour. The one, like the Gladiator of Lysippus, had every nerve in motion, and every muscle flexible with elasticity; while in the other, like the colossal statues

of Michael Angelo, all was undivided energy and bursting strength.

"Such were the characters of these great men, of whom it is difficult to decide which was the greater, or which possessed, in a greater portion, those qualities which give a title to intellectual supremacy. The fame of Johnson will hereafter principally rest on his productions as a moralist and a critic; while that of Warburton, when again revived, will as certainly be raised on the foundation of his theological writings. Whatever may be thought of the truth of some of his theories, or the unseemliness of some of his attacks, it is impossible to deny that his Alliance and Divine Legation are the most splendid, the most original, the most ingenious defences of our ecclesiastical establishment, and of revelation itself, that ever man constructed. On these, as on the sure and unchangeable evidences of his powers, his admirers may depend for his reception with posterity; with whom, when the name of Johnson, rich in the accumulated tributes of time, shall hereafter be accounted the mightiest amongst those 'who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth;' then shall the name of Warburton, also, purified from the stains which have obscured and sullied its lustre, be numbered amongst the brightest lights of the Protestant Church—amongst the greatest of those who have adorned it by their genius, or exalted it by their learning, a worthy accession to the mighty fellowship and communion of Episcopius, Chillingworth, and Hooker.

CHAP. XLIV.

DESCRIPTIVE POETRY.

To accustom young ladies to select and copy the beautiful passages of favourite authors, is perhaps the most obvious and effectual of all the minor modes of polishing their minds. The old-fashioned practice of taxing them to learn by rote was not half so good, and was, moreover, attended with the disadvantage of sometimes giving them a habit of quoting in conversation; nay, what was far worse, of betraying them into the odious vanity of even leading the conversation, in order that they might obtain opportunities to spout,—of course no Bachelor's Wife was ever guilty of such a *blue* offence. But, as the perfect Egeria was sometimes in the practice of making extracts in the way suggested, we shall look at a few of the sort of things that she considered good.

The first we meet with is from a little poem commonly ascribed to the celebrated Earl of Surrey, who, if not the father of English rhythm, was, after Chaucer, the first who properly felt the depth and variety of the harmonies of the language:

> "The Sun, when he hath spread his rays,
> And showed his face ten thousand ways,
> Ten thousand things do then begin
> To show the life that they are in.

The heaven shows lively art and hue,
Of sundry shapes and colours new,
And laughs upon the earth:—anon,
The earth, as cold as any stone,
Wet in the tears of her own kind,
'Gins then to take a joyful mind;
For well she feels that out and out
The sun doth warm her round about,
And dries her children tenderly,
And shows them forth full orderly.
The mountains high, and how they stand;
The valleys, and the great main land;
The trees, the herbs, the towers strong,
The castles, and the rivers long;
And even for joy thus of this heat,
She showeth forth her pleasures great,
And sleeps no more; but sendeth forth
Her clergions, her own dear worth,
To mount and fly up to the air,
Where then they sing in order fair,
And tell in song full merrily,
How they have slept full quietly
That night about their mother's sides.
And when they have sung more besides,
Then fall they to their mother's breast,
Whereat they feed, or take their rest.
The hunter then sounds out his horn,
And rangeth straight through wood and corn;
On hills then show the ewe and lamb,
And every young one with his dam;
Then lovers walk and tell their tale,
Both of their bliss and of their bale;
And how they serve, and how they do,
And how their lady loves them too.
And thus all things have comforting
In that, that doth their comfort bring;

Save I, alas! whom neither sun,
Nor aught that God hath wrought and done,
May comfort aught; as though I were
A thing not made for comfort here."

The Earl of Surrey was the eldest son of the Duke of Norfolk, in the time of Henry VIII. He was born in 1516, and was early contracted to marry Lady Frances Vere, daughter of the Earl of Oxford. In 1542, he was made a knight of the garter, and appears to have been one of the gayest ornaments of the court; but he fell under the displeasure of the King, and was in consequence beheaded in the flower of life. It is proper, however, to observe, that although he has been regarded as the author of the poem quoted, it is certainly not at all like the ordinary style of his poetry, of which the following descriptive effusion, written during one of his imprisonments in Windsor Castle, is a favourable specimen. With somewhat of the general stiffness of his style, it possesses much of the grace and gallant spirit of his chivalrous character, and affords altogether an advantageous view of his powers and talents as a poet:

"So cruel prison how could betide, alas!
As proud Windsor, where I in lust and joy,
With a king's son my childish years did pass,
In greater feast than Priam's sons of Troy.
Where each sweet place returns a taste full sour;
The large green courts, where we were wont to hove,
With eyes cast up unto the maiden's tower,
And easy sighs, such as folks draw in love;
The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue,
The dances short, long tales of great delight,

With words, and looks, that tigers could but rue,
Where each of us did plead the other's right;
The palm-play, where despoiled for the game,
With dazed eyes oft we, by gleams of love,
Have missed the ball, and got sight of our dame,
To bait her eyes, which kept the leads above.
The gravelled ground, with sleeves tied on the helm,
On foaming horse, with swords and friendly hearts,
With chear as though one should another whelm,
Where we here fought, and chased oft with darts;
With silver drops the meads yet spread for ruth;
In active games of nimbleness and strength,
Where we did strain, trained with swarms of youth,
Our tender limbs, that yet shot up in length;
The secret groves, which oft we made resound
Of pleasant plaint, and of our ladies praise,
Recording soft what grace each one had found,
What hope of speed, what dread of long delays;
The wild forest, the clothed holts with green;
With rains availed, and swift y-breathed horse
With cry of hounds, and merry blasts between,
Where we did chase the fearful hart of force;
The void walls eke that harboured us each night;
Wherewith, alas! revive within my heart
The sweet accord, such sleeps as yet delight,
The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of rest,
The secret thoughts imparted with such trust,
The wanton talk, the divers change of play,
The friendship sworn, each promise kept so just,—
Wherewith we past the winter nights away.
And with this thought the blood forsakes the face;
The tears berain my cheeks of deadly hue:
The which, as soon as sobbing sighs, alas!
Up-supped have, thus I my plaint renew:
"O place of bliss! renewer of my woes!
Give me account, where is my noble fere?

Whom in thy walls thou didst each night enclose,
To other lief, but unto me most dear."
Echo, alas! that doth my sorrow rue,
Returns thereto a hollow sound of plaint.
Thus I alone, where all my freedom grew,
In prison pine with bondage and restraint;
And with remembrance of the greater grief
To banish the less, I find my chief relief."

If the muse of Surrey, the first noble English poet, be imbued with the romantic spirit of his time, perhaps in the more emphatic verse of Byron, the latest and the greatest, we may trace the chartered and fiercer energies that are supposed to have affected the moral temperament of our own time. One of the very finest passages in all his voluminous works is an address to Napoleon, the individual in whom whatever was peculiar, to the revolutionary period that has just passed, may be said to have been embodied. After adverting to the singular combination of magnanimity and meanness, which formed the brightness and the blackness of that extraordinary political phenomenon, the author proceeds:

" Yet well thy soul hath brook'd the turning tide
With that untaught innate philosophy,
Which, be it wisdom, coldness, or deep pride,
Is gall and wormwood to an enemy.
When the whole host of hatred stood hard by,
To watch and mock thee shrinking, thou hast smiled
With a sedate and all-enduring eye;—
When Fortune fled her spoil'd and favourite child,
He stood unbowed beneath the ills upon him piled.

" Sager than in thy fortunes; for in them
Ambition steel'd thee on too far to show
That just habitual scorn which could contemn
Men and their thoughts. 'Twas wise to feel, not so
To wear it ever on thy lip and brow,
And spurn the instruments thou wert to use
Till they were turn'd unto thine overthrow;
'Tis but a worthless world to win or lose!—
So hath it proved to thee, and all such lot who choose.

" But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell,
And there hath been thy bane; there is a fire
And motion of the soul which will not dwell
In its own narrow being, but aspire
Beyond the fitting medium of desire;
And, but once kindled, quenchless evermore,
Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire
Of aught but rest; a fever at the core,
Fatal to him who bears, to all who ever bore.

" This makes the madmen who have made men mad
By their contagion; Conquerors and Kings,
Founders of sects and systems, to whom add
Sophists, Bards, Statesmen, all unquiet things
Which stir too strongly the soul's secret springs,
And are themselves the fools to those they fool;
Envied, yet how unenviable! what stings
Are theirs! One breast laid open were a school
Which would unteach mankind the lust to shine or rule:

" Their breath is agitation, and their life
A storm whereon they ride, to sink at last;
And yet so nursed and bigoted to strife,
That should their days, surviving perils past,

Melt to calm twilight, they feel overcast
With sorrow and supineness, and so die;
Even as a flame unfed, which runs to waste
With its own flickering; or a sword laid by,
Which eats into itself, and rusts ingloriously.

" He who ascends to mountain-tops, shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below.
Though high above the sun of glory glow,
And far beneath the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toils which to those summits led.'

The stern sublimity of this highly-poetical and descriptive passage may be agreeably contrasted with the introduction to Campbell's Gertrude of Wyoming,—a poem of rare merit and delightful beauty, but comparatively very little known, except by name, notwithstanding the celebrity of the author. The excellence of the execution, and the tenderness of feeling in this composition, should have secured it a much larger share of public admiration than it will ever obtain: the remoteness of the scene, however, and the imagery being drawn from descriptions in books, and not from impressions on the poet's sense, have impaired the effect of his power; and hence, though as a work of art, Gertrude of Wyoming will always rank high, yet it will never be in much request, notwithstanding all its numberless beauties, and the exquisite refinement of the sensibility that breathes and trembles in the pathos of every line.

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

" On Susquehana's side, fair Wyoming,
Although the wild-flower on thy ruin'd wall
And roofless homes a sad remembrance bring
Of what thy gentle people did befall,
Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all
That see the Atlantic waves their morn restore.
Sweet land! may I thy lost delights recall,
And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore,
Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's shore!

" It was beneath thy skies that, but to prune
His autumn fruits, or skim the light canoe,
Perchance, along thy river calm at noon,
The happy shepherd swain had nought to do
From morn till evening's sweeter pastime grew:
Their timbrel in the dance of forests brown
When lovely maidens prankt in flow'ret new,
And aye, those sunny mountains half way down
Would echo flagelet from some romantic town.

" Then, where of Indian hills the daylight takes
His leave, how might you the flamingo see
Disporting like a meteor on the lakes—
And playful squirrel on his nut-grown tree:
And every sound of life was full of glee,
From merry mock-bird's song, or hum of men,
While hark'ning, fearing nought their revelry,
The wild deer arch'd his neck from glades, and then,
Unhunted, sought his woods and wilderness again.

" And scarce had Wyoming of war or crime
Heard but in transatlantic story rung,
For here the exile met from every clime,

And spoke in friendship ev'ry distant tongue;
Men from the blood of warring Europe sprung,
Were but divided by the running brook,
And happy where no Rhenish trumpet sung,
On plains no sieging mine's volcano shook,
The blue-eyed German changed his sword to pruning-hook.

" Nor far some Andalusian saraband
Would sound to many a native rondelay;
But who is he that yet a dearer land
Remembers, over hills and far away?
Green Albyn! what though he no more survey
Thy ships at anchor on the quiet shore,
Thy pellochs rolling from the mountain bay,
Thy lone sepulchral cairn upon the moor,
And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan roar!".

CHAP. XLV.

STANDARD NOVELS AND ROMANCES.

No kind of literary talent is more overrated than that of a reviewer, and this opinion Egeria was often in the practice of maintaining. " Not," she used to say, " that I undervalue the endowment, independent of the learning, requisite to constitute a true critic; but, now-a-days, reviewers and rhymsters are a superabundant race, and among the innumerable swarms of both, which pester and sully modern literature, there are as few critics as there are poets.

"One of the most characteristic peculiarities of a reviewer is a certain pert and off-hand manner, occasionally lively, sometimes gay, and perhaps now and then really witty. The free air, I would almost call it swagger, with which he carries himself, obtains much more consideration than would be accorded to *his* degree of ability differently employed. He is akin to those sprightly personages who are always on the best terms with themselves, and amusingly unacquainted with their proper place in society. They elbow themselves into notice with the most pleasant disregard, not only of all due precedence, but of the worth and the feelings of others. They say smart things with the happiest nonchalance, and, while they push aside modest or offended merit, are so very diverting in their self-conceit, that the grave and decorous are irresistibly led to join them in their laughter, even while condemning alike their impudence and deficiencies.

"But though I have so little respect for the ephemeral progeny of the periodical press, I have yet still less for those authors who regard the faults of reviewers as proceeding from malice and malignity. I believe, indeed, that there is as much honesty of intention among reviewers as among any other class of persons whatever, and that they are really inclined to be as conscientiously just in their verdicts as the flippancy of their natures will allow. It is well known, that they but undertake to review books, so think that they should read them is one of the many unreasonable expectations in which young authors are apt to indulge.

"But if this be the general character of those on

whom so many book-buyers fix their faith, it is not to be denied, that now and then gleams of a better and brighter spirit of criticism occasionally break out from the mass of vapour that darkens and deforms the literature of the periodical press. It is, for example, an excellent compendious estimate of the most celebrated novels and romances by Mr Jeffrey,—one, in fact, of those articles which have established his fame as a critic, despite the innumerable impertinencies that he has allowed to escape from his pen."

"The first-rate writers in this class are of course few; but those few we may reckon, without scruple, among the greatest ornaments and the best benefactors of our kind. There is a certain set of them, who, as it were, take their rank by the side of reality, and are appealed to as evidence on all questions concerning human nature. The principal of these are Cervantes and Le Sage; and, among ourselves, Fielding, Richardson, Smollett, and Sterne. As this is a department of criticism which deserves more attention than we have ever yet bestowed on it, we shall venture to treat it a little in detail, and endeavour to contribute something towards settling the standard of excellence, both as to degree and kind, in these several writers.

"We shall begin with the renowned history of Don Quixote, who always presents something more stately, more romantic, and at the same time more real to our imagination, than any other hero upon record. His lineaments, his accoutrements, his pasteboard visor, are familiar to us as the recollections of our early home. The spare and upright figure of the hero paces distinctly before our eyes; and Mambrino's helmet still glitters in the sun! We not only feel the greatest love

and veneration for the knight himself, but a certain respect for all those connected with him—the Curate, and Master Nicolas the barber—Sancho and Dapple—and even for Rosinante's leanness and his errors!—Perhaps there is no work which combines so much originality with such an air of truth. Its popularity is almost unexampled; and yet its real merits have not been sufficiently understood. The story is the least part of them, though the blunders of Sancho, and the unlucky adventures of his master, are what naturally catch the attention of ordinary readers. The pathos and dignity of the sentiments are often disguised under the ludicrousness of the subject, and provoke laughter when they might well draw tears. The character of Don Quixote itself is one of the most perfect disinterestedness. He is an enthusiast of the most amiable kind,—of a nature equally open, gentle, and generous;—a lover of truth and justice, and one who had brooded over the fine dreams of chivalry and romance, till the dazzling visions cheated his brain into a belief of their reality. There cannot, in our opinion, be a greater mistake than to consider Don Quixote as a merely satirical work, or an attempt to explode, by coarse raillery, 'the long-forgotten order of chivalry.' There could be no need to explode what no longer existed. Besides, Cervantes himself was a man of the most sanguine and enthusiastic temperament; and even through the crazed and battered figure of the knight, the spirit of chivalry shines out with undiminished lustre; and one might almost imagine that the author had half-designed to revive the example of past ages, and once more 'witch the world with noble horsemanship;' and had veiled the design, in scorn of the degenerate age to which it was addressed, under this fantastic and imperfect disguise of romantic and ludicrous exaggeration. However that may be, the spirit which the book breathes to those who relish and under-

stand it best, is unquestionably the spirit of chivalry; nor perhaps is it too much to say, that, if ever the flame of Spanish liberty is destined to break forth, wrapping the tyrant and the tyranny in one consuming blaze, it is owing to Cervantes and his knight of La Mancha, that the spark of generous sentiment and romantic enterprise from which it must be kindled, has not been quite extinguished.

"The character of Sancho is not more admirable in the execution than in the conception, as a relief to that of the knight. The contrast is as picturesque and striking as that between the figures of Rosinante and Dapple. Never was there so complete a *partie quarrée*;—they answer to one another at all points. Nothing can surpass the truth of physiognomy in the description of the master and man, both as to body and mind;—the one lean and tall, the other round and short;—the one heroical and courteous, the other selfish and servile;—the one full of high-flown fancies, the other a bag of proverbs;—the one always starting some romantic scheme, the other always keeping to the safe side of tradition and custom. The gradual ascendency, too, obtained by Don Quixote over Sancho, is as finely managed as it is characteristic. Credulity, and a love of the marvellous, are as natural to ignorance as selfishness and cunning. Sancho by degrees becomes a kind of lay-brother of the order; acquires a taste for adventures in his own way; and is made all but an entire convert by the discovery of the hundred crowns in one of his most comfortless journeys. Towards the end, his regret at being forced to give up the pursuit of knight-errantry almost equals his master's; and he seizes the proposal of Don Quixote to turn shepherds with the greatest avidity,—still applying it, however, in his own fashion; for while the Don is ingeniously torturing the names of his humble acquaintance into classical terminations, and contriving

scenes of gallantry and song, Sancho exclaims, 'Oh, what delicate wooden spoons shall I carve! what crumbs and cream shall I devour!'—forgetting, in his milk and fruits, the pullets and geese at Camacho's wedding.

"This intuitive perception of the hidden analogies of things, or, as it may be called, this *instinct of imagination*, is what stamps the character of genius on the productions of art more than any other circumstance; for it works unconsciously, like nature, and receives its impressions from a kind of inspiration. There is more of this unconscious power in Cervantes than in any other author, except Shakspeare. Something of the same kind extends itself to all the subordinate parts and characters of the work. Thus we find the curate confidentially informing Don Quixote, that if he could get the ear of the government, he has something of considerable importance to propose for the good of the state; and the knight afterwards meets with a young gentleman, who is a candidate for poetical honours, with a mad lover, a forsaken damsel, &c.—all delineated with the same inimitable force, freedom, and fancy. The whole work breathes that air of romance,—that aspiration after imaginary good,—that longing after something more than we possess, that, in all places, and in all conditions of life,

> ——— 'still prompts the eternal sigh,
> For which we wish to live, or dare to die!'

"The characters in Don Quixote are strictly individuals; that is, they do not belong to, but form a class of themselves. In other words, the actions and manners of the chief *dramatis personæ* do not arise out of the actions and manners of those around them, or the condition of life in which they are placed, but out of the peculiar dispositions of the persons themselves, operated upon by certain impulses of imagination and

accident; yet these impulses are so true to nature, and their operation so truly described, that we not only recognise the fidelity of the representation, but recognise it with all the advantages of novelty superadded. They are unlike any thing we have actually seen,—may be said to be purely ideal,—and yet familiarise themselves more readily with our imagination, and are retained more strongly in memory than perhaps any others;—they are never lost in the crowd. One test of the truth of this ideal painting, is the number of allusions which Don Quixote has furnished to the whole of civilized Europe; that is to say, of appropriate cases and striking illustrations of the universal principles of our nature. The common incidents and descriptions of human life are, however, quite familiar and natural; and we have nearly the same insight given us here, into the characters of innkeepers, bar-maids, ostlers, and puppet-show men, as in Fielding himself. There is a much greater mixture, however, of sentiment with *naïveté*, of the pathetic with the quaint and humorous, than there ever is in Fielding. We might instance the story of the country man, whom Don Quixote and Sancho met in their search after Dulcinea, driving his mules to plough at break of day, and 'singing the ancient ballad of Roncesvalles!' The episodes which are introduced are excellent, but have upon the whole been overrated. Compared with the serious tales in Boccacio they are trifling. That of Marcella, the fair shepherdess, is the best. We will only add, that Don Quixote is an entirely original work in its kind, and that the author has the highest honour which can belong to one, that of being the founder of a new style of writing.

"There is another Spanish novel, Gusman d'Alfarache, nearly of the same age as Don Quixote, and of great genius, though it can hardly be ranked as a novel or a work of imagination. It is a series of strange ad-

ventures, rather drily told, but accompanied by the most severe and sarcastic commentary. The satire, the wit, the eloquence, and reasoning, are of the most powerful kind; but they are didactic rather than dramatic. They would suit a sermon or a pasquinade better than a romance. Still there are in this extraordinary book occasional sketches of character, and humorous descriptions, to which it would be difficult to produce any thing superior. This work, which is hardly known in this country except by name, has the credit, without any reason, of being the original of Gil Blas. There is only one incident the same, that of the supper at the inn. In all other respects, these two works are the very reverse of each other, both in their excellencies and defects.

"Gil Blas is, next to Don Quixote, more generally read and admired than any other novel,—and, in one sense, deservedly so: for it is at the head of its class, though that class is very different from and inferior to the other. There is very little individual character in Gil Blas. The author is a describer of manners, and not of character. He does not take the elements of human nature, and work them up into new combinations (which is the excellence of Don Quixote); nor trace the peculiar and striking combinations of folly and knavery as they are to be found in real life (like Fielding); but he takes off, as it were, the general habitual impression which circumstances make on certain conditions of life, and moulds all his characters accordingly. All the persons whom he introduces, carry about with them the badge of their profession; and you see little more of them than their costume. He describes men as belonging to certain classes in society,—the highest, generally, and the lowest, and such as are found in great cities,—not as they are in themselves, or with the individual differences which are always to be found in nature. His hero, in particular, has no character but that of the accidental

circumstances in which he is placed. His priests are only described as priests: his valets, his players, his women, his courtiers, and his sharpers, are all the same. Nothing can well exceed the monotony of the work in this respect;—at the same time that nothing can exceed the truth and precision with which the general manners of these different characters are preserved, nor the felicity of the particular traits by which their leading foibles are brought out to notice. Thus, the Archbishop of Grenada will remain an everlasting memento of the weakness of human vanity; and the account of Gil Blas' legacy, of the uncertainty of human expectations. This novel is as deficient in the fable as in the characters. It is not a regularly-constructed story, but a series of adventures told with equal gayety and good sense, and in the most graceful style possible.

"It has been usual to class our own great novelists as imitators of one or other of these two writers. Fielding, no doubt, is more like Don Quixote than Gil Blas; Smollett is more like Gil Blas than Don Quixote: but there is not much resemblance in either case. Sterne's Tristram Shandy is a more direct instance of imitation. Richardson can scarcely be called an imitator of any one; or, if he is, it is of the sentimental refinement of Marivaux, or the verbose gallantry of the writers of the seventeenth century.

"There is very little to warrant the common idea, that Fielding was an imitator of Cervantes,—except his own declaration of such an intention in the title-page of Joseph Andrews,—the romantic turn of the character of Parson Adams (the only romantic character in his works),—and the proverbial humour of Partridge, which is kept up only for a few pages. Fielding's novels are, in general, thoroughly his own; and they are thoroughly English. What they are most remarkable for, is neither sentiment, nor imagination, nor wit, nor humour,

[illegible] quality; but [illegible] of Eng- [illegible] characters of [illegible] distinguishes [illegible] equally in all [illegible] Homer. [illegible] nature, he was [illegible] without any of the [illegible] his humour [illegible] his wit as [illegible] the tone of the fine pathos of [illegible] but he has brought together a [illegible] of characters in common life,—marked with more [illegible] and without an atom of [illegible] that ever moved—never whatever. The [illegible] of observation on the springs of human conduct is evidently considerable, is only equalled by the [illegible] of contrivance in bringing those springs into play in such a manner as to act upon their smallest [illegible]. The machine is always complete, and [illegible] with the accuracy and skill of a philosophical experiment, and the ease and simplicity of a common observation. The truth of the imitation is indeed so great, that it has been argued that Fielding must have had his materials [illegible] to his hands, and was merely a transcriber of real manners and individual habits. For this conjecture, however, there seems to be no foundation. His representations, it is true, are local and individual; but they are not the less profound and natural. The feeling of the general principles of the human nature operating in particular circumstances, is always intense, and uppermost in his mind: and he makes use of incident and situation only to bring out character.

"It is perhaps scarcely necessary to give any illustration of these remarks. Tom Jones is full of them. The moral of this book has been objected to, and not altoge-

ther without reason; but a more serious objection has been made to the want of refinement and elegance in the two principal characters. We never feel this objection, indeed, while we are reading the book; but at other times we have something like a lurking suspicion that Jones was but an awkward fellow, and Sophia a pretty simpleton. We do not know how to account for this effect, unless it is that Fielding's constantly assuring us of the beauty of his hero, and the good sense of his heroine, at last produces a distrust of both. The story of Tom Jones is allowed to be unrivalled; and it is this circumstance, together with the vast variety of characters, that has given the History of a Foundling so decided a preference over Fielding's other novels. The characters themselves, both in Amelia and Joseph Andrews, are quite equal to any of those in Tom Jones. The account of Miss Mathews and Ensign Hibbert,—the way in which that lady reconciles herself to the death of her father,—the inflexible Colonel Bath, the insipid Mrs James, the complaisant Colonel Trent,—the demure, sly, intriguing, equivocal Mrs Bennet,—the lord who is her seducer, and who attempts afterwards to seduce Amelia by the same mechanical process of a concert-ticket, a book, and the disguise of a great-coat,—his little fat short-nosed, red-faced, good-humoured accomplice, the keeper of the lodging-house, who, having no pretensions to gallantry herself, has a disinterested delight in forwarding the intrigues and pleasures of others (to say nothing of honest Atkinson, the story of the miniature-picture of Amelia, and the hashed mutton, which are in a different style), are master-pieces of description. The whole scene at the lodging-house, the masquerade, &c. in Amelia, is equal in interest to the parallel scenes in Tom Jones, and even more refined in the knowledge of character. For instance, Mrs Bennet is superior to Mrs Fitzpatrick in her own way. The

uncertainty in which the event of her interview with her former seducer is left is admirable. Fielding was a master of what may be called the *double entendre* of character, and surprises you no less by what he leaves in the dark (hardly known to the persons themselves), than by the unexpected discoveries he makes of the real traits and circumstances in a character with which, till then, you find you were unacquainted. There is nothing at all heroic, however, in the style of any of his delineations. He never draws lofty characters or strong passions;—all his persons are of the ordinary stature as to intellect; and none of them trespass on the angelic nature, by elevation of fancy, or energy of purpose. Perhaps, after all, Parson Adams is his finest character. It is equally true to nature, and more ideal than any of the others. Its unsuspecting simplicity makes it not only more amiable, but doubly amusing, by gratifying the sense of superior sagacity in the reader. Our laughing at him does not once lessen our respect for him. His declaring that he would willingly walk ten miles to fetch his sermon on vanity, merely to convince Wilson of his thorough contempt of this vice, and his consoling himself for the loss of his Æschylus, by suddenly recollecting that he could not read it if he had it, because it is dark, are among the finest touches of *naïveté*. The night-adventures at Lady Booby's with Beau Didapper and the amiable Slipslop, are the most ludicrous; and that with the huntsman, who draws off the hounds from the poor Parson, because they would be spoiled by following *vermin*, the most profound. Fielding did not often repeat himself: but Dr Harrison, in Amelia, may be considered as a variation of the character of Adams: so also is Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield; and the latter part of that work, which sets out so delightfully, an almost entire plagiarism from Wilson's account of himself, and Adams' domestic history.

"Smollett's first novel, Roderick Random, which is also his best, appeared about the same time as Fielding's Tom Jones; and yet it has a much more modern air with it: but this may be accounted for from the circumstance, that Smollett was quite a young man at the time, whereas Fielding's manner must have been formed long before. The style of Roderick Random, though more scholastic and elaborate, is stronger and more pointed than that of Tom Jones; the incidents follow one another more rapidly (though it must be confessed they never come in such a throng, or are brought out with the same dramatic facility); the humour is broader, and as effectual; and there is very nearly, if not quite, an equal interest excited by the story. What then is it that gives the superiority to Fielding? It is the superior insight into the springs of human character, and the constant development of that character through every change of circumstance. Smollett's humour often arises from the situation of the persons, or the peculiarity of their external appearance, as,—from Roderick Random's carrotty locks, which hung down over his shoulders like a pound of candles; or Strap's ignorance of London, and the blunders that follow from it. There is a tone of vulgarity about all his productions. The incidents frequently resemble detached anecdotes taken from a newspaper or magazine; and, like those in Gil Blas, might happen to a hundred other characters. He exhibits only the external accidents and reverses to which human life is liable,—not 'the stuff' of which it is composed. He seldom probes to the quick, or penetrates beyond the surface of his characters; and therefore he leaves no stings in the minds of his readers, and in this respect is far less interesting than Fielding. His novels always enliven, and never tire us: we take them up with pleasure, and lay them down without any strong feeling of regret. We look on and laugh, as spectators

of an amusing though inelegant scene, without closing in with the combatants, or being made parties in the event. We read Roderick Random as an entertaining story; for the particular accidents and modes of life which it describes have ceased to exist: but we regard Tom Jones as a real history, because the author never stops short of those essential principles which lie at the bottom of all our actions, and in which we feel an immediate interest;—*intus et in cute*.—Smollett excels most as the lively caricaturist,—Fielding as the exact painter and profound metaphysician. We are far from maintaining, that this account applies uniformly to the productions of these two writers; but we think that, as far as they essentially differ, what we have stated is the general distinction between them. Roderick Random is the purest of Smollett's novels,—we mean in point of style and description. Most of the incidents and characters are supposed to have been taken from the events of his own life; and are therefore truer to nature. There is a rude conception of generosity in some of his characters, of which Fielding seems to have been incapable; his amiable persons being merely good-natured. It is owing to this, we think, that Strap is superior to Partridge; and there is a heartiness and warmth of feeling in some of the scenes between Lieutenant Bowling and his nephew, which is beyond Fielding's power of impassioned writing. The whole of the scene on ship-board is a most admirable and striking picture, and, we imagine, very little, if at all exaggerated, though the interest it excites is of a very unpleasant kind. The picture of the little profligate French friar, who was Roderick's travelling companion, and of whom he always kept to the windward, is one of Smollett's most masterly sketches. Peregrine Pickle is no great favourite of ours, and Launcelot Greaves was not worthy of the genius of the author.

"Humphry Clinker and Count Fathom are both equally admirable in their way. Perhaps the former is the most pleasant gossipping novel that ever was written—that which gives the most pleasure with the least effort to the reader. It is quite as amusing as going the journey could have been, and we have just as good an idea of what happened on the road, as if we had been of the party. Humphry Clinker himself is exquisite; and his sweetheart, Winifred Jenkins, nearly as good. Matthew Bramble, though not altogether original, is excellently supported, and seems to have been the prototype of Sir Anthony Absolute in the Rivals. But Lismahago is the flower of the flock. His tenaciousness in argument is not so delightful as the relaxation of his logical severity, when he finds his fortune mellowing with the wintry smiles of Mrs Tabitha Bramble. This is the best preserved and most original of all Smollett's characters. The resemblance of Don Quixote is only just enough to make it interesting to the critical reader, without giving offence to any body else. The indecency and filth in this novel, are what must be allowed to all Smollett's writings. The subject and characters in Count Fathom are, in general, exceedingly disgusting; the story is also spun out to a degree of tediousness in the serious and sentimental parts; but there is more power of writing occasionally shown in it than in any of his works. We need only refer to the fine and bitter irony of the Count's address to the country of his ancestors on landing in England; to the robber-scene in the forest, which has never been surpassed; to the Parisian swindler, who personates a raw English country squire, (Western is tame in the comparison); and to the story of the seduction in the west of England. We should have some difficulty to point out, in any author, passages written with more force and nature than these.

"It is not, in our opinion, a very difficult attempt to class Fielding or Smollett; the one as an observer of the characters of human life, the other as a describer of its various eccentricities;—but it is by no means so easy to dispose of Richardson, who was neither an observer of the one, nor a describer of the other; but who seemed to spin his materials entirely out of his own brain, as if there had been nothing existing in the world beyond the little shop in which he sat writing. There is an artificial reality about his works, which is nowhere to be met with. They have the romantic air of a pure fiction, with the literal minuteness of a common diary. The author had the strangest matter-of-fact imagination that ever existed, and wrote the oddest mixture of poetry and prose. He does not appear to have taken advantage of any thing in actual nature, from one end of his works to the other; and, yet, throughout all his works, (voluminous as they are—and this, to be sure, is one reason why they are so), he sets about describing every object and transaction, as if the whole had been given in on evidence by an eyewitness. This kind of high finishing from imagination is an anomaly in the history of human genius; and certainly nothing so fine was ever produced by the same accumulation of minute parts. There is not the least distraction, the least forgetfulness of the end; every circumstance is made to tell. We cannot agree that this exactness of detail produces heaviness; on the contrary, it gives an appearance of truth, and a positive interest to the story; and we listen with the same attention as we should to the particulars of a confidential communication. We at one time used to think some parts of Sir Charles Grandison rather trifling and tedious, especially the long description of Miss Harriet Byron's wedding-clothes, till we met with two young ladies who had severally copied out the whole of that very description for their own

private gratification. After this, we could not blame the author.

"The effect of reading this work, is like an increase of kindred; you find yourself all of a sudden introduced into the midst of a large family, with aunts and cousins to the third and fourth generation, and grandmothers both by the father's and mother's side,—and a very odd set of people too, but people whose real existence and personal identity you can no more dispute than your own senses,—for you see and hear all that they do or say. What is still more extraordinary, all this extreme elaborateness in working out the story, seems to have cost the author nothing; for it is said, that the published works are mere abridgments. We have heard (though this, we suppose, must be a pleasant exaggeration), that Sir Charles Grandison was originally written in eight and twenty volumes.

"Pamela is the first of his productions, and the very child of his brain. Taking the general idea of the character of a modest and beautiful country girl, and of the situation in which she is placed, he makes out all the rest, even to the smallest circumstance, by the mere force of a reasoning imagination. It would seem as if a step lost would be as fatal here as in a mathematical demonstration. The development of the character is the most simple, and comes the nearest to nature that it can do, without being the same thing. The interest of the story increases with the dawn of understanding and reflection in the heroine. Her sentiments gradually expand themselves, like opening flowers.—She writes better every time, and acquires a confidence in herself, just as a girl would do, writing such letters in such circumstances; and yet it is certain that no girl would write such letters in such circumstances. What we mean is this. Richardson's nature is always the nature of sentiment and reflection, not of impulse or

situation. He furnishes his characters, on every occasion, with the presence of mind of the author. He makes them act, not as they would from the impulse of the moment, but as they might upon reflection, and upon a careful review of every motive and circumstance in their situation. They regularly sit down to write letters; and if the business of life consisted in letter-writing, and was carried on by the post (like a Spanish game at chess), human nature would be what Richardson represents it. All actual objects and feelings are blunted and deadened, by being presented through a medium which may be true to reason, but is false in nature.—He confounds his own point of view with that of the immediate actors in the scene: and hence presents you with a conventional and factitious nature, instead of that which is real. Dr Johnson seems to have preferred this truth of reflection to the truth of nature, when he said that there was more knowledge of the human heart in a page of Richardson than in all Fielding. Fielding, however, saw more of the practical results, and understood the principles as well; but he had not the same power of speculating upon their possible results, and combining them in certain ideal forms of passion and imagination, which was Richardson's real excellence.

"It must be observed, however, that it is this mutual good understanding, and comparing of notes between the author and the persons he describes; his infinite circumspection, his exact process of ratiocination and calculation, which gives such an appearance of coldness and formality to most of his characters,—which makes prudes of his women and coxcombs of his men. Every thing is too conscious in his works. Every thing is distinctly brought home to the mind of the actors in the scene, which is a fault undoubtedly: but then, it must be confessed, every thing is brought home in its full force to the mind of the reader also; and we feel the

same interest in the story as if it were our own. Can any thing be more beautiful or affecting than Pamela's reproaches to her 'lumpish heart' when she is sent away from her master's at her own request,—its lightness when she is sent for back,—the joy which the conviction of the sincerity of his love diffuses in her heart, like the coming-on of spring,—the artifice of the stuff gown,—the meeting with Lady Davers after her marriage,—and the trial-scene with her husband? Who ever remained insensible to the passion of Lady Clementina, except Sir Charles Grandison himself, who was the object of it? Clarissa is, however, his masterpiece, if we except Lovelace. If she is fine in herself, she is still finer in his account of her. With that foil her purity is dazzling indeed; and she who could triumph by her virtue, and the force of her love, over the regality of Lovelace's mind, his wit, his person, his accomplishments and his spirit, conquers all hearts. We should suppose that never sympathy more deep or sincere was excited than by the heroine of Richardson's romance, except by the calamities of real life. The links in this wonderful chain of interest are not more finely wrought, than their whole weight is overwhelming and irresistible. Who can forget the exquisite gradations of her long dying scene, or the closing of the coffin-lid, when Miss Howe comes to take her last leave of her friend; or the heart-breaking reflection that Clarissa makes on what was to have been her wedding-day? Well does a modern writer exclaim,—

> 'Books are a real world, both pure and good,
> Round which, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
> Our pastime and our happiness may grow!'

"Richardson's wit was unlike that of any other writer;—his humour was so too. Both were the effect of intense activity of mind;—laboured, and yet completely

effectual. We might refer to Lovelace's reception and description of Hickman, when he calls out death in his ear, as the name of the person with whom Clarissa had fallen in love; and to the scene at the glove-shop. What can be more magnificent than his enumeration of his companions—'Belton so pert and so pimply—Tourville so fair and so foppish,' &c.? In casuistry, he is quite at home; and, with a boldness greater even than his puritanical severity, has exhausted every topic on virtue and vice. There is another peculiarity in Richardson, not perhaps so uncommon, which is, his systematically preferring his most insipid characters to his finest, though both were equally his own invention, and he must be supposed to have understood something of their qualities. Thus he preferred the little, selfish, affected, insignificant Miss Byron, to the divine Clementina; and again, Sir Charles Grandison, to the nobler Lovelace. We have nothing to say in favour of Lovelace's morality; but Sir Charles is the prince of coxcombs,—whose eye was never once taken from his own person and his own virtues; and there is nothing which excites so little sympathy as this excessive egotism."

"But," resumed the Nymph, "I recollect, in another article,—the review of Mrs Barbauld's Life and Correspondence of Richardson,—there are some better observations on the character of that writer, which might have been repeated here:"—

"The great excellence of Richardson's novels," says the critic, "consists, we think, in the unparalleled minuteness and copiousness of his descriptions, and in the pains he takes to make us thoroughly and intimately acquainted with every particular in the character and situation of the personages with whom we are occupied. It has been the policy of other writers to avoid all details that are not

necessary or impressive, to hurry over all the preparatory scenes, and to reserve the whole of the reader's attention for those momentous passages in which some decisive measure is adopted, or some great passion brought into action. The consequence is, that we are only acquainted with their characters in their dress of ceremony, and that, as we never see them except in those critical circumstances, and those moments of strong emotion, which are but of rare occurrence in real life, we are never deceived into any belief of their reality, and contemplate the whole as an exaggerated and dazzling illusion. With such authors we merely make a visit by appointment, and see and hear only what we know has been prepared for our reception. With Richardson we slip invisible into the domestic privacy of his characters, and hear and see every thing that is said and done among them, whether it be interesting or otherwise, and whether it gratify our curiosity or disappoint it. We sympathize with the former, therefore, only as we sympathize with the monarchs and statesmen of history, of whose condition as individuals we have but a very imperfect conception. We feel for the latter as for our private friends and acquaintance, with whose whole situation we are familiar, and as to whom we can conceive exactly the effects that will be produced by every thing that may befall them. In this art Richardson is undoubtedly without an equal, and, if we except De Foe, without a competitor, we believe, in the whole history of literature. We are often fatigued as we listen to his prolix descriptions, and the repetitions of those rambling and inconclusive conversations in which so many pages are consumed, without any apparent progress in the story; but, by means of all this, we get so intimately acquainted with the characters, and so impressed with a persuasion of their reality, that when any thing really disastrous or important occurs to them, we feel as for

old friends and companions, and are irresistibly led to as lively a conception of their sensations as if we had been spectators of a real transaction. This we certainly think the chief merit of Richardson's productions: for, great as his knowledge of the human heart and his powers of pathetic description must be admitted to be, we are of opinion, that he might have been equalled in those particulars by many whose productions are infinitely less interesting.

"That his pieces were all intended to be strictly moral is indisputable; but it is not quite so clear that they will uniformly be found to have this tendency. There is a certain air of irksome regularity, gloominess, and pedantry, attached to most of his virtuous characters, which is apt to encourage more unfortunate associations than the engaging qualities with which he has [illegible] some of his vicious ones. The mansion of the [illegible], which, before the appearance of Lovelace, is represented as the abode of domestic felicity, is a place in which daylight can scarcely be supposed to shine; and Clarissa, with her scrupulous devotions, her intolerably early rising, her day divided into tasks, and her [illegible] needle-work and discretion, has something in her much less winning and attractive than inferior [illegible] after communicated to an innocent beauty a [illegible]. The solemnity and moral discourses of [illegible], his hours, minutes, compliments, and immoveable tranquillity, are much more likely to excite [illegible] than the admiration of a modern reader. Richardson's good people, in short, are too wise and too [illegible] to appear in the light of desirable companions, or to excite in a youthful mind any wish to resemble them. The gravity of all his characters is extremely [illegible], and is much more like the [illegible] of premature children, than the wit and pleasantry of persons acquainted with the world. The diction

throughout is heavy, vulgar, and embarrassed, though the interest of the tragical scenes is too powerful to allow us to attend to any inferior consideration."

CHAP. XLVI.

FINE ARTS.

"It says but little for our national curiosity," observed the Bachelor one morning as Egeria appeared with a copy of Ferro's work on the Fine Arts in her hand, "that we should have held military possession of so interesting an island as Sicily for a number of years, without drawing any thing of importance from Sicilian literature."

"That was not so much the fault of the military gentlemen as of the Sicilian literature," replied the Nymph. "The truth is, that there is very little in the literature of Sicily worthy of being translated. The learned Sicilians prefer the Italian to their native language, in the same manner as the Scots do the English. It is only for purposes illustrative of local humour and particular nationalities, that the Sicilian authors employ the language of Signor Stopholo; that is, their mother-tongue,—Signor Stopholo being the personification of the Sicilian character as John Bull is of the English. In pastoral poetry, however, the land of Theocritus may still lay claim to honour and distinction. The Idyls of Meli unite with the sweetness of the classic the delicacy of modern refinement; they are, indeed,

very beautiful compositions, and possess an ease and charm in the euphony of the numbers which it would not be easy to imitate in translation. I know few madrigals more tender and expressive than the little piece beginning,

'Sti silenzii, sta verdura.'"

"I was not aware before," said Benedict, "of what you mention relative to the difference between the Sicilian and Italian languages. I presume, therefore, that we are not to estimate the literary attainments of the Sicilians by what they have written in their own language so much as by what they have written in the Italian."

"Exactly so," replied the Nymph; "and the work which you now hold in your hand is an example in point. It is the best compendious view of the Fine Arts that has yet been published in any language; and it possesses this curious and singular merit, that the author adduces authority and historical fact for every opinion he delivers. It is less, however, a work of genius than of erudition; for it offers little that can be called either new or original, while it contains the essence of all that has been written and said on the subject."

"I remember having heard something of the work before," said Benedict.

"Yes,—I doubt not; for a certain friend of yours has made a translation of the first discourse," replied Egeria. "It is not, however, a version of what the author has said, for he has not only here and there deviated from the text, but interwoven some of his own ideas on the subject, making it, in fact, more a theoretical disquisition than belongs to the historical

character of the original. I will read to you his essay."

THE FINE ARTS.

"The fine arts are the study and delight of all polished nations. They disarm the spirit of man of its natural ferocity, and they elevate the mind while they soften the heart. Ignorance is but another name for barbarity, and the want of knowledge sharpens the appetite of violence. It was, indeed, a strange paradox of Rousseau, to maintain that mankind were happier when they resembled wild beasts than with all the enjoyments of civilized life, and that the cultivation of their intellectual faculties had tended to degrade their virtues. There can be no virtue but what is founded on a comprehensive estimate of the effects of human actions; and an animal under the guidance of instinct cannot form any such estimate.

"The chief object of science is the discovery of truth, and of art the development of beauty. In the former, we trust to reason, and in the latter to imagination.—But judgment and fancy are of mutual assistance in both studies. Science clears the obstructions which impede the progress of art, and art adorns and smooths the path of science. No discovery is made without some previous conjectural effort of the mind, some exertion of the imagination; nor is any beauty unfolded where there has not been some pre-consideration of probable effects, some exertion of the reasoning faculties.

"As the human mind is pleased with the contemplation of what is true, and delighted with the appearance of what is beautiful, it may be assumed that the cultivation of science, and the improvement of art, originate in our love of pleasure. We commonly divide the objects of the two pursuits into distinct classes; and we

think, when we call scientific studies useful, and the productions of art only ornamental, that there is something intrinsically different in their respective natures. But if we examine our own feelings, and judge of science by its influence on ourselves, we shall be obliged to confess, that although less obviously, it is, in fact, as much recommended to us by the pleasures to which it ministers, as those arts that we regard as entirely devoted to the excitement of agreeable emotions.

"Of all the arts, the art of building is that which most prominently attracts attention. Invented in the country, and brought to perfection in the town, it owes its origin, like every other human contrivance, to necessity. Man, naked at his birth, thrown upon the earth, exposed to the cold, the wet, and the heat, and to the concussion of other bodies, was constrained to seek artificial means of protection. The rain obliged him to fly for shelter to trees and caverns, the only habitations with which nature has provided her favourite; for, in the improvable faculties bestowed on his mind, she has furnished him with the means of constructing abodes suitable to himself and to the growth of his wants, as they increase by the improvement of his condition. The same instinct which led him to take refuge from the shower, taught him to prefer those trees of which the branches were most thickly interwoven,—and, when they were insufficient, to draw the boughs closer over his head. The process of reasoning from this experience, to the considerations which led him to form permanent bowers, requires no illustration.

"Every hypothesis, framed to account for the various styles of architecture, ascribes them to the form of the structures first raised by the inhabitants of the countries in which they respectively originated. The aisles of the Gothic cathedral, and that rich foliage of carving with which its vaults are embowered, cannot be seen

without immediately suggesting the idea of a grove;—and in the structure of the Grecian temple, we may trace the characteristics of an edifice originally formed of trees hewn and pruned for the convenience of transportation; for Grecee was not a woody country, like those northern regions which gave birth to Gothic architecture. In Egypt, where trees are still more rare than in Greece; where, indeed, there is nothing that can be properly compared to our idea of a tree, we find the character of the architecture partaking of the features of what must have been the early habitations of a people necessitated by their inarborous climate, to make their permanent retreats and the sanctuaries of their gods in the hollows and caverns of the earth. The architecture which would arise among such a people we should expect to be dark, massy, and stupendous; and, accordingly, we find in that of Egypt, and of other countries which resemble it in local circumstances, temples and labyrinths that rival in extent and intricacy the grottos of nature, and pyramids that emulate the everlasting hills in magnitude and durability. In the more oriental nations we find the same general principle, and in their permanent structures a similar resemblance to the features of what were probably the primeval habitations of the natives. In the light and pavilion-like appearance of the Chinese buildings, we may see the hereditary indications of a people that formerly resided in tents, and such temporary abodes as were likely to be constructed by the inhabitants of a country abounding in extensive plains, and of a climate unfavourable to the growth of trees, and yet not so hot as to oblige the natives to seek shelter in natural or artificial excavations.

"The first savage who, in the construction of his hut, united a degree of symmetry with solidity, must be regarded as the inventor of architecture. Multiply-

ing improvements upon the first result of a combined plan of the reason and imagination, after a series of errors and accidents, a code of rules came to be established, by which the art of building has since continued to be regulated. The study of these rules furnishes a knowledge of the science of architecture.

"Although necessity was the mother of architecture, climate dictated the choice of materials employed in the construction of buildings, and chance directed the fancy of individuals in the selection of ornaments. History, in recording that Callimachus of Corinth was led to think of forming the Corinthian capital by observing the beautiful effect of a vase accidentally placed in the midst of a bunch of cellery, has furnished us with a fact which proves, although a natural law governs man in choosing the style of architecture, and climate prescribes to him the materials, that the peculiarities of individual genius, and not the effect of any general principle of taste, develops the beauties of ornament.

"Taste is formed by the contemplation of works of art, and the perfection of art consists in exhibiting the greatest degree of beauty with the utmost possible resemblance to the natural models. Taste, therefore, does not instruct us to prefer, for any general reason, any one particular style of architecture to another, but only to observe and disapprove of deviations from what is natural.

"Every pleasure, after enjoyment, occasions a new want. The shelter and protection obtained from architecture incited man to seek enjoyments in the improvement of the art of building. When his corporeal necessities are supplied, the restlessness of his mind leads him to seek additional pleasures, by new modifications of the means which supplied his corporeal necessities.

"In the Greek colonies of Asia Minor, architecture is supposed to have first attained excellence. At least the best authors on the history of the arts agree in stat-

ing, that the Doric and Ionic orders were first perfectly constructed there; and it may be questioned if, in the lapse of more than twenty centuries, any improvement has been added to the august simplicity of the Doric, or to the unaffected elegance of the Ionic column. The Corinthian, which is of much later invention, though more elaborately ornamented than the other two, is, by many of the most approved taste, deemed inferior to them as an order. It retains less of the resemblance of the original natural model. It has more about it that may be regarded as superfluous, and the foliage of the capital is obviously a redundancy placed there for no other purpose than the display of skill and expense.—The Corinthian pillars of the porticos of St Paul's in London are esteemed very pure specimens of that order; but their appearance is less impressive than that of the Doric columns, which still remain among the ruins of the Temple of Minerva at Athens. More than two thousand years have elapsed, and the remnants of the Greek architecture still afford models, which, never having been equalled, seem incapable of being further improved. It may indeed be said, that the genius of ancient Greece has furnished eternal models of art as well as of literature to Europe.

"About the time that the Doric was raised to perfection in Ionia, the Etruscans invented the Tuscan, a similar order, but a grosser style; and the Romans, after the simple and dignified manners of their republic had passed away, demonstrated, by the invention of the Composite, and their preference for that gaudy order, how much the corruption of their morals had infected their taste.

"The Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, Tuscan, and Composite orders constitute what is properly understood by the classes of architecture. They are arranged with distinct, appropriate, and peculiar ornaments; and their

proportions are regulated by rules which cannot be violated without impairing their beauty. This is not the case with any other kind of architecture, and hence all other modifications of the art of building are called styles, in contradistinction to orders. It is true, that in England the Society of Antiquaries, and several private amateurs of the arts, have of late endeavoured to classify and illustrate the different styles of architecture in the ancient baronial and ecclesiastical edifices of Great Britain, but the inqury has not yet terminated, although it has ascertained that the Saxon, Norman, and Gothic, or, as the latter is now perhaps properly called, the English order, have characteristics as distinct as those of the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian, and codes of general rules that may prove to be peculiar to each.

"The human mind has an innate disposition to admire order, and to seek pleasure by the classification of objects. Hence architecture is considered as consisting of three distinct species, civil, military, and naval. I may be justified in adding a fourth, ecclesiastical; for it is impossible to visit any part of Europe, without being convinced that the buildings consecrated to religious rites could not, without radical alterations, be applied to any other use. The cathedral, with its vast aisles, its solemn vaults, and adjoining cloisters, is as obviously constructed for a special purpose, as the fortress, the ship, or the mansion.

"Phelones, of Byzantium, about three hundred years before the Christian era, composed a treatise on the engines of war and military architecture. He is, therefore, justly regarded as the father of engineers; and the principles which he is supposed to have elucidated continued to be acted upon till the invention of gunpowder. Italy, that has for so many ages been unknown as a military nation, claims, for Senmicheli of Verona, the glory of having established the principles

of the art of modern fortifications. Vauban, Pagan, Blondel, Scheither, &c. only modified his suggestions and developed his principles. History ascribes, by a kind of courtesy, the honour of inventions and discoveries to the persons who first make them public, or bring them into use. It is thus that, in naval architecture, Usoo, a Phœnician, is considered as the father of the art, because he is the first on record that navigated a canoè. But in this the courtesy of history goes too far, for Noah has certainly a superior claim, both on account of the magnitude and the purpose of his vessel.

"Although the Greeks excelled all the world in the beauty of their works of art, they did not furnish any treatise on the theory of architecture till after they had constructed their finest buildings. This was natural.—The rules which instruct us to produce beauties in any kind of art, must be derived from the practice of those who have previously, by the instinct of genius, produced excellent works. The rules for composing a perfect epic poem were derived from the practice of Homer, as it appeared in the Iliad. In like manner, the principles of architecture, as a science, are founded on the result, not of rules previously delivered, but of experiments; hence we are assured, that by an adherence to the rules, we shall produce the same beautiful effects as the result of the experiments from which the rules were deduced. Vitruvius was the first author who established the principles of ancient architecture; but he did not write until the finest specimens of the art had been long completed. He mentions, indeed, the names of many architects, but they were practical men—men of genius who had erected models, and thereby furnished the means of giving rules for the guidance of others.

"It is surprising, that although the work of Vitruvius is admitted by all students to be deficient, obscure,

and ill arranged, it is still the best of its kind, especially in what relates to the proper and appropriate use of the different orders. A work embracing the Saxon, Norman, and Gothic styles, in addition to the classic orders, and discriminating the uses to which they are respectively adapted, is a desideratum in the literature of Europe. In England, a work of this kind is particularly required, for the English are perhaps less than any other people of Europe, sensible or even acquainted with the proprieties of architecture. In the St Paul's of London, one of the very finest works of the moderns, and admired by the English equal to its merits, the architect has employed the gayest orders, and in their most ornamented style. The sublime magnitude of the building diminishes, at the first view, the effect of its preposterous gaudiness. It is not, till after contemplating it with relation to its uses, that we perceive how much the style of the architecture is at variance with the purpose of the fabric. Surely the flaunting luxuriance of the Corinthian and Composite orders are ill placed on a temple dedicated to the service of God, and appointed to receive the ashes of great and illustrious men. The decorum of architecture has been equally disregarded in the construction of the new theatre of Covent Garden. The portico is undoubtedly a beautiful specimen of the Grecian Doric, and as such would not have disgraced Athens itself; but the august simplicity of the Doric is as much out of place at the entrance of the playhouse, as the gaudier elegance of the Corinthian and Composite is on the church. Perhaps, if the theatre were entirely devoted to the exhibition of tragedies, the grave majesty of its portico would not be objectionable. Still, however, both the theatre and the cathedral are fine monuments of the skill of their respective architects, but they are curious examples of the want of that taste for propriety which is as requisite in the art of building

as in the compositions of the muse. It has been said of the English, that they build their hospitals like palaces, and their palaces like hospitals; it may be added, that they also ornament their churches like theatres, and their theatres like chuches.

"Of all the fine arts, architecture is not only that which is most easily traced to its origin in the wants of mankind, but that on which all the others are dependent. All the others, when compared with architecture, are only representative, and contribute only to the gratification of those wants which arise from the experience of pleasure. But this primeval art is, in its rudimental state, almost as necessary to man as food, and in its refined, no less essential to the improvement of every other.

"Painting and sculpture are the arts which seem to have the greatest affinity to architecture, and to be immediately connected with its use and progress. For the origin of painting, we have no evidence of any such obvious instinct as that which led man to the art of building; and it may be doubted, whether it ought to be considered as an invention anterior or coeval with sculpture.

"The Greeks, with that vanity which their extraordinary proficiency in art and science almost justified them in assuming, a vanity which is probably constitutional, as it exists in them as strongly as ever, although they have nothing left of their ancestors but their vices, the lees and dregs of civilization, take to themselves the honour of the invention of painting; and tell us that, in particular, the art of portrait-painting was discovered among them by a girl, who was fond of a youth devoted to travelling, and who, to sweeten the time of his absence, delineated on the wall, with the assistance of a lamp, the profile of her lover. Instead, however, of accepting this as an historical fact, we ought to reflect how

prone the Greeks were to allegory, and that this elegant fable is but another way of telling us that portrait-painting was suggested by adolescent affection.

"Although Anaxagoras and Democritus wrote on the rules of perspective, we have no proof that the Greeks, notwithstanding their excellence in the delineation of objects, ever made any proficiency in the application of them. We have no account of any landscape-painter of any great eminence in Greece. Among all the artists of antiquity there was no Claude. But they doubtless excelled in the drawing of figures. We are witnesses of the still surpassing beauty of their statues; and we should not, therefore, question the excellence of their figure-painters; indeed, the sketches in outline on their funeral vases put this matter beyond question.

"In comparing the remains of Grecian sculpture with the works of the moderns, particularly with the public monuments of the British nation, a very obvious and striking difference is at once perceived and felt. We are sensible, in looking at the relics of Greece, of the presence of a simple grace, an admirable naturalness of form and figure, which is rarely discoverable in the sculptures of the moderns. This seems to be owing to a cause which admits of an easy explanation. The inferiority of the moderns arises from their superior scientific knowledge. They understand the theory of the art so well, that they think attention to the rules preferable to the study of natural phenomena. The Greek artists, on the contrary, appear to have worked from living forms and existing things. This is remarkably obvious in the remaining sculptures on the Parthenon. The riders in them are not singly persons, whose muscles and joints are disposed with exquisite anatomical exactness, and placed on horses individually, equally, correctly formed; but the riders and the horses, as in nature, though two distinct beings, are there shown under

the influence of one impulse, and all those minute and indescribable contractions and dilatations of parts, which arise from their separate conformation, are shewn with the effect of that impulse which constitutes the unity of their mutual exertion. I am not here alluding to the centaurs of the metopes, but to the horsemen of the bas-reliefs on the frieze. It is impossible that this felicitous result could have been obtained by the most careful attention to any system of rules. It is indeed impossible that the artist, whose business is to attain perfection of design and beauty of execution, should be able to give so much time and consideration to the study of rules, as would enable him to work without reference to models in nature. He must unquestionably furnish himself with such a competent knowledge of principles as will prevent him from falling into error; but, if he expects to excel in his art, he must study other things than the principles by which the critics will estimate his proficiency. As poets must be so far acquainted with grammar, as to be able to write correct language, painters and sculptors are required to know the principles of their respective arts. But as that knowledge of grammar which constitutes the merit of a grammarian will never make a poet, so that knowledge of perspective and anatomy which constitutes the merit of a connoisseur will never make a painter or a sculptor. Painting and sculpture are representative arts. Their province is confined to forms that can be exhibited, and excellence cannot be attained in them but by studying such forms as naturally exist. In groups the sculptor may bring together figures that might never have met; as the landscape-painter may combine into one picture objects selected from different views, and thereby produce an effect that, while perfectly natural, shall be more pleasing and impressive than any particular view in nature. But the sculptor must not attempt to

create forms, nor the painter to draw mountains or trees from his own fancy, or they will assuredly never fail to offend, if they do not always disgust. The two grand allegorical landscapes of Claude, descriptive of the rise and fall of the Roman empire, furnish an admirable illustration of the maxim which I would inculcate.—There is no part of Italy, various and beautiful as the scenery of that country is, which exhibits such magnificent scenes as those paintings; but still the moment that we see them, we at once recognise all the features of the Italian landscape. The picture descriptive of the rise of the Roman nation informs us, at the first glance, of the moral which the artist intends to convey. The sky indicates the morning. On more close examination we find, by the general appearance of the woods and other objects, that it is the spring of the year; the allegory is still more distinctly told by the introduction of husbandmen employed in preparing the soil; and the rudeness of society is ingeniously expressed by a number of little incidents, that, nevertheless, harmonize with the general tone of the composition; while the style of the buildings and the features of the landscape shew, that it is a probable view of Italy, in the simple and manly ages of the Roman republic. In delineating the decline of the empire the painter has been no less happy. The incidents are chosen with equal skill, and combined with equal judgment. The sun is setting.—It is the close of the vintage. The temples are in ruins; which emphatically tell the spectator how much the reverence for the gods had declined. The peasants are discovered in a state of intoxication, and the painter has contrived to represent this without any ludicrous circumstance. He wished to convey an idea of the corruption of manners, and he has accomplished it without infringing the solemnity of his composition. In the first picture all is vigorous, fresh, active, and produc-

tive; in the second, all is exhausted, decaying, melancholy, and wasteful. No poem, no oration, could have described the subject more elegantly. The historian who related the fall of Rome, has not employed a pen more correct than the pencil of the artist. It is such productions that shew the superiority of genius. It is this exquisite arrangement, and choice of things actually existing, which obtain the praise of originality.

"Architecture, painting, and sculpture, may be described as the sensual classes of the fine arts, and poetry and music as the intellectual. The former address themselves at once to our senses. Their aim is to exhibit the resemblances of things which we have seen, but the latter address themselves to the mind, and call up trains of thought by means that have no likeness to those ideas which they nevertheless renew. The influence of painting and sculpture on the mind is like that of oratory, which persuades by the statement of truths; the power of poetry and music is felt like that of magic, which calls up spirits, and produces miraculous effects by the mixing of certain ingredients curiously culled. As the orator cannot state a truth justly and perspicuously, without obtaining an immediate concurrence in opinion from his auditors, so the painter or sculptor cannot exhibit a picture or a statue properly executed, without obtaining the admiration of all spectators. But the jurisdiction of poetry and music is not so universal, for they are dependent on associations in the minds of those to whom they address themselves. Truth is every where the same, but habits are local. And the arts of painting and sculpture are connected with truths, while those of music and painting are dependent on habits.—The poet cannot produce any effect unless the reader's acquired intellectual associations resemble those of the poet. Music will produce no sentimental effect, unless in particular passages it tends to remind the hearer of

[illegible] a nature, and of the circumstances in social life under which they were first heard, [illegible] incidents connected with the framing of them.

"The poetry of each nation, similar in that which distinguishes the different tribes of mankind, is perceivable in the poetry of all nations. The more isolated, unmixed, and hardy the society of any country preserves itself, the more original and singular should be the characteristics of its poetry; and by the same rule, according to the intimacy and extent of intercourse which nations cultivate with one another, the more various will be the points of assimilation in their habits of thinking, and their poetry will be more approximate in resemblance.

"The English nation, above every other, has cultivated a general intercourse with all parts of the world, and accordingly we find poets in that country, whose works, though comparatively popular there, are but little understood even by the learned, in those districts where the inhabitants have remained less extensively informed; while, at the same time, there are productions in the English language in which the most unmixed and primitive people may discover transcripts of their own thoughts.

"In the middle of the eighteenth century, all Europe was surprised by the appearance in the English language of the poems of Ossian, works which, whatever may be the debate as to their historical authenticity, are admitted to be fine specimens of a kind of poetry cultivated by the mountaineers of Scotland, and which was felt to be natural, and acknowledged to be original, even by those who questioned their antiquity. In like manner, the conquests of the British in India have added to the stores of the British poets; and in England a kind of poetry is fast growing into repute, which seems to bear the same sort of resemblance to that of the

oriental poets which the productions of the muse in the days of Leo X. bore to those of antiquity. Dr Southey and Mr Moore have already brought this style to a high degree of excellence; and specimens by Sir William Jones, along with the Transactions of the Asiatic Society, present to the world a glimpse of what pleasures may be added to our enjoyment of knowledge, by a nation which combines in its enterprises the glory of victory and the advantages of commerce; which carries in the rear of its armies the abundance of industry; and which, by its jurisprudence, sends, to the most distant regions, the most enlightened of mankind in the capacity of advocates and judges."

CONCLUSION.

HAVING thus, in a most ingenious manner, shewn with what sort of conjugal sweets those gentlemen are entertained who bind themselves for better and worse to the intellectual nymphs, especially such of them as connect themselves with the family of General Literature, we now lay down our pen, trim our frill, and smooth our vest, to receive the congratulations of the world on the success and felicity with which we have accomplished a most interesting and delightful task. Certainly we might affect a tone of greater humility, but humility went out of fashion before we came into this world; and, to say the truth, it is a weak apery of the old school of merit for authors, or indeed for any body else, now-a-days, to talk with diffidence of themselves.

No discovery of the moderns is more deserving of approbation than the uses of the power of self-confi-

denee,—it is to the business of life what steam is in mechanics,—and its operations on the public produce effects quite as wonderful,—sometimes, it is said, as profitable. May this be the case in the present instance,—for without a view to profit no man who has come to years of discretion would ever think of writing a book. Under the old system, where the vast effects of the self-confident power were scarcely even imagined, it is inconceivable what perturbation men of pretension as well as their friends suffered, when they advanced to claim the attention of the world. But now all is smoothness, expectation, and complacency. Every genius, to whatever class or species he may happen to belong, is instructed, when he advances from under the maternal wing to try his pinions in the world, to believe that he *cannot take* too bold a flight; and, accordingly, he most judiciously joins his own chirrup to the encouragement of his friends, just as the school-boy, in passing through the church-yard at night,

"Whistles aloud to cheer his courage up."

The more his fears thicken, and the faster his heart beats, the louder and the livelier he whistles. It is so with modern modesty;—there is, however, more real humility often in a swagger than in the most demure and downcast bashfulness. But enough of this: the reader will not think a bit better of our book by all the blushes we might try to make with ink.

THE END.

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